

NEW YEAR NUMBER

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

VOL. XXX

JANUARY
1918

NO. 3



For an orphan
of France.

For an Orphan of France
Dear Little French boy:—
If you receive this package and
let me know about it, I will send
you another and next time I will
put in the toys.

With my love and best wishes
for all you dear children in France,
and hoping you will enjoy some
American cooking, I am

Your good friend
Molly Brent

Address Miss M. Brent
Smithville, Vermont,
U. S. A.



Doughnuts and peach
preserves.



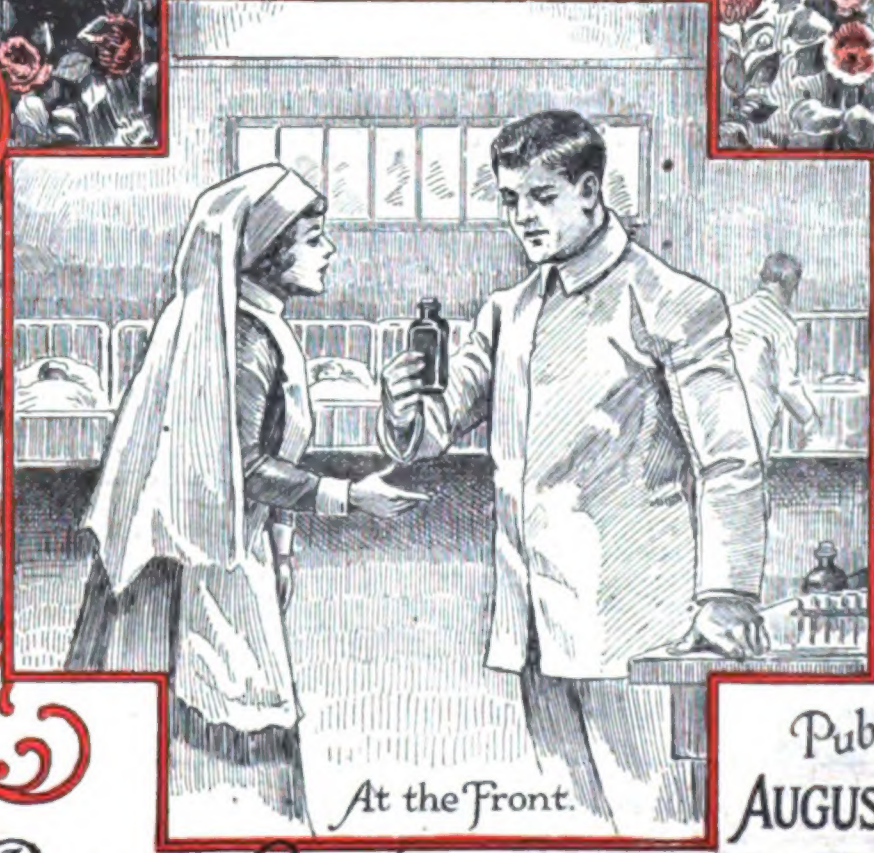
"Go at once, my son!"



A little lady bending
over a rosebush



He took Miss Brent's little
brown hands, and held
them fast.



At the Front.

Published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE

Miss Brent's Orphan See Story on Page 8

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Vicious Lies Circulated to Shake Faith in Our Government and Start Panics Are of German Origin

BY this time everybody ought to have learned that in prosecuting this war Germany relies on the campaign of treachery, intrigue and deception carried on through her immense army of spies and secret agents abroad quite as much as on the activities of her military forces. The downfall of Russia, a prey to civil war and reduced to a state of anarchy through German influences in conspiracy with Russian anarchists and socialists, should be a sufficient warning to all the world and especially to the government and people of the United States where Germany boasts of having upwards of a hundred thousand zealous operators promoting diabolical plots of all kinds from destruction of life and property by dynamite, and wholesale murder by scattering disease germs, to inciting insurrection and creating panics by inventing and circulating lies about the intentions of our government.

The following are samples of the lies that have been current throughout the country and have been traced to German origin. In order to frustrate the efforts of our government to promote home-canning of fruits and vegetables in the interest of food conservation a story was industriously circulated to the effect that it was the purpose of the government to seize the home-canned supplies to feed the army. It caused worry in many homes and the cessation of canning in some. The Secretary of Agriculture published a denial of the rumor and stated that the government had no intention of raiding the housewife's pantries. The Secretary of Agriculture also had to refute the lie about the Food Administrator proposing to lower the price of the round hog, which was told to the farmers to discourage the production of pork. An attempt was made to create a financial panic and start a run on the banks all over the country by the false report that the government was planning to grab all the bank deposits. Any thinking person should have seen the impossibility of such a proposition which would be not only unlawful but suicidal to the government. This lie, which was sprung during the last Liberty Loan offering was promptly nailed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and a bunch of enemy conspirators, to whom it was traced in the West, were arrested and will be prosecuted for their pernicious activities.

Now don't be deceived, don't be alarmed, don't be worried into doing anything foolish by these German lies that are springing up and going the rounds faster than they can be followed up and denied. If anybody makes any disquieting prediction of what the government intends to do, just inquire where he got his information and report the matter to the Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., and it will be quietly investigated by the Secret Service without bringing you into it in any way.

Save Pennies to Buy Thrift Stamps

IN order to win this war all our people must make their labor as productive as possible and save all they can, not only of food but of everything else. Thus only can we supply our army and our allies with the necessary food and munitions of war; for this is a war of national resources and production quite as much as of soldiers and guns, and those who are left at home should consider themselves as drafted into the great army of workers on whose support depends the effectiveness of our troops in the trenches. Our government also needs the financial help of all our people, which makes it our duty to save all the money we can and loan it to the government. Don't think that because of high prices you can't save money. Wages are high, too, and there are good jobs for everybody. By cutting out the waste, which is no hardship, by economizing in expenditures, which is thrift, and by denying ourselves some of our accustomed luxuries, which we may call sacrifice, infinitesimal as it is as compared with the sacrifice our soldiers are

making, almost everybody able to work can save some money to lend the government besides doing something to help the war charities.

The resources of the rich are not sufficient to meet the government's need of money, and the deficiency must be supplied by the farmers and wage earners through the loan of their savings which, though individually small, amount to an immense sum in the aggregate. For the most part they have responded loyally to the call for subscriptions to the Liberty Loan, not only those who could pay cash down but, best of all, thousands who did not have the ready money subscribed on the installment plan and are paying for their bonds out of their weekly savings. Thus thousands who never saved before are now saving systematically to meet their payments on the Liberty Bonds which they bought on the easy payment plan.

To further encourage and facilitate saving and loaning to the government in small amounts, the government is now offering for sale at all post offices 25-cent Thrift Stamps to be stuck, as fast as you buy them, on a Thrift Card which has spaces to hold 16 stamps. The Thrift Card, when filled, has a total value of \$4.00 and can be exchanged at any post office for a War-Savings Stamp that bears interest at four per cent. These are to be stuck on a War-Savings Certificate which has spaces to hold 20 stamps. The interest accumulates on these War-Savings Stamps as on a savings bank deposit. Any time you want your money any post office will pay you the value of your War-Savings Stamps. Save your pennies and buy Thrift Stamps.

A Law to Promote Ignorance

IF you had a Congressman's salary of \$7,500 a year besides receiving 20 cents a mile for travel, both ways, from your home to Washington and return for each session of Congress, a fifty per cent increase in the subscription price of the one or more magazines you are taking might look to you as trifling and insignificant as it does to the congressman who luxuriates in an after-dinner smoke that costs as much as a year's subscription to COMFORT. We are not insinuating that contemptuous disdain of the multitude whose circumstances do not afford the luxuries is a common attribute of our congressmen; doubtless that type is exceptional. What we wish to point out is that men in their situation, unless bigger and broader minded than the average run of congressmen, do not sense the necessity which compels the majority of people to practice strict economy, to count the cost even in small expenditures and save the pennies wherever possible.

When certain interests, having sinister designs against the magazines, proposed raising the second-class postage rate and grading it on a zone basis under pretense of providing additional revenue, the majority of the House members thoughtlessly swallowed the bait. They were deaf to the publishers' protests that the business could not stand such an excessive extra tax and that it would have to be passed on to the subscribers in the form of higher subscription prices. It was explained also that the zone rates would cause the largest increase in price to the farmers and small-town people remote from the large publishing centers, but this gross injustice to the people whom the daily papers do not reach, who need the magazines most, made no impression on your representatives who are sure of their salaries out of the taxes they put on you and on us, and therefore have no need to worry about crop failures, hard times or business depression.

The salaries are not too large; what we find fault with is the mental caliber of the ordinary congressman which has long been the subject of much adverse criticism. The crying need of the country is for big men in Congress though but few of that kind get there, and the people are to

blame because they let the politicians go instead of sending statesmen that measure up to the job. There are shining exceptions, but most of them are dummies that do as they are told by their bosses except in rare instances in which they dare not ignore the express demands of the people. That is why we print on page 12 a petition for the repeal of the recent zone rate law and ask our readers to clip it, sign it, circulate it for other signatures and mail it to their respective Congressmen. It is for your own benefit and as a matter of common right, also in justice to the publishers, but above all in the interest of national unity and the general dissemination of knowledge most essential to the welfare of the country that you should do your utmost to bring about the repeal of this law for the promotion of ignorance.

Please understand that this is not an effort on the part of the publishers to avoid taxes. They have expressed their willingness to bear more than their share of the public burden even to the limit of giving the government the entire profits of their business during the war. Congress had taxed them at the same rate as others on their invested capital, their incomes and the profits of their business and then singled them out as a class for a special extra tax in the destructive form of zone postage rates. It was then that the magazine publishers appeared in protest and, after explaining the disastrous consequences, proposed that instead of the zone rates Congress take their entire profits for the Government during the war. "Take all our profits, but leave us our business," they implored. Can you imagine an offer so fair, generous and patriotic being rejected? But no, there were powerful interests at work determined on destroying or crippling the magazines and their influence prevailed. Through the voice of the people is the only hope of inducing Congress to right this wrong.

Bear in mind that this law becomes operative next July and that it has two distinct features; one is a level rise of the magazine postage, like that of letter postage, uniform throughout the land regardless of distance, and the other is the innovation of additional zone rates increasing progressively according to distance. Thus there will be two rates of postage to pay on each magazine mailed by the publisher to a subscriber. It would be difficult to imagine a system more cunningly contrived to be troublesome to the magazines besides being oppressively unjust to subscribers. It is the zone rate feature, only, against which we protest and for the immediate repeal of which we ask help of our subscribers. We will stand the level increase and pay it ourselves, but the zone rates we cannot stand and must add the cost to the subscription price.

If you run across any of the propaganda of the zone rate promoters don't be deceived by their exaggerated statements of the cost of transporting second-class mail matter. In our next issue we will show the absurdity of their claims in that respect and expose the fallacy of their pretense that the government would be likely to realize any gain through zone rates deliberately designed to cut down circulation.

Don't fail to read our petition heading on page 12 where instructions also are given for addressing it to your congressman. Bring the matter up in your Grange meetings, pass resolutions and send them to Congress. Why should the farmers be taxed more than city people for periodical literature? If you believe in one country and indivisible under the stars and stripes with equal rights for every citizen East and West, North and South, then get to work at once with our petition for a single level postage rate on magazines and newspapers throughout the land. It is the people's cause, and now that we have done all that we can the fight is up to the people to win their rights.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Subscription price in United States and United States Possessions 25c a year; Canadian subscriptions 50c a year, foreign countries 75c a year. No premiums or prizes will be given on Canadian or foreign subscriptions. Please send your renewal just as soon as your subscription expires. We can not continue sending COMFORT to you unless you do. If you do not get your magazine by the 25th of the month write us and we will send you another copy free. Please notify us immediately in case you move, so that we can change your address and see that you do not miss a single copy. Remember that we must have your former address, as well as your new address to make the change. Be sure to send both. We do not supply back numbers.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

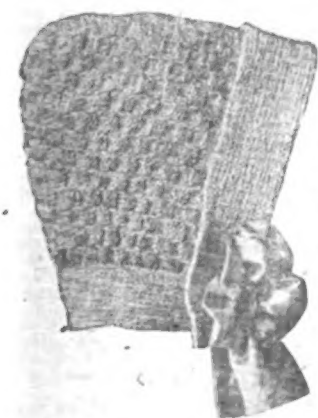
Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over, draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Knitted Priscilla Hood

MATERIAL: Fourfold Saxony and No. 16 steel needles.
This hood is made in two pieces and afterwards joined. Measure child's head at base of ears from cheek to cheek, divide in about thirds, then make back a little narrower than the sides. The number of sts. must be divisible by four or five according to the number of sts. desired in a square. The piece which forms the back should measure three and one half or four inches and be knitted in squares until long enough to nearly reach the crown of the head. Begin by knitting four or five stitches then purl the same number, work until squares of each are completed, then make knitted squares over purl and vice versa. When this piece is finished bind off. Knit front in the same way, planning the work so that in joining a knitting will come next purling.



KNITTED PRISCILLA HOOD.

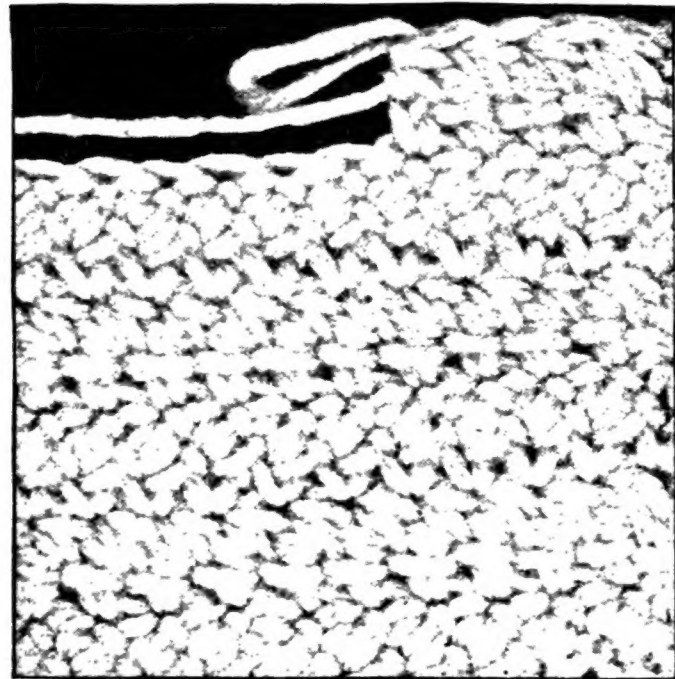
After hood is complete and joined together, pick up 25 stitches on center of front edge, knit plain back and forth, picking up two stitches at the end of each row until an inch or more has been added according to the shape needed to fit child's face properly and snugly. Then pick stitches to the end of the front, knit back and pick up to other end, and pick up stitches across the back on two needles. Knit plain until band or turnback measures two and one half inches.

Or if preferred knit band on back or neck of hood first and then on the front from corner to corner. Finish with rosettes and ribbon ties.

A New Stitch for Baby Afghan

This stitch is designed for using Germantown yarn or Shetland floss taken double. A foundation chain could be used for the width of the scarf but then it would have to be very loose. The way this is done is to build one stitch right to the other until the desired width is made.

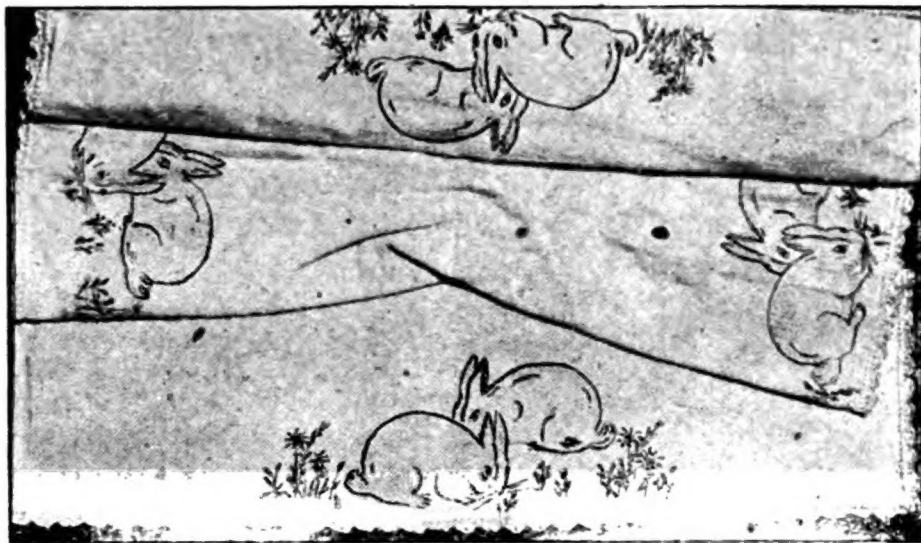
Begin in this way: Chain 4 (work loose), bring up a loop through first chain made, * yarn over needle and draw through one loop, bring up loop through same place, yarn over needle and draw through one loop, bring up loop through same place, yarn over needle draw through one loop, yarn over and draw through



NEW AFGHAN STITCH.

one loop, yarn over needle and draw through the four loops on the needle. This is one stitch.

Second stitch, draw out the loop loose and Pad the quilt with flannel, baste and stitch the edges together, after which finish with any



BUNNY CRIB QUILT.

loops from needle where last loop came through, repeat from * for the width.

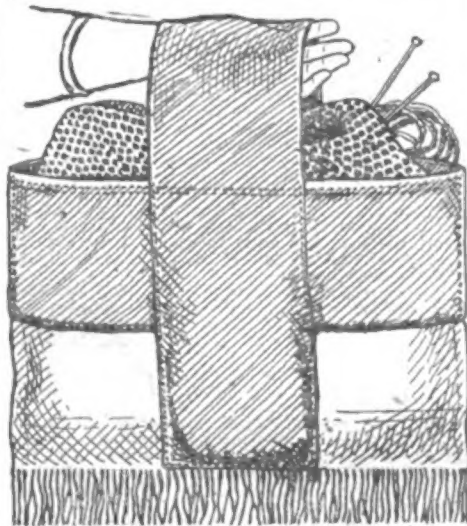
2nd row.—Ch. 3, make the first st. in the ch. st. which drew the four loops together, that is, bring up the two loops through there * then bring a loop through first stitch of foundation, taking up both threads, yarn over and draw through one loop, yarn over and draw through the four loops. This is first st. of row always. Second st., draw out loop loose, bring up the two loops between third and fourth loops then repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat this row back and forth until the required size is made. This is a desirable stitch for making a baby blanket or go-cart afghan.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Improved Red Cross Bag

A few months ago COMFORT illustrated and described a Red Cross bag made of red ribbon. We now show an improvement and addition to this bag which gives it much more depth and still retains the Red Cross appearance. It is made by sewing together two yards of six-inch wide red ribbon or any red material of the same width, running a flat corset steel, millinery wire or any other metal band through the heading at the upper part of the cross section to hold it in position, then take an ordinary hand towel, with fringed ends, fold and sew to



RED CROSS BAG.

lower part of horizontal strip of ribbon, thus forming a deep bag to hold the yarn and knitting needles.

Bunny Designs for Baby Things

With the coming of cold weather warmer garments are needed so in families where there are infants and young children there is always plenty of planning, sewing, knitting, etc., to do at this season of the year. Very dainty little things can be fashioned by skillful fingers of inexpensive materials, a few of which we are glad to be able to illustrate this month for COMFORT Mothers.

Bunny Booties

These cute little boots may be made up of corduroy, velveteen, felt or flannel. They are made in two pieces, seamed from the center of the back to center of the front, lined with silk or any soft, fine material.

Stitch around the top and run in narrow elastic. On the top of the toe outline in bunny features with pink silk, and either side just above the eyes add two pink-lined ears.

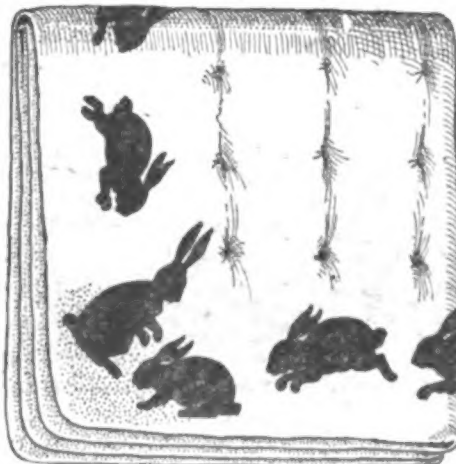
Bunny Crib Quilt

As shown this useful little quilt is made up of white cotton flannel. The top being decorated on each of the four sides with groups of bunnies and grasses. This work is all in outlining, the rabbits being either a grey or light brown, and grasses green with a little delicate pink, blue and yellow used in the flowers.

simple crochet pattern, using for this either blue or pink silkateen.

Unbleached Cotton Creeping Rug.

Such a rug as this can be very easily made of unbleached cotton cloth and if decorated in a similar way to the one shown, with a border



CREEPING RUG.

of bunnies cut from Turkey red, baby will be amused for hours at a time. The edges of the figures are turned in and applied in place, after which the rug is well padded with cotton and tacked together with tufts of Turkey red cotton.

If preferred, animals of different kinds, and birds may be used to form the border. A little different crib set consisting of quilt and sham, may also be made of white outing flannel, decorated by cut figures of bunnies, kittens, or Teddy bears patched on. These may be arranged in a group in the center of the quilt or, as a border; in either case a three-inch band of pink or blue flannel makes a firm-wearing finish.

Warm Kimono

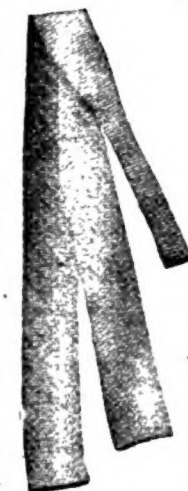
For babies from six months to one year of age flannel or flannelette kimono or wrappers are constantly needed. The little garment illustrated will surely appeal to any mother who loves pretty things and also enjoy having them just a bit different. The two pockets on this little garment gives just this touch of novelty, otherwise it is shaped as usual the neck being finished with a little band and the sleeve with a cuff. All the edges are finished by hems being turned only once and then buttonholed or crocheted over in color.

Cover for Baby Hot Water Bottle

Make this to match the crib set of colored flannel same shade as border and decorate center of one side with one of the figures used on the set.

Knitted Tie

(REQUESTED BY INEZ ROBINSON)



KNITTED TIE.

width for ten inches and bind off.

The gentleman's tie illustrated was made of blue shaded fiber knitting silk on steel needles No. 16.

Any other color may be used or a combination of two which harmonize.

Cast on 23 stitches or a sufficient number to make work measure two and one half inches. Make the tie either of plain garter stitch, or knit one row and purl back as preferred. Knit on same width until work measures fifteen inches then decrease for neck band thus: Knit 2, slip or bind one at the beginning of every third row until work measures one inch. Work on even number of stitches, for fourteen inches then increase every third row by knitting the front and back of the end stitch. Work without increasing on two and one half inch

Knitted Knee Socks

Material required for one pair, two skeins threefold Saxony, one pair No. 11 steel needles. Cast on 52 stitches and knit 10 rows for the top.

11th row.—K. 2, o., k. 2 together and repeat to end of row. K. 11 rows plain.

23rd row.—K. 31, turn, k. 11, turn. K. 12, continue in this way always knitting 1 extra st. until all the side stitches have been taken up.

K. 36 rows, next row 1 narrow 1 st., two sts., in from each end. K. 5 rows and again make a narrowed row. Repeat last 6 rows 3 times then k. 6 rows, the last row should contain 42 sts. First instep row, k. 11, and run them on to a thread, k. 20, then run the remaining 11 sts. on to another thread.

Upon the 20 center sts. k. 40 rows for instep tab. At end of the last row turn, pick up and k. 20 sts. along that side of tab., then k. the 11

KNITTED KNEE SOCKS.

sts. held upon the cord. Turn, k. to other corner of tab., pick up and k. 20 sts. along that side, then take the remaining sts. from the cord, 82 sts. upon needles. K. 10 rows, then 10 rows more, upon every second row of the last 10 narrow upon the fifth st., each side of the center and in the final 4 rows 1 st. at each end of every other row. Bind off and sew up.

A Delicate Yet Substantial Finish for Children's Clothes

The mother who can use a crochet hook may make her babies' dresses and petticoats look quite dainty at very small expense and only a few minutes' spare time.

The following is a pretty finish for neck and armholes and may also be used around collars and bibs. Turn a very narrow hem once, in the neck and armholes and stitch. The hem should not be more than one-eighth inch.

Work through the cloth over the hem with single crochet, rather closely.

2nd row.—Ch. 2, 3 s. c. in first 3 sts. of foundation, ch. 5, sk. 2 sts., s. c. in 3rd st. 2 more s. c. making 3 in all, ch. 5, 3 s. c. as before, repeat to end.

3rd row.—Ch. 2, 1 s. c. in 2nd st. of last cluster of 3 s. c. in previous row, 9 s. c. on ch. 5, sl. st.



NARROW CROCHETED EDGING.

in center of s. c., 9 s. c. on next ch. 5, repeat to end. If liked a picot can be made in 3rd and 6th s. c. on chain. This resembles tatting, is pretty, also quick and easy made.

MRS. W. BURCH.

Crocheted Cap in Wool

Suitable for Children of all Ages

To make the cap use a medium weight yarn in white or any desired color and begin work in center of crown. Chain eight and join to form a ring.

1st round.—Ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in the ring, * ch. 1, 1 tr. c. in ring. Repeat from * until there are 14 tr. c. in ring with 1 st. between each, tr. c., ch. 1 and join with 1 sl. st. to the top of ch. 3 which is counted as the first tr. c. The end of each round is to be joined with 1 sl. st.

2nd round.—Ch. 5, * tr. c. on tr. c., ch. 2, tr. c. on tr. c., ch. 2. Repeat from * to end of round, join, ch. 3.



WARM KIMONO FOR BABY.

3rd round.—2 tr. c. in first space, * 3 tr. c. in second space. Repeat from * to end of round, join, ch. 3.

4th round.—Same as first catching between tr. c., join, ch. 3.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Sibyl's Influence

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"It has come!"



"No, you don't, Jem; you'll be wantin' to sell it again."



"Yes," she heard Nell say gleefully, "I've sold the brat"



One glance at Sibyl made him draw a deep, long breath.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Prescott, wife of Sir Athelstone Prescott, and her son Raymond, while traveling by coach, lose their way, and night overtaking them they stop at a miserable inn, in a little fishing village on Flamborough Head. They are attracted to a little girl, Sibyl, who waits on them. Her winning ways, her admittance of the cruel blows given by Mistress Sloan, and that her own mother would not do it, convince them that the innkeeper is not her father, and they determine to take the child away. Seeking Mistress Sloan, they learn that a woman who had been in a railroad smash up and injured leaves the child, who for weeks cries for Nansie. Mistress Sloan, for the consideration of thirty pounds, consents to let the child go, muttering she will keep her secrets.

CHAPTER IV.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

LADY PRESCOTT caught her little protégée again immediately upon leaving Mistress Sloan.

"Sibyl, would you like to go away from here, and live with me?" she asked.

Sibyl's dark eyes were lifted, with a startled expression, and swept the lady's beautiful face, with a look of amazement.

She saw there the tender, pitiful eyes, and the look of compassion, which made Lady Prescott seem like an angel from heaven to her, and her words like a burst of seraphic music in her ears.

A flush of joy crimsoned all her delicate face, and her questioner could see how her heart leaped in sudden delight, and sent the lifeblood coursing, with rapid pulsations, through every blue vein.

She could not speak—her joy for the moment was too intense—and Lady Prescott, to give her time to recover self-possession, told her of her recent interview with her mistress, and its result, asking again, as she concluded:

"Are you willing to go with me, Sibyl?"

"Lady, would you really be willing to take me—me?" she whispered, deeply agitated.

"And why not you, dear child? You are not happy here," was the gentle reply.

A shudder ran over her slight frame; then, with a long, long breath, as if her heart had suddenly dropped a great burden, and she was already beginning to draw life in a new sphere of existence, she seized the lady's jeweled hand, with a motion of infinite grace and gratitude, and pressed her eager lips upon it.

Tears sprang into Lady Prescott's eyes.

"Are you so glad to go, my child?" she asked, tenderly.

Some strange thought seemed to startle her at this query, for she stood suddenly erect, her hands crossed upon her bosom, a faraway look in her large eyes, and she murmured, with a sort of hushed reverence:

"It has come!"

"What has come?" Lady Prescott asked, perplexed by both her words and manner.

"The good gift—the joy!" she whispered, and the look of awe and grave surprise upon the little face was something strange to behold.

"What do you mean, Sibyl?" Lady Prescott asked, more and more surprised.

"The kind lady told me that He would withhold no good gift, and that what we asked Him for we should receive; but I thought, perhaps, He had forgotten all about me, or that I wasn't worth minding. But He did not forget, and, oh! lady, I shall be so glad to go with you," she concluded.

"Did you think your life was never to have any brightness? But I do not wonder that you doubted," said her ladyship.

Sibyl's lips trembled, and her eyes were full of strange sweetness, as she answered, softly:

"I shall always feel sure about Him now; and—"

"And what, dear child?"

"And," with a shy look of happiness and reverence into the beautiful face above her, "if such a thing could be, lady, I would like to fill your whole life with blessing."

The little, earnest face uplifted to her was so beautiful, so full of heartfelt love and gratitude, that Lady Prescott forgot her humble condition, her ragged apparel, her shoeless and stockingless feet, and, bending down, she softly kissed the rosy lips.

The act was too much for the child, and, with a wild and passionate sob, she turned and fled from the room, to weep out her full soul in secret. Again night settled down over the dreary dwelling, with little prospect of a brighter dawn to cheer the impatient guests, who felt that it would be impossible to spend another day in that cheerless place.

Sibyl crept away early to her wretched bed in the lower chamber over the shed, coveting sleep to shorten even the few hours which must elapse before the beginning of her bright, new life.

Jem and his wife occupied a room over the kitchen, and adjoining Sibyl's, with only a rude partition between. This was plastered only on one side, and in many places it had crumbled away, so that conversation carried on in ordinary tones could be distinctly heard in either chamber.

Late in the night, Sibyl was awakened by Jem, who came stumbling in the dark up-stairs to bed. He had been away from home all the afternoon and evening, consequently did not know of the

disposition which his wife had made of her little handmaiden.

The child had no fears, however, that he would interfere in any way with her arrangements, since Nell's word was considered law in that house, as inviolable as that of the Medes and Persians had been.

But Sibyl's senses were instantly upon the alert when she heard her name spoken, and Mrs. Sloan began to relate her interview with Lady Prescott.

Rising, softly, from her low bed, she crept to a chink in the wall, where the light, which Nell had struck for her husband, shone through, and bent her head to listen.

"Yes," she heard Nell say, gleefully, "I've sold the brat, and a handsome sum, too, she paid me for the lazy jade."

Then she went on to tell how the bargain was made, until Sibyl's face, which had burned with indignation and resentment at those first repulsive words, took a soft and tender look, when Nell repeated, with a sneer, Lady Prescott's indignant resentment of the idea of barter and sale.

Jem chuckled, being, evidently, much delighted with the trade.

"You're well rid of her, and the money is right welcome," he said.

"I dunno; maybe I'd made more by and by by keepin' her," his wife replied, reflectively.

"How so?"

"I might find out some time who she belongs to, and get a bigger price for her."

"A bird in hand is worth more'n two in the bush, and she'd be eatin' all the time," said her calculating wife.

"So I thought; and, as I know where she's goin', if I ever do find out who her folks be, the secret's still mine to sell."

"Did you give up that 'ere consarn that belongs to her?"

"D'y'e take me for a fool, Jem Sloan?" exclaimed his wife, impatiently. "Why, that is the only thing in the wide world that will prove who the child is, and I shall keep it, and bide my time. No, no; the high-born lady was keen, and quizzed me sharp, but I reckon that I know how to keep my tongue where it belongs when money's the question."

Sibyl held her breath, and her heart beat wildly.

What was this thing which they had in their possession, and which alone would prove her identity?

"Where d'y'e keep the trinket, Nell?" Jem demanded, after a moment's silence.

"Where it's safe," shortly replied his affectionate spouse.

"Come, come, girl, don't be crusty; let's take a look at the thing. I hain't seen it since the day that crazy girl brought her here."

"No, you don't, Jem; you'll be wantin' to sell it again; and I tell you, if we only keep it long enough, there's a fortune in it."

"I know it, Nell; I know, too, that it's too fine for the likes of me to be handlin' in the presence of them that are able to buy; they'd think I stole it. Come, let's see it."

Thus assured, Nell arose from her bed, and, lifting a loose board from the floor, she picked up something there, and, going to an old trunk at the opposite side of the room, unlocked it, and drew from its depths a little round package, wrapped in paper, and securely tied with a quantity of string.

The trunk stood quite near the chink in the wall where Sibyl sat, so breathlessly, awaiting further developments.

The woman took off the wrappings of paper, and she saw that it contained a small, round wooden box.

But, before she opened it, she went back to where her husband sat, and Sibyl, greatly disappointed, was doomed not to see what it held.

But the man and his wife were silent for a moment or two, evidently examining the curious "thing," which was capable of unraveling so much of mystery.

"Blest if it ain't a beauty!" at length Jem exclaimed, admiringly.

"Yes, sir! Ye don't find any such trinkets belonging to folks unless they are somebody. I tell ye, Jem, this thing belonged to some big bug—probably the gal's mother?" Nell replied.

"Don't doubt it; but d'y'e suppose that crazy thing was Sib's mother?"

"Laws, no! I settled in my mind that she was the child's nurse. She would not have called her mother, Nansie, you fool!" scornfully returned his wife.

"That's so; ye always was cleverer than I at seein' into things," Jem returned, with rather a

crestfallen air at being thus snubbed.

"Nansie! Nansie! Oh, why can't I remember?" moaned the child, pressing her hot, trembling hands hard against her throbbing temples, and burying her face between her knees.

But it would not do to ponder now; she must hear what more Jem and Nell had to say. She must try to find out what it was they had been talking to her, and, if necessary, appeal to Lady Prescott to make them give it up.

"That must be a diamond in the middle," was Jem's next remark.

"Shouldn't wonder; it shines 'bout like the stones in them rings on the strange lady's hands," responded Nell, referring to Lady Prescott's jewels.

"I s'pose we might get all of fifty pounds for the little trinket," the man remarked, with a greedy look, as he reached out his hand to grasp it.

But his wife, taking instant alarm, was too quick for him, clapped the cover upon the box, and was rapidly winding its wrappings around it before he fairly comprehended her intention.

"No, you don't eh!" she said, grimly, and with a disappointed look upon his coarse face, he turned away, and threw himself upon the bed.

After securely tying the package up, Nell buried it once more in the depths of her old trunk, and then securely locked it.

Then, with a stealthy glance at her husband, whose back was toward her, she removed a different board in the floor, and dropped the key into the hole, after which she extinguished the candle, and crept into bed, also.

But other eyes than Jem's, and keener, had marked the hiding place of that key, and it was with a soft, long sigh of intense satisfaction that Sibyl noiselessly glided back to her heap of straw, and was soon soundly and sweetly sleeping.

But, with the first faint twitter of the birds, she was awake.

A few hours more, and she would probably look her last upon the miserable place where she had spent all her sad and cheerless childhood, and where, although so young, she had known so much of life's bitterness.

She waited in absolute silence, until she heard Jem and his wife go down-stairs; then, knowing that neither would be likely to return until night came again, a look of sudden resolve came into her face.

Softly raising her window, she stepped out upon the roof of the porch which sheltered a door beneath.

She then glided, noiselessly, along to another window, which opened into the chamber adjoining her own, and, lifting the sash, she crept in.

With light and nimble feet, she crossed the room to where she had seen Nell hide the key beneath the loose board.

In another instant, the precious, but well-remembered package, which Nell had taken thence the night previous, was in her hands.

A little cry of delight, checked before it was half uttered, parted her lips, while a sudden light of joy and remembrance leaped into her eyes.

It was a magnificent jewel, a little more than an inch in length, and about three fourths as wide as long.

In the center there blazed a large diamond, catching, with every movement of the trembling hands, the crimson streaks of the eastern sky, refracting and decomposing the glowing tints, until every color of the rainbow was flashed up, and repeated again and again, into her bewildered eyes.

Surrounding this, and set in rather a singular fashion, were many pearls, exceedingly fine and pure, and covering the whole remaining surface of the jewel.

Instinctively, Sibyl's finger began to trace the device framed there, while an anxious, puzzled expression over-shadowed her hitherto excited face.

Again and again she turned it, her fingers wandering over it, as if seeking to recall some faintly-remembered custom of her early years.

"Yes, yes! I knew it—I knew there was something!" she at length whispered, the blood rushing in a torrent over her face and neck, and down to her very finger-tips. "This is 'S,' and here is 'H,' and another 'S.' I know it means something. Oh! if I could only remember!"

That was ever her cry when she tried to penetrate the mystery which hung over the past ten years of her life.

Beyond the dreary existence which she had led during that time, all memory had well-nigh faded out, and her sensitive heart yearned and longed, with an almost overwhelming force, for the precious but missing link which would once more unite her to her early life.

Our Fine Liberty Number for February

will describe and picture what France did to help us win our freedom, in return for which we are sending her succor in her darkest hour of peril.

Those superb warriors, General Rochambeau and Admiral de Grasse, who commanded the French army and navy, showed the noblest qualities of the knights of old, brave in battle, detesting cruelty, kind to prisoners, generous to vanquished foes, tender to the weak, respectful of women and courteous to all, high-minded and honorable gentlemen even in dealing with the enemy in arms.

Under strict discipline the force of their example permeated their officers and men to the extent that the conduct of the French troops in America was above reproach. The French soldiers are the same today.

Read in February COMFORT the inspiring story of their gallant exploits in America and draw your own comparison with the fiendish outrages daily committed by the German soldiers in France and Belgium.

Don't Miss It. See to Your Subscription.

At each end of this jewel were two little rings, showing that the ornament had once been attached to something else; and, as she took it tenderly from the box and turned it over, she saw upon the solid gold back of the setting those strange figures of which she had heard Jem and Nell speak the night before, "2, 21, 1800."

After examining these a moment, she said, with sudden resolution:

"This is mine; they said so, and I can remember something about it myself. I shall take it away with me."

She thrust the empty package back into the trunk, unlocked it, replaced the key where she had found it, and then sped back into her own room.

Once there, she took a strong string and tied it securely to the two little rings attached to the jewel, which she then covered with a piece of cloth, sewing it securely around it, after which she hung it around her neck, concealing it beneath her clothing.

When she first arose, she had dressed herself in the best she possessed, which was simply a dark print, clean and whole, but made with the utmost simplicity, a pair of dark, coarse stockings, and well-worn shoes.

Raymond Prescott thought he had never looked upon a fairer countenance, when she met him, with a tremulous smile of happiness curving her lips, and a light which made her eyes glorious as they searched his face for a moment, and greeted him with her low-voiced, "Good morning."

Lady Prescott smiled her approbation at the dainty cleanliness of her face, hands, and attire, but inwardly resolved that a more marked change should be visible in her pretty protégée within a very few hours.

At as early an hour as possible, the coach was ordered to the door.

Lady Prescott paid the greedy Nell her coveted "thirty pounds," and, mentally shaking the dust from her shoes, entered the carriage, bidding Sibyl follow.

Raymond sprang in after her, gave the orders to the coachman, and away they dashed over the sandy road to Scarborough.

CHAPTER V.

MADE ONE OF THEM.

At Scarborough, during her visit, Lady Prescott spent her time in fashioning a neat and tasteful wardrobe for her little protégée.

While fitting the slender, graceful form, one day, she discovered the string, with its strange, cloth-bound appendage, hanging about her neck.

"What have you there that is so choice, Sibyl?" she asked, smiling, and wondering what little gift she could be treasuring thus.

The child was deeply agitated by the question. She knew that the precious ornament in her possession would occasion great surprise, and perhaps suspicion, and though she had intended from the first to confide in her benefactress, yet she experienced a certain dread, lest her account of it should not be credited.

Without replying to Lady Prescott's question, she took the scissors and cut the string, and, ripping off the covering laid the valuable treasure in the hand of her friend.

"Child, where did you get it?" Lady Prescott exclaimed, aghast.

The child told her story in a few simple and straightforward words, and concluded by asking, with great humility:

"Lady, did I do wrong? I thought it was mine by right, and I knew she would never give it to me."

"No, dear," Lady Prescott replied, stooping to kiss her, her confidence fully restored; "under the circumstances, you were fully justified in taking it."

"She said it was the only thing in the wide world that would prove who I am; and, oh, I thought I must have it, for perhaps some time it would help me to find my mother," Sibyl said, with a sigh.

"My poor child, do you long for your mother so?" Lady Prescott asked, touched by the sad, wistful expression of the sweet face. Then she added: "But the wicked woman told me there was nothing by which you could ever be identified. I mistrusted then that she was speaking falsely."

"And see, lady," Sibyl said, her finger beginning to trace the letters which she had before discovered, "I seem to remember something about it, for here are three letters—'S. H. S.'"

The lady watched the rosy-tipped finger, as it followed the line of the letters.

"True, dear!" she said, in surprise; "but they are very curiously woven in with the other pearls, and I should never have discovered them if they had not been pointed out to me. This proves to me, more than anything else," she continued, "that the gem is your own, and that, when a very little child, your fingers were taught to trace the letters. Otherwise, you would never have thought of such a thing, nor been able to discover them."

"I am glad you think I did not do wrong," Sibyl said, with a deep-drawn sigh of relief.

"It would have been wrong for you to have left it without saying anything about it, for, doubtless, it will prove a great deal; it does prove a great deal to me, even now—"

"What, dear lady?" interrupted Sibyl, eagerly.

"That you belong to parents who were accustomed to move in a very different sphere from that in which we found you. None but people in high life are likely to possess jewels like this; and I feel sure that this one little link will some time lead you back to them."

"Dear lady, how glad you make me!" Sibyl

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SOMEWHERE I have read of a beautiful old custom that existed in some country in Europe and one that it would be well to practice here. It was that on New Year's day, no matter what the quarrel or misunderstanding had been, relatives and friends exchanged visits and in the kindly expressed wishes for the New Year, all past grievances were forgiven and, better still, forgotten for unless we can bring ourselves to forget as well as forgive we cannot hope that friendship, in its true sense, will be restored. Isn't it a custom worth trying? What's the use anyway of "holding a grudge" until it becomes a part of you? Almost invariably you will find that the other fellow is willing, and glad, to meet you half way, so begin the new year aright. And while I'm wishing all a Happy New Year, I'm sending with it a thought that may help and strengthen someone.—Ed.

"I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near."
—Mary G. Brainard.

Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am in trouble and want to ask advice of the sisters. I may be foolish and you may laugh at me when I tell you about it. I was an only child and was always petted and I suppose that is why I am unhappy now, since my husband doesn't pet me, but really, it seems to me it would be worth more than gold to me. He thinks it is foolish, and I suppose it is, but it does me lots of good and I am sure I could be happy if he were to show his affection more, for I am not happy or contented now. I am willing to do my share of the petting. I could work harder and be much more cheerful under the influence of his love, than I can when he is cold and indifferent. We have one little boy, three years old. Husband and I never have any trouble except when the baby wails and I have to correct him. He thinks I am too harsh with him but I want him to mind. I hope the sisters will give me some advice on how to train my boy and how to treat my husband so he won't get tired of my silly, clinging, childish ways. We have been married six years. I am twenty-seven years old and my girl friends tell me I look as well as I did before I was married and I know I am careful of my personal appearance and deserve to be petted as much as when we were first married. In fact, I think I deserve it more now because I am more help to him than I was then.

Troubled Wife.

INDIANA.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to say just a word about the worrying habit. Most of us have it, haven't we? And yet don't you think we could be of more help to one another if we were always cheerful. What we can help we should help; what we can't help we shouldn't worry over. For you know:

"The worry cow
Would have lived till now
If she hadn't lost her breath.
But she worried all day
For fear she'd lose her hay
And she worried herself to death."

I am a Hoosier and as green as grass. I have never been in a large city in my life. We live in the Ohio River valley, about five miles from the river, on a small farm. Our house is in a small hollow with woods all around, not more than a quarter of a mile away. The trees were so lovely this fall with their golds, reds and browns. I don't know which I like better, the autumn when it is calm and still and everything stored away for winter, or the spring with its bursting buds and singing birds, calling one to get busy with plow and hoe.

I am rather tall and slender with brown hair and eyes and lots of freckles and tan. Am twenty years old and my husband is seventeen years older. We have two of the sweetest of babies, six months old. Both are healthy and chubby. Of course they keep me busy but I have time to play and read. I think one should play with their children and keep young for their sake. I want my children to always trust and confide in me.

I have just read the sister's letter asking for help and advice when I came across this:

"But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair."

If M. B. can keep even one other from committing the same mistake, she need not feel that she has lived in vain.

With love to all, Busy Bee.

Busy Bee. I don't know as I ever heard of the "worry cow" before but here is a little verse that always helps me by its cheery philosophy:

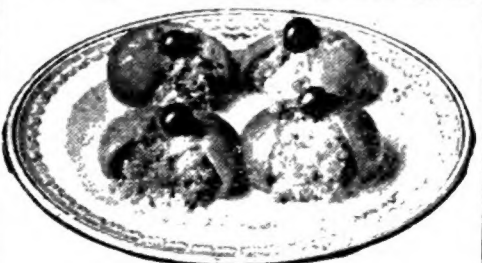
"Life's little ills annoyed me when these little ills were few
And the one fly in the ointment put me in a dreadful stew.
But experience has taught me the infrequent good to prize,
Now I'm glad to find some ointment in my little pot of flies."

The author's idea seems to be that we'd be much happier if we didn't concentrate so on looking for flies.—Ed.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

"W" E have fish so often at our house that my little boy says every day seems like Friday to him, and though we sometimes choke on the bones I find it keeps the living little pens down wonderfully," said a bright-eyed little woman to the clerk who was waiting upon her, and her remark impressed me to such an extent that I started in collecting recipes for serving fish for, I reasoned, if it helps one person it will help many and really such a nourishing food as fish should be served more than the usual once a week. Those living far inland may sometimes have to content themselves with canned, smoked or salted fish but this isn't such a hardship after all for any of these can be made into appetizing dishes.—Ed.

ONIONS STUFFED WITH SALT FISH.—Select medium-sized onions and boil until tender. Drain dry, making a sauce of one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of butter, one cup of hot milk, salt and pepper to taste. Have ready some desiccated salt fish



ONIONS STUFFED WITH SALT FISH.

which has been cooked in milk and water for 20 minutes. Remove the inside of the onion and stuff it with the salt fish, decorating it with a boiled cranberry. Pour it over the onions and serve.

MARY HARRIS NORTHEAD.

Fish Pie.—Any left-over fish may be made into a delicious pie. Break the fish into small pieces and season with pepper, salt and any sweet herb if desired. Cover a deep baking dish with a good crust, fill with the fish, squeeze the juice of one onion over the top and, if eggs are not too high, a hard-boiled one sliced over the fish before putting the top crust on, adds to it, but may be omitted. Bake in moderate oven.

Baked Shad.—Clean and wash fish, stuff with a dressing made of bread crumbs, salt, pepper, butter and sage, mixed with the beaten yolk of an egg. Fasten fish together. Put slices of salt pork on top of the shad and bake. Serve with slices of lemon.

Salmon Pudding.—To one can of salmon add two beaten eggs, two tablespoons of cream, and salt and pepper to taste. Bake fifteen minutes and serve on hot platter with border of mashed potatoes. A butter sauce adds to this and is made by mixing together two tablespoons of butter with one tablespoon of flour and stirring into a cup of boiling milk until smooth. Season.

Fish Salad.—Chop fish fine, add a finely chopped onion if desired, and salad dressing to moisten. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Fish Hash.—Chop fish with twice the quantity of cold boiled potato. Have ready in frying pan bacon or pork fat, add hash, season to taste and fry until thoroughly heated and browned. Onion may be added.

Creamed Crabs.—Two cups crab meat, one and one half tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one teaspoon onion juice, one third cup cream, one egg, salt and cayenne pepper and one teaspoon lemon juice. Melt butter, add flour, cream, onion and lemon juice. Cook a few minutes, season, add cream in which egg has been beaten and crab meat. When hot, serve on small squares of toast, or crackers.

Salmon Timbales.—Break three slices of bread in bowl and cover with milk and let soak while opening a can of salmon and breaking it into small pieces. Beat one egg until very light, and add to bread, after crushing slightly, then add salmon, salt and pepper and three quarters teaspoon baking powder and mix thoroughly. Butter cups or timbale mold and fill about half full. Dot each with a small piece of butter, place cups in pan containing water and bake in moderate oven until brown on top.

Fish Rolls.—This is a good way of serving left-over fish. Chop fine and mix with equal parts of cold mashed potato. Season with salt and pepper and add a little melted butter. Stir into two eggs, well beaten, and form into rolls. Moisten with beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs and bake in quick oven until brown.

COMBINATION DISH OF FISH CAKES AND VEGETABLES.—Pars one pint of potatoes and quarter them.

Pick half as much raw salt fish into small pieces. Put potatoes and fish into a stew pan, just cover with boiling water and soak until potatoes are done, but not soggy. Drain, mash and beat until light. Add one well beaten egg, one tablespoon of butter, pepper to taste, and beat again. Shape into cakes and fry in brown or deep in smoking hot fat. Arrange in center of serving dish and surround the fish cakes with boiled carrots, rice and peas.

Baked Haddock.—Boil haddock until the flesh will separate easily from the bones. Pick into small pieces and put into buttered baking dish. Make a cream sauce of one pint of milk, thickened with flour, to which has been added butter size of a walnut. Season this and pour it over the fish, cover with bread crumbs and bake twenty minutes.

Salmon Loaf.—One can of salmon, half a dozen soda crackers, one pint of milk, two teaspoons melted butter and salt and pepper to taste. Cover with a layer of grated cheese and bake in buttered dish until brown.

Fish Balls.—To two cups of boiled fish add an equal amount of hot mashed potato, two teaspoons butter, one half cup hot milk, and salt and pepper to taste. One egg, well beaten, a great improvement, but can be omitted. Mix thoroughly, form into small balls, dip in beaten egg and roll in cracker crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat. Drain on brown paper.

Baked Salmon.—Clean salmon, wash and wipe well and rub it inside and out with salt and pepper. Fill with a dressing made of bread crumbs, moistened with hot milk, to which is added butter and seasoned with sage, salt and pepper. Tie a string around the fish to keep this in. Place a trivet in the baking pan, put bits of salt pork over the fish, dredge with flour and put it on the trivet. Put a pint of hot water in the pan and bake frequently. Bake one hour, or less, according to size of fish. When the fish is taken up, add flour and butter to water it has been baked in and let thicken. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Sardine Salad.—Cut sardines into small pieces and place on lettuce leaves on salad plate. Cover with a layer of peeled and sliced tomato and another layer of sardines. Cover with salad dressing and serve.

Macaroni and Codfish Pie.—To a quarter of a pound of macaroni add half a pound of shredded codfish, eight tablespoons of grated cheese, four teaspoons butter and season with salt and pepper. Break the macaroni into small pieces and boil until tender. Butter a deep baking dish, put in a layer of fish, a little butter and cheese and cover with a layer of macaroni, cover with cheese and a little butter, add more fish and so on till the dish is nearly full. Sprinkle cheese on top and dot with pieces of butter, add a little milk to moisten and bake until brown.

Vegetable Clam Chowder.—Cut two thick slices of salt pork into small pieces and fry until brown. Chop four onions fine and add to pork while frying, being

careful they do not burn. Into a deep pot put four quarts of water, when hot add the pork, fat and onions. To this add two handfuls of barley and four potatoes, chopped fine, two cups of tomatoes seasoned with sage, salt and pepper to taste. Boil two hours. If clams are desired, add one pint of soft shelled clams, chopped fine, with their liquor, and boil all together.

Clam Fritters.—Remove clams from can, drain and chop into small pieces. Make a batter as for griddle cakes and stir the clams into it. Drop from a spoon into hot fat and fry until brown.

Salad Dressing.—Two eggs, two tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons flour, butter size of walnut, pepper and salt to taste, one half teaspoon mustard, three-quarters cup of vinegar, and one half cup water. Add sweet cream just before serving.

Mrs. Fred A. Neilson, Maple Plain, Minn.

Salmon Oysters.—Get salmon one inch thick. Cut in one inch squares, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard as you would doughnuts. Drain, and serve with mayonnaise or lemon juice.

Veal Casserole.—An appetizing dish made from the ends of ribs, knuckle and neck. Cut meat in small pieces and put in a stew pan with a few spoonfuls of salt pork fat. Stir until cooking has begun, then cover meat with boiling water and simmer until tender. Put three tablespoons of pork fat into another stew pan, and when it has browned a little, add four tablespoons of flour that has been browned in the oven. When smooth, add the boiling liquid that has been drained from the veal; about three cups, and cook fifteen minutes. Season with pepper, salt and lemon juice. Add cooked veal. Have ready slices of fresh boiled potato or boiled rice, and fill individual cups or casserole with alternate layers of veal and potato or rice—or both. On top put a layer of bread crumbs and bits of butter. When crumbs are brown it is ready to serve.

CHICKEN AND RICE CROQUETTES. There is usually enough meat on the carcass of a chicken to make a few croquettes when combined with a little left-over boiled rice or cereal. Take equal parts of the meat and rice and moisten with gravy or a little cream. Season with salt and pepper, a little butter and stir in the beaten yolk of one egg to each cup of rice. Shape into balls with flat sides and fry in pork fat, or roll in crumbs, dip in egg and crumbs again and fry in deep fat.

CHEESEBOARD CAKE.—Dark part—Yolk of four eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, two and one-half cups flour mixed with one teaspoon baking powder, and one teaspoon cloves and cinnamon. Light part—Whites of four eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, and two and one-half cups flour mixed with one teaspoon of baking powder. Drop by alternate spoonfuls into baking tin.

A. P. WEIDMAN, Mich.

PEACH MOUSSE.—Two cups of canned peaches mashed and sweetened with powdered sugar, and a little lemon juice added. Whip two cups of cream and



PEACH MOUSSE.

thoroughly mix with the peach. Pack as for ice cream, in salt and ice, but do not turn. Let stand five hours. A small and large plate takes the place of freezer in making mousse.

ORANGE MOUSSE.—Make same as Peach Mousse, substituting the orange pulp for peach.

BOILED FRUIT CAKE.—Let soak two hours one cup raisins and one cup water, then add one-half cup lard, one teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves, two cups brown sugar and let boil 10 minutes. When cool stir in flour enough to make as cake batter, to which has been added one teaspoon soda and pinch of baking powder. Put in baking tin and bake in moderate oven.

Mrs. McCoy, Greenville, Pa.

SOUR MILK SPICE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-half cup lard, one cup raisins, one teaspoon sour milk, one and three-quarters cups flour, one-half teaspoon each salt, cinnamon and nutmeg, one-quarter teaspoon cloves and one-quarter teaspoon allspice. Dissolve soda in a little hot water before adding sour milk. Beat briskly five minutes.

Mrs. L. M. STEVENSON, Dixmont, Maine.

LEMON PUDDING.—In the dish you bake it in, slice one lemon, add one cup sugar, one cup boiling water and let set till batter is made up. Batter: One egg, one cup sugar, butter or lard size of egg, one half cup cold water, one half teaspoon baking powder, and one and one-half cups flour. Pour this over the lemon, sugar and water in dish and bake in moderate oven till done—about three quarters of an hour. Serve with whipped cream.

Mrs. WALTER ALVENSEN, Detroit, Mich.

CORN PUDDING.—Beat three eggs well, add one can of corn, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, two tablespoons butter and one tablespoon corn-starch. Season with pepper. Cover with milk and bake until brown.

Mrs. DORA GORDON, Falmouth, Va.

TO USE DRY BREAD.—Place a layer of dry bread in baking dish, cover with layer of sliced apples, and repeat till pan is nearly full, then add a little butter, sugar, flavoring, and water to slightly moisten. Bake until slightly brown. Serve with cream.

Mrs. S. E. C. CLARK, Bertram, Minn.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

Like this



You have baked for 30 years
To Save and Serve
Now bake a

WAR PIE

No Top Crust

Use NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
"Like Mother Used to Make"

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT for regular
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Merrell-Soule Company Syracuse, N. Y.

FLORESVILLE, TEXAS.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to offer a word of advice to the mothers of soldier boys. Let's write long, cheerful letters and tell all the funny jokes and happenings of the neighborhood. I ask my boy all kinds of questions about his army life and tell him what great things I expect of him. I also send newspaper clippings that I think will interest him and am encouraging and helping him all I can.

I just read in our weekly paper of a dear mother who is asking the prayers of every mother who has a son, or other relative, in the army or navy. They are all our boys and it is our duty to pray for those who have no mothers, for some of them are not prepared to go.

Now let us, as a band of mothers, pray for all the boys and let them know they have our prayers.

My boy writes that he has joined the Y. M. C. A. and attends church every Sunday and I am very proud of him.

I will close by asking the prayers of all mothers for our soldier boys.

Sincerely, Mrs. MATTIE SELLERS.

Mrs. Sellers. By putting a stamp on COMFORT (see front cover notice) you can send it to some soldier boy and even if he isn't your son, remember he is some mother's son and will be just as grateful for the kindness as though he were your own. My boys aren't quite old enough to enlist but if they were I'd cheerfully send them in defense of our country but oh, how I would pray for their safe return, and I can understand just how you, and all other mothers, feel.—Ed.

NEW JERSEY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

In reading a recent number of COMFORT I saw a letter from Mother's Old Maid and I said "that's me" well, though I have no mother or father. Father passed away several years ago leaving mother with four children, the eldest, myself, seventeen years old. We children were carefully trained and now all are grown, two are married and in homes of their own and two are—home, but since mother too has passed on, home isn't just like home any more. I am an old maid. I wonder if there are any old maids just like me and from the same cause? My life has been completely changed from what it used to be. When I was home on the farm, and a school girl, I was happy all the long day, always singing, whistling or humming around the house, I was carefree. I had loads of friends (I'm not conceited, I hate it) and surely enjoyed a good time and good company. Then I met one one I grew to care for, I was very happy but after a time this "somebody" grew tired of me, after requesting me to give up all my friends, whose company I enjoyed, for him, mind you, and cheating me of other friends for two years. When he requested his release do you think I grew angry and argued with him, or pleaded my cause? Not I. I simply said, "All right, I'm sorry, but if you don't want me I know I don't want you," and he was released of all his promises right then and there. I gave him up but he will never know the struggle I had, even though I conquered. Now I seldom, if ever, sing, whistle or hum any song—if any, it's a sad, sad one. I have friends but they seem to be different and, in fact, my life is as nearly opposite from what it used to be as it can very well be.

Ten years ago I said I'd always stay with mother as long as I lived and I intended to keep my word but God called her home to Heaven and now I'm alone and entirely alone, as my sister is preparing to go to a home of her own and I dread the lonely days and years ahead of me because I like someone to talk to and I get sad and lonely when alone. It isn't a bright thing to look forward to and if everyone looks at it as I do and feels as I do at the prospect of living alone and the dread of growing old, really old and cranky (people say all old maids are cranky) they have many a stray tear to brush away.

Mother's Old Maid spoke of two kinds of old maids, one kind a hater of men and children but a lover of cats and the possessor of a cross, peevish disposition. I can answer this by saying I am not a hater of men but I find myself having no faith in them any more. I never believe what they say until it is proven true, then I say to myself, "That's true, this time." I like children but cannot make a fuss over them as some do. I do not like cats; as to my disposition, I hope it will never be such that I'll never possess any friends although if living alone isn't trying on the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

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THE GIRL HE LOVED

by Adelaide Stirling



A lady, my lord.
Come to inquire
for Captain Gordon.



Lord Levallion
got on his horse, and can-
tered through the gate.



She dared not trust herself to speak.
If only the nurse would go!



Houghton was holding out to
Levallion her own emerald-
and opal ring.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Annesley, stepmother to Sir Thomas and Ravel, disapproves of Adrian Gordon, who is in love with Ravel. Receiving an appointment to India, Adrian seals his proposal and Ravel's promise for an early marriage, by giving her a beautiful ring of diamonds and opals. Not daring to wear it she slips it on a ribbon on her neck. Ravel bids Adrian good by, unconscious that their conversation, held near the edge of a quarry is heard by Lady Annesley's confidential maid. Four days later Ravel receives a letter from Adrian that he will go to the Duchess of Avonmore's party and names the following day for their marriage. Lady Annesley, apparently anxious for Ravel to make a good appearance at the party provides her with a new dress. Ravel is suspicious of intrigue, but Sir Thomas, only sixteen, suspects the scheming woman and her designs on Lord Levallion, a former suitor for her hand, as Ravel's future husband. Going to the party and not meeting Adrian, Ravel, with a sob in her throat, wanders through the garden, where she meets Lord Levallion, not knowing it is he. Wary and wanting to go home he offers to take her there. Arriving home she hunts for the lost ring but does not find it. The next day Ravel prepares for her wedding and waits for Adrian, who fails to meet her. Going home she enters the drawing-room, where she finds Lady Annesley and Lord Levallion, the latter telling her of his cousin Adrian Gordon's departure for India. The Duchess of Avonmore, to Lord Levallion's delight, takes Ravel and Sir Thomas to her home. Ravel is invited to Hester Murray's to lunch and at the instigation of Lady Annesley she gives Ravel the impression that there is a Mrs. Gordon. Believing Adrian false she marries Lord Levallion. Coming from the altar, the groom sees a woman in black with a child clinging to her hand and wonders if Ravel notices her. Three months later Adrian Gordon is reported missing. Lord Levallion goes to the War Office to learn the truth. Sitting alone on the lawn Ravel sees Adrian Gordon standing before her and she catches the glint of a ring on his hand. Suffering from a shattered arm Lady Levallion catches him as he falls in a faint.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN LEVALLION'S HOUSE.

"WHAT shall I do?" said Lady Levallion to herself. "What shall I do?" She stood on the grass and watched them carry Adrian into her house, making not the slightest attempt to follow. The sun dropped below the ledge of the rose-garden, and as its rim disappeared a chill crept to her bones. In a minute the servants would be back to take in the tea things, the wicker chair that fate had stuck in Adrian's way. They must not find her here standing motionless. And she had nowhere to go that she might be alone. There was no room in all Levallion Castle where she could lock her door without question and fight down the bewildered pain that was making her sick. Her maid would be in her bedroom, Levallion would come, as usual, to her dressing-room when his toilet was finished and hers all but done. Truly Ravel Annesley had been freer than Ravel Levallion, for she had dared to lock her door and cry.

She had not been as brave, though! Lady Levallion set her teeth and walked slowly into the house and up-stairs to her goggle-eyed maid. The romantic return of her lordship's cousin had set every servant in the house agog, but her ladyship looked so listless that her maid dared not speak till she was spoken to, which was some time, for Lady Levallion went straight to her dressing-table and stood staring at herself in the glass.

Her face looked strange, vacant. It was not so she had dreamed she should look when Adrian rose from the dead; not so she would dare look when Levallion came in. She turned with despairing courage to make a toilet that should cover her changed looks, and saw a pale-lilac gown laid out on her bed.

"Oh, not that!" she said—and naturally, to her eternal credit, for she could have screamed so like was the thing to that long-gone Sunday frock—"I'm too tired and pale. Get me something else—pink! There's a pink thing somewhere."

As she bathed her face in scented water she hid her drawn mouth in the sponge, for one blessed instant let it work as it would. Oh, lucky, lucky Nel Annesley, who had only cold water to wash in, and could let her eyes swell if she liked! But when Lady Levallion laid down her damask towel and stood to be dressed in a loose dinner-gown of pale-rose crepe de chine she was far more lowly than even that far-away girl had been. If her eyes were somber it was only natural when she had seen a man drop like death at her feet. At Levallion's knock her cheeks blazed suddenly.

"Well?" she said, as he entered and her maid discreetly vanished. She wondered if Adrian were going to die, or if—and she almost laughed out hysterically—he were coming down to dine with her and Levallion. What a cheerful dinner-party he and she and Levallion!

"I put him to bed. He's only just come to."

He sank down into a chair as if he were tired and lit a cigarette.

"Poor devil. I feel sorry for him! He wasn't fit to travel in the first place, and it must have been a shock to him—coming here!"

"Why?" She was almost inarticulate. Did he know? Had Adrian told? Oh, of course, not. No man is likely to tell another that he has behaved like a villain to that other's wife. "How do you

mean?" and she sat down opposite Levallion in the full light of a rose-colored lamp. She was not afraid, no one should ever say she had been afraid. If it would serve any purpose she would tell Levallion everything now! And with a sudden tightening at her heart-strings knew she could not betray Adrian Gordon in Levallion's house.

"Well," observed his lordship dryly, "it would have been a shock, to most men to come home thinking themselves sure heir to eighty thousand pounds a year and find out—it seems he didn't know I was married!" hastily, and leaving his sentence unfinished at the scarlet on his wife's face.

"You very absurd person," he said, with the impassive manner she knew meant tenderness. "don't look so appalled. He may come in for it yet."

But it was not a girl's shyness that had flamed out in her face, but hot shame for Adrian, who had said he was too poor to make her an offer openly. She moved restlessly. How long was he to stay under her roof?—that should have been his.

He looked very ill," she said. "Men do with a splintered bone in their arm, and fever," Levallion returned, rather dryly. "He can't be moved for some time, I fancy. You will have to do the Good Samaritan, Ravel, and cheer him back to life."

"I hate sick people!" cried Ravel hastily, and grew red again at her lie. "Yes, I do, Levallion. Don't ever dare to get ill."

"Well, there'll be dearth of woman's nursing and lack of woman's tears then," dryly. "I can't say I ever saw any great restorative in the latter, except, perhaps, to the woman," throwing his cigarette into the grate. He had always known she was hard. Why did it come on him now like a dash of cold water?

"God knows I'm hard enough myself!" he thought, as he made his way to his own dressing-room. "But she did not seem to have any pity for the poor devil."

It was odd sorrow he felt himself for Adrian, who had been so incoherently anxious to get back to town and not be a nuisance. Lord Levallion was rather ashamed of his own weakness; it would have pleased him to have had his wife fuss pityingly over his ousted heir and let him take refuge in cynical comments.

"Though he mayn't be so ousted after all," he did a little cynical remark on his own account. "I may be rejoiced with squalling brats." But something dark came into his face as if a past folly had suddenly crept from its grave and faced him.

"It is better to strike into a new life and go to dinner," said Lord Levallion aloud, to the bewilderment of his servant.

He made an excellent dinner certainly, for he had a new French cook, who had disdained to stay with royalty on account of being limited in butlers. Lord Levallion was tired, as well as worried about his guest up-stairs, and the Frenchman's cooking appealed to him; which was more than it did to his wife.

For at the fish the doctor was ushered into the dining-room. She had not known Levallion thought Adrian had enough to need a doctor. She shook hands mechanically with the good-looking, clear-eyed man whom Levallion introduced as Doctor Houghton, and mechanically motioned the butler to set a chair for him.

"I'm afraid you will have a hospital on your hands, Lady Levallion," Doctor Houghton was looking at her with real pleasure in her wonderful beauty that was anything but girlish tonight.

"There is trouble in that arm," "And likely to be," interrupted Levallion, "and you are going to send over a nurse, two nurses if you like, for he'll stay here till he is well. Eh, Ravel?"

Lady Levallion crushed her hands together under the table.

"Oh, of course!" she said. And she felt as if fate must be standing behind her laughing at Adrian Gordon's unavailing efforts to get rid of her.

"Have some of this, Houghton?" Said Levallion, as she refused a dish. "My wife is delightfully honest—and hard-hearted. She does not like made dishes, or people when they're ill."

"One will lead to the other with you," Ravel returned calmly, and laughed, for she had seen Houghton's quick glance at her averted face, and she felt as if he could read there all that Levallion could not of her horror at this guest who might be dying under her roof.

But Doctor Houghton was looking now at his plate, just as if he had not seen her dilated pupils, her hard, set mouth.

"It's very good, but it tastes almost too much of almonds!" he observed frankly. "What is it?"

"Only chicken, done with almonds and chestnuts. I've a new cook, who can manage almonds. I shall have something made of them every day."

"Which will probably send you to your grave!"

laughing. "But I congratulate you on the artist. By the way, Lord Levallion, if you could keep me tonight, I should like to stay with Captain Gordon."

"We would be infinitely relieved if you would," (How Sylvia would have marvelled at the kindly voice, the glance without mockery!)

Both made Ravel feel an unutterable sneak.

Why had she never told Levallion all about Adrian?

It would have been better than this. To sleep, to live, to eat with him in her house, and to be a stranger to him; hating him in one breath, loving in the next, false either way to the bread she ate.

"What was that?" she said feverishly, longing for the time when she could leave the room.

"I heard the bell ring."

The dining-room was close to the hall door, its own door open; and a dull murmur of voices came from outside. Levallion half-rose—and sat down again. The thing in his thoughts was idiotic, impossible.

"It's late for a visitor, but you can do anything in the country!" he remarked cheerfully. "What was that, Masters?" for the hall door had shut and no one had come in.

"A lady, my lord! Come to inquire for Captain Gordon."

"A lady!" he looked utterly taken aback—for Lord Levallion. "Who was it?"

"I couldn't say, my lord." (Every servant in the house but Levallion's valet was new, perhaps with reason.) "She was walking."

"Well, we live and learn!" said Levallion plausibly, as the servants for the moment disappeared. "And I, who thought my young friend had nearly killed himself to come and see me!"

He had had time to go over the list of his country neighbors, and knew Adrian had come to see none of them, even as he spoke. She must have come down with him.

Doctor Houghton glanced quite purposely at his hostess and looked away with haste, for the Lady Levallion sat white and speechless. It was not enough for Adrian to come and confront her brazenly, but he must needs bring a woman down with him—the woman probably of the gold-wire ring.

"She knows who it was!" Houghton reflected swiftly, and then felt sorry for her.

"Most romantic!" Levallion broke the silence with a lazy laugh. "They say 'he travels the fastest who travels alone,' but in my experience, company adds to the pace. I hope the lady's anxiety will not keep her awake."

And, clever as he undeniably was, it never occurred to Houghton that where Lady Levallion was angry by guesswork, Lord Levallion was in a black rage, born of certain knowledge.

"Though I can't understand what she has to do with that young fool up-stairs!" he reflected grimly, as Houghton returned to the invalid. "Nor why she came. But I may find out!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A DOVE-COLORED GOWN.

But if he had any idea of finding out from Adrian, the morning effectually banished it. The splinters of bone in his arm had put him in agony, and he lay as he would lie for days, stupid with morphia.

Lord Levallion looked with a queer pity on the haggard, pain-drawn face, and went softly away. He must find out for himself why that woman had come down in his cousin's company.

"For, of course, she did!" he mused. "The only thing that brought her to ask after him was that she got tired of waiting in the village, dear creature! Adrian was always a quixotic ass about a woman." And he set forth on an apparently aimless ride through the village, which for once he did not ask his wife to share.

But his idle and cheerful conversation, by the way, were curiously astounding. His lordship whistled as he turned his horse's head down an unfrequented lane, where he might collect his thoughts.

No one had come down with Captain Gordon, whose arm, in its black sling, had excited the pity of the whole village; there was not a woman staying at the inn or at any of the lodging-houses. Lord Levallion was annoyed that he could not put two and two together and fit the coming of Adrian Gordon with that woman's voice in his own hall.

"If she's living in this neighborhood, she'll not do it long!" he reflected angrily. "But, as far as I know, she's nowhere for her to live. Unless"—he stopped his horse, gave a stifled exclamation, as the lane rounded a sharp turn.

On his left hand, where a vacant field had run up to the outlying edge of his own woods, stood a brand-new, grim-crack bungalow in a new garden; and strolling about it leisurely was a woman in a dove-colored gown.

Levallion's worn, handsome face turned absolu-

tely bloodless, but his insolent stare never turned from that small, dainty figure in the garish garden.

"Gad! This is a charming surprise," he said softly. "Charming. And if Adrian had nothing to do with it, how the devil did she know he was here, when I thought he was dead? Ah!" he smiled—a smile Sylvia would have known, but not Ravel.

For the woman in the garden had turned, had pretended not to see him, and incontinently vanished into the house. Lord Levallion got on his horse, and cantered through the gate.

"I think not," he observed to himself acidly. And if he were middle-aged and worn, he was yet a sufficiently terrifying figure to the eyes that surveyed him through the lower blind of the drawing-room window as he sauntered up to the house.

Without the slight formality of knocking, he opened the door, the dove-colored fugitive had not thought of locking, and walked in.

"I am here," he observed politely. "There is no occasion to stare out of the window for me."

Hester Murray gave a frightened start in spite of herself. She turned with two bright, pink patches on her thin cheeks, and tried—unsuccessfully—after his pretty manners.

"Oh! How do you do? I was not sure it was you." Her outstretched hand was not steady. "You may reassure yourself as to that. It is I—and I am quite as usual, thank you." He put down his riding-crop and his hat with neatness, and, very quietly, closed the door.

"Now," he said—and if ever a devil looked from a man's eyes it was from Levallion's—"may I ask what you are doing here?"

"Living here," Levallion could have laughed aloud as he remembered how many times she had assured him she was never afraid of any one. "But you know that or you would not have come to see me." She sat down, her one ring—that was a wedding-ring—shining oddly conspicuous on her nervous hand.

"How long have you been here?" he leaned against the window with his back to the apricot-colored blind.

"Two months," unwillingly. "But I'm really hardly settled. I did not want you and Lady Levallion to know of me till I was all arranged. But, of course, now I shall be delighted to call on her." She was not sure whether she was taking the right way or not, but surely Levallion would prefer this one.

But he did not answer for a moment. "I dare say you would," to her surprise he broke out into a sarcastic chuckle. "But you are not at all likely to. Now tell me what you meant by coming to my house last night and raising the devil about Adrian?" The sudden change of voice turned her cold.

"I—I heard in the village," she stammered.

"I was anxious."

Anxious indeed! Even Lord Levallion had no notion how she had run breathless through the fields, hoping the rumor her servant had brought from the village was true that Adrian Gordon had fallen down dead at Lady Levallion's feet.

"Why were you anxious?" with a slanting lift of his eyebrow. "And how did you know he had come home?"

"I always told you it was foolish not to read newspapers," she retorted, "even if you are in love!"

Levallion shrugged his shoulders. "For a man who concerned you not at all, I think you wasted shoe-leather," he said, and in his eyes was a kind of amusement that confused her.

"—he was good to me once!" with a momentary flash of inspiration. "Is he—is he dying?" for she must know, since if he were not particularly ill, she would have her work cut out to hide how she had paid him for that honest kindness by doing Sylvia Annesley's dirty work. For, of course, that girl would tell him. And—there were other things. Oh! why couldn't the man die?

"It would do you no good if he did die, which is not in the least likely," remarked Levallion blandly, having seen her last thought on her face. "It would not soften my heart toward you; though I grant you it might have, once."

The woman sprang up as he had struck her. "You are a devil, a cruel, cold devil!" she said between her small teeth—and he had never noticed before how sharp and feline they were.

"You've no heart, no pity!"

"Neither had you," interrupting her with so much more truth than he knew that she was frightened and sobered. "But I have not come to discuss either of our personal attributes, but to tell you," slowly, "that there are six trains a day by which you may leave this neighborhood—and stay away!" his voice was perfectly level, but yet Mrs. Murray drew away from him before she answered.

"I've nowhere to go," she said sullenly. "I came here because it was cheap."

"I can assure you that you'll find it remarkably dear," dryly, "and where's the London house?"

"I couldn't afford the rent any longer."

"I consider you've plenty of money," shortly. "It costs more every day." She did not say what, nor did he ask her.

"Where's Murray?" Levallion, he best knew why, was holding himself hard.

For the first time she looked him in the face and told the truth.

"I don't know and I don't care!" she said viciously. "He said he was sick of the business—and me—and he never meant to set eyes on me again."

"Poor devil," said Lord Levallion slowly. It was the last straw. Hester Murray quivered from head to foot with ungovernable rage.

"You can't send me away from here!" she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Begin getting subscriptions today and write for our new Premium Catalogue sent you free on request.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

best of all dispositions, I'll give up! It seems to me that my life has been one disappointment heaped upon another but I am trying hard to think that the Father is taking this means of making it into something for some particular purpose and maybe my bearing my burden alone I may be better fitted for the future. I am a firm believer in "What is to be, will be."

I am about five feet six inches in height, quite stout, have brown eyes and hair and a clear brunette complexion. Am twenty-nine years old.

A Lonely Old Maid.

SAN SABA, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:—I have just read a letter from a sister who suggests that we write on "How I Helped my Husband." I help mine by cooking for him six to eight times a day from thirty-five to forty dollars a month and am paying for a Liberty Bond out of my wages.

I come to ask a favor of you. I live so far from town that it is impossible to get vegetables of any kind, except canned ones and I have to use canned milk and also have very little butter and very few eggs to use so would like recipes the sisters might have for making different dishes of canned goods.

Success to Comfort and sisters, Mrs. L. W.

Mrs. L. W. You are not only helping your husband and yourself but by the purchase of a Liberty Bond (and I'm sure it was a generous one), you are helping "win the war." How many more of the sisters are doing the same thing and how are you paying for them? Let's have all the original ideas along that line that we can. Ed.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:—After reading Mrs. G. W. B. E.'s letter I have courage to write, as her life is much like my own. I, too, was married when quite young, respecting my husband only and how deeply I am paying for it God alone knows. I try to be brave and wear a smile but through it all I wonder why it is men do not realize how much a woman appreciates a kind word, sympathy, encouragement, or, at least, a pleasant smile. So take warning, Mary and all others.

I am sending my favorite poem.

With love and best wishes, China.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak,
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

—Whittier.

SWEETWATER, OKLA.

COMFORT SISTERS:—To those of you having husbands and sons going to war I want to send my sympathy. My boy volunteered the last of March in the navy and has made two trips to France and is on his third trip now, somewhere over the sea. It seemed that it was more than I could bear but being a mother I tried to be brave and made his last day at home as pleasant as possible. I planned all the dishes he liked best and in our talks I let him know I was proud of him and that I counted on him to do his bit and that we would help all we could too. I write to him of home and all the little things that happen around here, but never a sad letter goes out to him, for if our boys are to do their best they must be kept happy.

To the mother whose children are disappointed, keep them interested and let them see that you love them and have an interest in them. The children grow tired of having everything always the same. They want to help plan, if it is only repapering the rooms and moving the furniture around or selecting new curtains. Let them care for the yard, for with trees, shrubs, grass, vines and flowers our homes can be very attractive and children want to be proud of their homes. Supply the home with good reading matter. Let them subscribe to some good magazines. Make your children's friends, your friends, encourage them to invite them to your home and give them a good time and tell them to come often. Suggest a party of some kind to them and see how they will fall in with your plans. Strive to keep their confidence and I think you will find them contented.

Mrs. M. E. French.

Mrs. French. Words fail me when I endeavor to express my sympathy, but every mother's heart can understand just how you feel and you have the prayers of all the sisters for the safe return of your boy—and all the other boys who are serving their country. The following poem, by Folger McKinsey, sent in by Miss Edna Stockinger, Batesville, Ind., shows how the brave mothers are regarded.—Ed.

The Mother of a Soldier

"The mother of a soldier—hats off to her, I say!
The mother of a soldier who has gone to face the fray,
She gave him to her country with a blessing on his head—

She found his name this morning in the long list of the dead;
'Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
A Bible in his pocket and a portrait on his breast."

"The mother of a soldier—she gave him to her land,
She saw him on the transport as he waved his sun-browned hand,
She kissed him through the teardrops and she told him to be brave;

Her prayers went night and morning with her boy upon the wave.

"The mother of a soldier—her comfort and her joy,
She gave her dearest treasure when she gave her only boy;
She saw the banners waving, she heard the people cheer,
She clasped her hands and bravely looked away to hide a tear.

"The mother of a soldier—oh, cheer the hero dead,
And cheer the brave who battle 'neath the banner of their creed,
But don't forget the mothers through all the lonely years,
That fight the bravest battles on the sunless field of tears.

"Nay, don't forget the mothers—the mothers of our men,
Who see them go and never know that they'll come back again;
That gave them to their country to battle and to die,
Because the bugles call them and the starry banners fly.

"The mother of a soldier—hats off to her I say!
Whose head is bowed in sorrow with its touching locks of gray;
She gave without regretting, though her old heart sorely bled
When she found his name this morning in the long list of the dead;

'Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
His dear old mother's portrait clasped upon his hero breast!"

—Folger McKinsey.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:—Will you allow a newcomer in your circle? I do hope I am not intruding, but after reading the splendid letters in a back number, I want to write a line, especially in regard to your letter Estella M. Frayer, as you expressed my sentiment exactly in regard to divorce and hasty marriage. We are about the same age, and the probability of being "Old Maids" holds no terror for me does it? Some people think it is a disgrace, but I think it a life of devilry (and that is what it would be if you did not truly love the man) and it would be a deeper disgrace. Too many girls marry without first considering what will be expected of them: no wonder there are so many divorces. Who could expect a man to be happy with someone who does not know the first principles of home making? I believe in having all the pleasure possible, but if some of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

WHAT the HOME CARD MEANS TO ME

OUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.—That as long as this war lasts we will eat primarily for health and strength rather than pleasure. We believe that food should be made as attractive as possible, as dainty dishes stimulate the appetite and aid the digestion, but during this war our great duty in conserving food must be kept ever before us. Save the foods which can be shipped abroad and eat no more than the body demands. It seems a little thing and yet it is a great thing,—this daily saving of food.

By a Comfort Subscriber

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HAVING over my kitchen table is the Home Card of the United States Food Administration, a constant reminder that I am pledged to save food for the hungry peoples looking to America for the sustenance of life itself, until the war shall end and their own men return to the farms.

When my attention was first called to this great program for food conservation, I classed myself with that immense group of American housewives who, through strict economy and faithful toil have helped acquire a profitable farm and a comfortable surplus besides, and that there was little more I could do by way of frugality. However, in good faith, I signed the card that entitled me to membership in the Food Administration, and already a closer scrutiny has brought to light many hitherto unnoticed food wastes in my household.

Many a time I have wished some hungry boy or girl might have had the good food wasted by being left on the various plates, and at times the trouble of saving small left-over portions seemed more than they were worth. But now, with the world food shortage constantly before me, I realize it is not a question of what I can personally afford to discard, but a question of *Our Problem* to ship wheat, beef, pork, dairy products and sugar to our Allies. This means I must use less of these foods and more of others

★ MEMBER OF ★
UNITED STATES
★ FOOD ★
ADMINISTRATION



The Home Card, like the above, but much larger and printed in colors, should hang in the window of every loyal home.

It is issued by the Government in token that the recipient has joined the U. S. Food Administration by signing the pledge card.

It is accompanied by another card, to be hung in the kitchen, stating how the member is expected to regulate her household economy. They cost you nothing.

If you have received the pledge card by mail and have not already signed and returned it as requested in the instructions which came with it, you should do so at once.

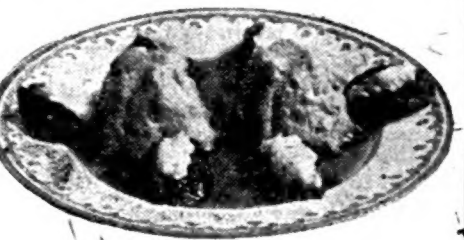
If you have not received the pledge card apply to the person canvassing your neighborhood or, if none, write to U. S. Food Administration, Washington, D. C.

of which we have an abundance, that I must measure more carefully the appetites of my family; cook no more than necessary and preach and practise the "gospel of the clean plate."

Changing the food habits of my family to conform to the rules on the Home Card has not been a difficult task. Two of my children belong to the Boy Scouts, and we all call ourselves Mr. Hoover's soldiers.

Never before have my storeroom shelves held so large a quantity of canned fruit and vegetables. I filled every can, jelly tumbler and suitable bottle that I possessed, because of the constant plea for food conservation as a war measure. My canned food is my reserve supply, not to be drawn upon without thought. So long as perishable food is in our cellar, or obtainable from the market, we will not open our canned food just for convenience.

We eat practically no white bread and very little meat. We find hot corn bread delicious, and if any is left over it is oven toasted and covered



CORN MEAL MUSH AND FRUIT.

with cream sauce for supper. Every spoonful of cold corn mush is fried in meat drippings and served with maple syrup or honey. If eggs, cottage cheese, nuts and raisins are served, meat will be little missed. I used vegetables freely, potatoes especially in a variety of ways, and apples both cooked and raw. Watching the little wastes has become not only my privilege, but that of each member of my family; there are six of us. Together we are "following the flag" which stands for the glory of service.

My Camouflage of Meat Recipes Named for the Children

MARY'S HASH.—Boil one cup of rice and drain unless the rice takes up all the water. Chop two onions fine and lightly brown in a little beef fat in frying pan. Mix together and add half a



FRIED CHICKEN AND VEAL-BALLS WITH FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.

pound of raw chopped beef, half a can of tomatoes, or three raw ones, and salt and pepper to taste. Cover with bread crumbs and bake one hour in a moderately hot oven, covering tightly the first half hour.

NOVELLA'S MEAT PIE.—Take left-over mashed potatoes and line earthen baking dish one and one half inch deep.

FILLING.—Stew one cup of celery stalks about one hour, letting the water nearly boil out, and then add enough corn meal to take up the remaining moisture, and slowly simmer fifteen minutes. Chop one cup of cooked veal or mutton fine and brown lightly in frying pan, having about two tablespoons of fat left in pan when meat is brown. Put celery in pan of meat and stir together. Season with salt and pepper, parsley and onion juice if preferred. Fill pie with meat mixture, cover with a layer of mashed potato, brush with egg yolk and bake until potatoes puff. The egg may be omitted. Use about three cups of mashed potato.

REGINALD'S FAVORITE.—Into a stew pan put two carrots, one fair sized turnip cut in quarters and two onions; cover with boiling salted water and cook twenty minutes. Drain and slice and add one cup of tomatoes. Use for three layers in baking dish, covering each layer with cooked rice or hominy, add a tablespoon of meat drippings or gravy. Cover with three medium-sized potatoes that have been boiled five minutes in salted water and sliced. Dot with fat, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and bake two hours in a moderate oven. More gravy or fat may be used.

TEDDY'S BEAN PORRIDGE.—Soak two cups of small white beans in cold water. In the morning drain and rinse, and put on to cook in one quart of cold water. Cook until skins crack open when a spoonful is exposed to air. Drain and add a quart of boiling salted water and cook until soft. Put through a colander or potato ricer and return to kettle. Add one tablespoon of molasses, one third of a teaspoon of mustard, one scant tablespoon of mild vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, and one tablespoon of meat drippings. Cook slowly twenty minutes and serve with thin slices of oven toasted brown bread.

Other Recipes That Help in Conservation

FISH CROQUETTES.—Two cups of cold cooked fish minced fine; season with salt and pepper,



BAKED SOY BEANS.

lemon and onion juice, and one cup of croquette mixture. Shape, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs, and fry.

CROQUETTE MIXTURE.—Melt three tablespoons of clarified fat drippings in a sauce pan. When it bubbles, slowly work in five tablespoons of dry flour, season with salt and pepper, and cook slowly five minutes. Add one cup of hot milk, stir constantly, cooking five minutes longer. Celery salt, onion and lemon juice may be added.

SALT FISH BALLS.—Wash and cut into inch pieces one cup of raw salt fish; add double the amount of raw potato cut into quarters. Put into a stew pan, and not quite cover with boiling water; cook until the potatoes can be pierced with a fork—not mushy. Drain, and shake over hot cover until quite dry and fluffy. Mash, season with pepper and salt, add teaspoon of drippings or cream, and one well beaten egg. Beat hard, and drop by spoonfuls in smoking hot fat. The secret of success is to have the fat very hot, and not drop in too many at a time; then they will not soak fat.

SALMON LOAF.—One half cup of salmon, one half cup of stale bread crumbs, one beaten egg, one half cup of milk, salt, pepper, lemon and onion juice to taste. Put into greased individual cups and bake twenty minutes. Spread buttered bread crumbs over top.

UNCLE SAM'S "FIFTY-FIFTY" BISCUITS.—Two cups of corn meal, ground soy beans, or finely ground peanuts, rice flour, or other substitute, two cups of white flour, four teaspoons of baking

powder, and two teaspoons of salt, all sifted together. Cut four tablespoons of cold shortening into the mixture with a knife, finally rubbing it in with the hands. Mix quickly with cold milk, skim milk, or water, forming a fairly soft dough which can be handled on the board. Turn out onto floured board, shape into ball by pressing instead of kneading, so as to handle as little as possible, and roll one half inch thick. Cut into rounds and bake ten to twelve minutes in a rather hot oven. If peanuts are used, the roasted and shelled nuts should be finely crushed with a rolling pin. In using peanuts, it is better to mix them in after other dry ingredients have been sifted together twice, as some of the peanuts may be too coarse for the sifter.

APPLE BUTTER.—Before the windfalls of warring apples have laid long enough to have their flavor spoiled, it is good economy to make them into apple butter, which is nourishing and wholesome, and partly takes the place of fresh fruit. The fresher and better the apples, the better will the butter be.

Boil two gallons of sweet cider down to one gallon. Partly cook into sauce two gallons of prepared apples (cored and sliced) without sugar, using a little sweet cider to start the cooking. Add apple sauce to boiled down cider, and very slowly cook from four to six hours, stirring frequently. If sugar is used when the cooking is two thirds done add about two pounds, though the sugar is finished, add cinnamon, allspice and cloves; much again cinnamon as other spices, or cinnamon and a little nutmeg is liked by many. Put into sterilized bottles or jars, with thorough precautions against spoiling as with any other preserve.

Good apple butter may be made without cider. In this case enough water is added to make a thin apple sauce. Brown sugar is used instead of white. If a grape flavor is desired, it may be obtained by the use of grape juice in the proportion of one pound to each gallon of the peeled and sliced apple, with an extra cup of brown sugar and one quarter of a teaspoon of salt. When the desired thickness is obtained, add one teaspoon of cinnamon.

FRIED VEAL AND CHICKEN BALLS WITH FRIED POTATO.—Chop fine the remains of chicken and veal; add boiled rice and milk or cream to make into balls. Season. Roll in cracker crumbs and fry brown in deep fat. Serve with slices of fried potato, and strips of fried bacon which reheat well in a hot oven.

CORN MEAL MUSH AND FRUIT.—Have salted water boiling hard, and slowly add corn meal that has been moistened with cold water. This will prevent lumping. As meal varies, it is difficult to give exact proportions, but it should not be too stiff when it is cooked. Mush cooked one hour is far more delicious than if cooked a shorter time. It takes on a nutty flavor. In individual dishes, put a serving of stewed prunes that have been stoned and some prune juice, and while hot pour over a serving of the mush. A few spoonfuls of rich cream adds greatly to the flavor and nourishment. Preserves may be used in the same way.

BAKED SOY BEANS.—Soy beans used formerly as forage, have constantly grown in favor as a healthful and delicious food. They require a little more cooking and care than pea beans. Put into tepid water and soak overnight, and par-boil until the skins crack open. Bake ten hours in a pot or casserole with salt pork, and one tablespoon each of molasses and sugar, and half a teaspoon of salt to every pint of dry beans. Keep tightly covered and never allow the water to get below the top of beans. Cook slowly.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION PUDDING.—Pare and boil five small potatoes until a fork will just pierce them through; mash and add four tablespoons of good cooking fat, two well-beaten eggs, one half cup of milk, one quarter teaspoon of salt, one half lemon (juice and grated rind), one tablespoon of sugar, one half cup of mixed raisins and nut meats chopped. Beat hard together, pour into buttered brown bread tin, and bake three quarters of an hour. Boil one large beet and cut from it the letters "U. S." and with tooth picks fasten on side of pudding which has been turned onto serving plate. At the base, place shield-shaped pieces of beet, and surround top with small squares of beet. On top place a small American flag, as pictured in illustrated heading.

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LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

time, spent in "having a good time" were put into learning how to cook, bake and sew properly, there would be fewer heartaches and misunderstandings later on; at least I would not want "His" grounds for divorce to be slovenliness or negligence. But the girl is not wholly to blame; mothers should rear their daughters so that they would be capable of filling the important place of "Home maker."

They say love is blind and perhaps it is, but I believe if I were a man, I would "call" unexpectedly sometimes, just to see who cooks the meals or washes the dishes, she or her mother? And by the way, how many of you boys take her off to some place of amusement and her "mother" at home in that hot, stuffy kitchen, battling with dirty dishes? Perhaps you do not know it, but that is very often the case. There will be more happiness and fewer regrets when we girls learn to take more of the burdens off our little mothers, and above all, don't be afraid of being an "Old Maid." Wait patiently for "Mr. Right" and in the meantime, let's learn all we possibly can, so we will be "ready and truly" "Miss Right" when there are too many "Miss Wrongs" and the divorce courts are getting them.

Best wishes to COMFORT readers,
MISS LULA V. JANICKIE,
CARROLLS, WASH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here are some of the ways I help my husband and, of course, myself. Last February we decided to homestead as we had tried twice to pay for a place and after paying quite a sum, no work and sickness caused us to lose. We had a team and a cow, but would have done it just the same, so came up here in the mountains with about thirteen dollars cash and lived till my husband could do some planting and then he went away to work in April, coming home once a week, getting home late Saturday night and going back Sunday noon.

Now I am four miles from the mailbox and neighbors and all of twelve miles from town. Once every week I get on my horse and go after the mail and if there are any important letters that need answering I go again.

I planted and cared for a big garden and have carried nearly a mile for our stock, by putting it in two sacks and holding it onto the horse's back as I rode. I made as many as three trips a day for a month. We have no road at all for a mile and making a road through these hills and timber is a big proposition. I milk the cow, after hunting her up when she fails to come home, feed the calf and care for our two horses, besides keeping the house, barn and chicken coop clean. Hubby was home during the summer to put up hay that we raised among the stumps. I helped him. I also put in all the open places within a mile of us with spuds, which I dug myself and while we did not raise a great many we will have enough. I canned beans, peas, strawberries, raspberries, wild blackberries, loganberries, pie plant, put up butter in strong brine also cucumbers. I would climb up the hills to my garden, weed and hoe in the hot sun and then come home to more work. Had to carry water a short distance. I do all my own sewing, make rugs, quilts and crochet and read all I can get to read. Had a flower bed and the pansies lasted till very late and were so beautiful. There is an old orchard with one half mile away and first come gets their pick, so I carried quite a lot home. Tied three sacksful on the saddle and led the horse. Had to wade three creeks, and the water was cold too, so had to take off my shoes and stockings. Sometimes I would not get home till dark and then there was no one to say a word to. I seldom see anyone. I went fishing and caught trout and shot grouse occasionally so had some meat to eat. We are not using pork, one reason is that we cannot afford it and it is not worth to us what we have to pay for it. We have ten chickens and get plenty of fresh eggs. I have picked up limbs to help clear the land and also for fuel. I also worked on the cellar to make it warmer and then helped thresh out oats for seed, by the use of a flail, and many other things not worth mentioning. As for being saving, I have learned more every year since prices soared and wages failed to keep up, but we will get there just the same, in time.

Miss Dolly Hull, you have the same God I have. Is not Nature a wonderful thing?

Miss E. V. O., if you were near I'd adopt you for a sister or brother. I do not know where I can get a child that is the right age to go with me and be a companion. I could not care for a baby as I have to be out so much.

Mrs. V. M., don't look for true love. I do not know what it is if it is what young married women gush about or we read about. I have found the best way is to do one's duty as it comes day by day, make the most of what one has and help others all one can.

If anyone writes, send stamp, Mrs. GAESTET.
Mrs. Gaestet. I greatly feared that a recital of your many labors would frighten away some sister possessing less strength than you have but finally decided that each helps in her own way, so hope we'll get the "ways" of others. Be careful, my dear, of yourself and don't over tax your strength, for you have much to be thankful for.—Ed.

MILL GROVE, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just finished reading Mary Heinsohn's letter in July COMFORT and I wonder how many farmers' wives laughed as heartily over it as I did? My dear Mary, I fear you have formed an erroneous opinion of the farmers from the few you have come in contact with. To find a real, live farmer you should come farther west than New Jersey. In the highly civilized East they are agriculturists. Isn't it rather a sweeping statement when you say most farmers sell their fresh produce for poorer substitutes? No doubt the few you have known, did so, but they are not what the people of the middle or western states would call farmers. I am a farmer's wife and must plead guilty to a shocking bit of ignorance. There is something I have often heard of but have never seen, nor have I ever known of farmers that used it. As for salt pork, a real farmer raises his own pork and cures it himself. As for chickens, there aren't many farmers in this "back of the woods" who would go to a church supper for chicken for they are served at least once a day on their tables through the harvest season which lasts from July until cold weather. If you could travel from home to house through the farming districts there would be very few houses in which you would not find plenty of books and newspapers. As for opportunities, education is compulsory in the states of Indiana and Ohio. I speak with personal knowledge of these two states. I have found that farming gives better returns for time and energy expended, than any other labor, if you are farming good ground.

From a real farmer,

MRS. CORA BEERON.

RIPLEY, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

To the lady who wanted to hear from some one who had taken the milk diet I want to say that I am speaking from personal experience. Last year from May till August I had chills and fever. Nothing helped me for long at a time. About the first of last September I heard of the milk diet—through COMFORT. I weighed only ninety-four pounds then, and I am five feet, five inches tall—fifteen years old. I procured milk enough to take two glasses at morning, one at noon and two at night, drinking from eight to ten glasses of water each day, mostly eight. I kept this up every day and the first of November I weighed one hundred and three pounds. In January I weighed one hundred and fourteen pounds and now I weigh five pounds more than that. Don't you think it worth giving a trial?

What do you think about the war? I think every one should serve his country, either at home or on the battle-field. The women, children and old men can devote their time to raising food, preventing waste, etc. I work every day digging grass from around the cotton, hoeing corn, peas, potatoes and vegetables. There are four of us children so we divide the work among us. Father is sixty-three years old and not able to do much plowing so this year he hired a man to do it but since we have declared war on Germany he says he isn't going to hire help another year and if he doesn't I'll have to learn to plow so I can help him in plowing for crops. But won't that be great! Holding down a man-sized job and really and truly helping my country.

Sisters, try our plan and see how you like it. We, the girls and women of our neighborhood, met and began planning how we could prevent waste. We decided to can everything in the vegetable line, destroy rats and other pests of our farm produce, cultivate our farms properly, care for our stock and poultry as they should be cared for, as nearly as we know how, and COMFORT helps us greatly in that.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Miss Brent's Orphan

By Anne McQueen

(See front cover illustration)

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DR. LOUIS ARNAULT, American surgeon "somewhere in France," was on his way to his quarters after a hard morning's work in the hospital; he was desperately tired, and—though he didn't realize it just then, desperately hungry. A table piled with packages for the wounded soldiers stood in the ante-room. As Dr. Arnault passed it he accidentally brushed off a bulky bundle wrapped in brown paper. "Looks like the packages mother used to send me, when I was at school," he mused, glancing at the address, written upon it in a dainty, feminine hand: "For an Orphan of France," read the superscription, distinctly.

"Doughnuts, I'll bet a cookie," sniffed the Doctor, longingly, "and maybe jam—gee, but I'm hungry! This bundle got mixed up—no orphans here, and sick soldiers can't eat doughnuts." He mused a minute, and a satisfied smile spread over his face—"the kind of smile the cat wears when it has just eaten up the canary."

"I'm an orphan," triumphantly asserted Dr. Arnault, to himself. "Of France and in France mean practically the same. Also, my ancestors were Huguenots—and my name's French. I'll just take my dues to my own quarters."

Warily he glanced around, and saw that no witnesses were near before he tucked the bulky package under the long coat hung over his arm, and hurriedly made his way to his own quarters, where he securely shut himself in with his stolen goods.

Eagerly he opened the package. "If it's toys now, I'm a thief for nothing," he commented, as the layers of brown paper unrolled, "but my nose tells me it's doughnuts!"

It was doughnuts; a greasy, spicy-smelling inner wrapping covered a tin box which was packed with them—the very spiciest, sugariest, homeliest doughnuts Dr. Arnault had seen since the days of his boyhood. And, in one corner was a jar filled with peach preserves. His theft was amply justified!

For several blissful minutes the doctor gobbled doughnuts and peach preserves as happily as any orphan in all France; then, with a sigh of content, he explored further, finding, wrapped in oil paper, a letter addressed in the same feminine hand as the inscription on the package.

"Writes like mother, even—and a real woman, for she didn't crowd a lot of foolish toys in—she knew just what would appeal most to a boy's heart—supposing it was a boy orphan she had in mind."

When he opened the letter—the theft of the package had made this permissible, he argued—Dr. Arnault found that the writer did have in mind a boy orphan. The letter read:

"Dear Little French Boy:
"We are sending a box to you, over in France, from our village, and I am in such a hurry that I haven't time to look up several things I have in the house—clothes, toys, etc., belonging to my own little brother who died years and years ago. The next time I will send them to you, if you receive this package, and let me know about it. I know that you can't read English, but there are so many of our people over there that I am sure somebody will read this letter to you, and help you to write me one—in English, too, for I cannot read French."

"With my love and best wishes for all of you dear children in France, and hoping you will enjoy some real American cooking, I am,
"Your good friend,
Molly Brent."

"Address: Miss M. Brent, Smithville, Vermont, U. S. A."

Miss Molly Brent, my hat's off to you—and bless you for not having time to send the toys! said the 'orphan of France,' with heartfelt gratitude. "And I'm going to write to you—in English, for I, praise be, speak more than my native tongue. Yes, Miss M. Brent, I am going to thank you properly for these doughnuts—and these ambrosial peach preserves. Strawberry marmalade—pah! these English don't know that we've got the world beat, back home, for preserves."

Before he slept—and he sorely needed sleep, Dr. Arnault wrote the letter, which ran thus:

"Dear Miss Brent:
"I am an orphan of France, and I gratefully received the box. Truly, the Americans can cook! I speak and write English, because I had English teachers, and I am glad, because I can tell you how I enjoyed the very good cakes and sweets—(it wouldn't do, considered Dr. Arnault, to be too familiar with American terms of cookery). "Truly, I have never tasted anything like them, over here."

"Dear Miss Brent, again I thank you, and I do hope you will write again to me, though you need not mind about sending toys, for I have enough—though one can never have enough of the very good cakes and the sweets! (There I scored a point, thought the orphan, craftily). Dear Miss Brent, I am very, very lonely, your letters will make me happy. My address is—"

Dr. Arnault hesitated a moment before signing this document. "Heaven suppose she sends another box of doughnuts and another jar of peach preserves—and another fellow gets them! I'll sign my own name, and make sure."

And he wrote, with a schoolboy flourish: "Louis Arnault, care the Field Hospital, France."

He mailed his letter happily, seeing pleasant visions of future boxes from America; then he tumbled across his cot and slept, dreaming—because, doubtless, of the doughnuts and peach preserves, for usually he was too tired for dreams—that he was a small boy and had broken in his mother's pantry at home, and eaten up all the cakes and pies of the week's baking!

In due time his letter came—and another box—a big, delightfully bulky package, addressed in Miss M. Brent's feminine hand, and this time to himself. Boldly he claimed it, and openly he withdrew, bearing it proudly, to his quarters, where he opened it with blissful anticipations.

He was not disappointed; Miss Brent had not sent toys—she merely doubled the quantity of preserves and doughnuts.

"Bless her heart!" fervently ejaculated the orphan, "she's a woman in a thousand—and I'm going to read her letter when I've eaten her doughnuts!"

It was a simple little letter, rather stilted in phrasing, but full of genuine sympathy and interest in "Little Louis" and all his affairs. Miss Brent hoped he was not in needy circumstances—she had read of the plan of "adopting" children in France—half-orphans, by simply contributing so much a month. Could she, she hinted, be of any service to Louis this way? She didn't have much, but what little she could spare would be

given so gladly, if he would write and let her know—and she hoped the box would arrive safely.

Dr. Arnault took some little time to answer this letter he was rather puzzled how to explain his circumstances. At last, inspired by the genius that befriended deceivers, he composed a letter stating that he was able to earn a living—a poor one "the Lord's truth!" he commented, working about the hospital. His parents were dead, and there was nobody to take care of him, so he must work hard. And he thanked his benefactress, and eloquently praised her "little cakes" and her preserves, which reminded him—truthfully—of the good things his mother used to cook for him. Followed a description, he related to the reader to tears, of the little Louis' childhood in his happy home—a charming picture, and quite true, only that Miss Brent would consider it as recent, because he ended, vaguely: "But this—all this happened before the war! Now it is ended forever!" Which was a fact, as Dr. Louis was thirty-five years old, if he was a day!

Came a letter in haste from Miss Brent—a letter that came as quickly as possible, considering the distance and the unavoidable delays on its voyage. She wanted to adopt little Louis for her own son! And, furthermore, she enclosed passage money. "I live on a farm, all alone," she wrote, "and I need you, dear—I am a very lonely woman, and growing no younger with the years. Soon I will be very, very old, and then I want a strong young shoulder to lean upon—a shoulder strong and true like my Louis." I cried when I read your description of your dear home—before the war! Mine is a little bit like it, Louis, and I will be so glad—so very glad to share it with you. Come and gladden the life of a poor soul who has no one to love her."

"Now then!" whistled Dr. Louis, in dismay. "I can well exclaim with the poet: 'Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive!' That poor little soul, so lonely and so dreary. I wish she could get a boy. I'll think over the affair, and write when I've duly meditated. Guess I'll have to let a stray shag blow up little Louis, and get the chief surgeon to write her of the accident." He was so sincerely sorry that he forgot to be disappointed because no box of sweets came with the letter.

And, while he brooded over the disappointment it would be to the poor little soul on the New England farm to learn of the death of her French orphan, and pondered every spare moment—which were mighty few—on how best to break the news to her, another letter followed fast on the heels of the earlier one, containing woeful news.

Miss Brent, in words that were almost sobs, wrote that it was now impossible to think of adopting any one. "You see, my farm has been mortgaged a long, long time, to a very good old gentleman, who didn't worry me about it. I just forgot it, really. Now he is dead, and his estate will be sold as soon as possible, and all mortgages held by him foreclosed. Mine, alas, will be among them! My farm, my beautiful old home, will be sold, and I, at my age, will have to turn some-where else for a living. I will go to a city, and study stenography, or bookkeeping, or something. Though I am told the gentlemen in offices only want young and pretty stenographers, which, if true, leaves me out. Maybe, though, I can clerk in a store, or do something. Only the dream of my heart can't come true with regard to you, my dear little orphan of France! Keep the passage money and buy yourself a token in remembrance of me—and be sure that, wherever I go, I will try to keep in touch with you, and maybe still send you doughnuts. I had planned to keep always a big crock in the pantry for you—and preserves and jam, too. Now that is impossible—forever! Still, I can make doughnuts in the city—and buy peaches to preserve. Be sure that I will, and, as soon as I am settled, will write you my address. Do not forget your American mother."

"Molly Brent."

"Damn!" quoth Dr. Louis Arnault, softly and forcibly. "That poor old soul turned out of her little farm in her old age, to wander about in a city—where the gentlemen in offices only want young and pretty stenographers. Too true! Well, something must be done, and quickly."

"Go at once, my son—go at once!" heartily agreed the chief surgeon, when Arnault begged for a furlough, pleading urgent business, back home. And the heart of our country goes with you, along with our love—our friendship—our esteem!" Overpowered at thought of losing him, the great surgeon immediately seized his "son" by his broad shoulders and gave him a resounding kiss on both cheeks! "You are French in name and French in heart—plead our cause in that dear America!"

Arnault solemnly promised that he would, and surreptitiously wiped off the kisses. He packed his bags, took ship, and escaping U-boats, arrived safely in his own country, where he immediately took the first train going eastward, arriving at Miss M. Brent's farm in due time, with a fixed purpose in his mind. "If she isn't able to adopt a son, there's nothing on earth to prevent me from adopting a mother!" declared Dr. Arnault, as he swung—he was a long-legged, athletic fellow, who, in his college days, was a power on the ball team and at the oar—up the flagged path that led to the cottage—a dear, quaint cottage, embowered in vines, with a trim, old-maidish flower garden full of lilacs, and pinks, and hollyhocks, and back of the house, fruit trees and fields stretching out in inviting perspective. It was just the farm Arnault had imagined.

A little lady bending over a rose-bush straightened up and stared at the big stranger with puzzled eyes. A little lady with soft brown eyes like a child's or a faithful dog's, so deep and soft and trusting were they, and with hair the color of her eyes, running wild over her head in tendrils, and curls and tiny wavelets; with a skin like a mellow, ripened peach, and a dainty, fine nose, sprinkled lovingly by the hand of the sun with a veil of little brown freckles, and a sensitive, childish mouth, reminding one forcibly—if not originally, of a pink rosebud—preferably a moss-rosebud, such as she held in her little brown hands, when she came forward to greet the strange intruder of the garden.

"I wish to see Miss Brent," smiled Dr. Arnault, doffing his hat to the concentrated essence of femininity before him.

"I am Miss Brent," answered the moss-rose lips, soberly, in sweet, subdued tones that reminded one again of a thrush, or a song-sparrow, or some other melodious song-bird, with not too loud a trill.

They were, fortunately, at the steps of the cottage, and Dr. Arnault sat weakly upon them and gazed at her reproachfully. "Miss M. Brent," he stated, positively, "You are not Miss Molly Brent?"

"But I am," protested the little lady, fluttering softly, "and who—if I am not rude—are you?"

"I," stated Arnault, solemnly, "am a deceiver

—a base one; but nothing to compare to yourself. I am Miss Molly Brent's orphan, and I've just come over from France to be adopted.

"O-o-h!" Miss Brent's ejaculation once more reminded the listener of a song-sparrow—or a thrush's sweetest, softest note. "But you can't be Louis?"

"I can—if you are Molly Brent," firmly declared Dr. Arnault. He took Miss Brent's little fluttering brown hands full of moss-roses and held them fast, so that she couldn't flutter away, like a sparrow, and perch on an apple-tree bough. And he unburdened his soul, telling how he was tempted and fell, and how he had basely deceived her, a trusting woman.

"Your last letter kept me from killing your orphan," he declared, and she winced, and paled at the awful words, "yes, your little Louis was in danger of utter annihilation—preferably by a shell, until I got the letter about the mortgage, in which you basely deceived me—for you are young—and you are pretty—and any gentleman in an office would jump at the chance of having you round, just to open his mail, and let his eyes look upon you—"

"I am thirty—quite thirty," stated Miss Molly Brent, with dignity, and tried to take her hands away—unsuccessfully.

"I am thirty-five—and you are not old enough for my mother—and I am not young enough for your son. But I am an orphan, Molly Brent, and as such I need the protecting care of a good woman—"

"Mr.—Mr.—Arnault," fluttered Miss Molly, with cheeks flaming the rich color of the peonies by her steps, "please—you forget—"

"I don't forget—except that you deceived me, and it'll be hard to trust a woman again," said Arnault, sadly, "and I'm not Mr. either, I'm a surgeon, and folks call me Dr. Arnault. I'll have you to know young lady, that even the chief surgeon has praised my work, so there! And, as you are about to add, if I don't know you, I shall stick around until I do! And I shall write for unimpeachable references as to my character and ability to keep a w— a lady to take care of an orphan, who, is alone in a cold world. Molly Brent, are you going to ask me to tea? And will there be doughnuts—and preserves?"

"If you'll let my hands go," promised Molly, "because—because I think I see Jethro, my hired boy, looking right at us—and people will talk!"

"Let them," declared Dr. Arnault, as he let her hands go, first kissing each pink palm with a great deal of reverence before he did so, "I want them to talk—about you and me—I want all the world to talk about us, and say what a happy, happy man I am to have such a lovely, dainty, little moss-rosebud of a w— a protector, and that what a stalwart, husky doughnut-eating orphan you've taken charge of! And I'm dying for my tea!"

He didn't stick round long, but just long enough to persuade Molly Brent that she could do no better than take him in hand at once—and return with him to the Front, where he—and she—were sorely needed at Red Cross headquarters.

They went back, as soon as possible, first buying back the old farm, and establishing Jethro, the hired hand, upon it as caretaker. He impartially divides his time in taking care of the place, and regaling the villagers with a true account of the owners' courtship—which he witnessed. Doubtless they talk a good deal, but Molly, over in France, is so busy she doesn't even think about what they say. She would have, by now, adopted a score of French orphans, if her husband would let her; he insisting that he is all the orphan she can do justice to. And, being a man, of course he knows best!

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I WISH you all a Happy New Year, not common, ordinary every-day hog happiness but that nobler conception of happiness which wells up from the soul and springs from a source divine, inspired by the thought of dangers bravely met, and duty nobly done.

The bloody fingers of war are moving so swiftly over the paces of history that I cannot take up matters with you that I would like to discuss, because they are replaced and blotted out by more important events before I can set them down. There are certain facts however, that you must thoroughly grasp if you wish to understand and be on your guard against the plottings of the dastardly fiends who now control the German Empire.

You saw Russia in a night depose her Czar and leap from a despotic imperialism to the very extreme of a wild, delirious anarchy that recognized no law and knew no restraint. Then after a few turbulent months, we saw Kerensky, recently the idol of the Russian people, a fugitive, and at the same time we viewed with sinking heart Italy, who had been making a gallant fight and whose armies were debouching victoriously on the plains of Austria, crumpling up like a pack of cards, her troops rushing headlong, like frightened sheep in impotent retreat.

The old imperial regime in Russia, when it was cast overboard last March, rotten as it was, left behind it an army of as good fighting men as you'd find in the world. Italy, too, had scaled impossible mountain heights and done mighty deeds of valor. All of a sudden however, the brave soldiers of Russia lost their courage, their manhood, their character, their honor, their sense of responsibility, their patriotism, their chivalry; and became nothing but a herd of impotent, jibbering, swinish weaklings, babbling of brotherhood one moment and committing murder and every other form of excess the next. Italy, too, began to lose her morale, her fighting spirit and allowed a quarter of a million of her men and half of the guns she so sadly needed, to fall into the hands of the enemy. Panic is a dreadful thing, it has often seized men and armies and inevitably leads to demoralization and defeat. Fear of the enemy however, did not cause Russia to crumple up or the Italians to waver and run. A more insidious poison has been seething in their veins and that poison is—not the chlorine gas that destroys the organs of respiration and leaves men to die in inconceivable agony—but the poison of a Prussian made propaganda, masquerading as socialism, subtly spread by paid German agents, which like strong liquor intoxicates the brain and fills the mind with ecstatic dreams, and wild, vicious delusions, and then leaves its victims helpless and impotent, mentally unbalanced, stark-eyed visionaries, incapable of logical thought or rational action. The poison of anarchy and impotence, concocted in the minds of fiends and devils in Berlin and spread broadcast by their spies and propagandists, no gas mask can offset or counteract, for it kills and destroys something more precious than flesh—the spirit and the soul.

Let me explain certain fundamental facts in order to give you a clear and accurate idea of what is going on in this great world conflict. You constantly hear and read about socialism and anarchy playing important parts in this war. Socialism has been striving to bring vast changes into our social and industrial life, and whether practical or not, is in its essence constructive, while anarchy, on the other hand, seeks not to perfect, but to absolutely destroy all forms of government, which men through the centuries, have so painfully reared for human betterment and protection. Anarchy means the abolition of all law and order, a return to the morals of the barnyard and the ethics of the jungle. It has been rightly named the red terror and is the very opposite and antithesis of socialism, which seeks when in sane hands to attain its ends by the ballot and not by the bullet, by constitutional methods and not by force—building slowly brick by brick, experimenting and moving forward a step at a time.

Socialism and anarchy are, in theory at least, absolutely opposed to each other. Unfortunately however there are crack-brained socialists who are extremists and who seek to attain their aims, not by evolution and steady growth but by revolution and violence, and this element, which is in the majority, is rapidly gaining control of the movement the world over and is therefore a deadly menace. The sudden overthrow of the present social order, which these radicals are attempting, would be followed by anarchy, and the methods they propose would bring on a reign of terror with all its attendant horrors of rapine and bloodshed. No matter how good the intentions of reformers may be, no matter how fine their theories or practical their schemes, it usually happens that, after years of patient effort, striving and upbuilding, they find all their work undone by violent and sinister extremists or foreign plotters who capture their political parties and throw the conservative elements overboard. This very thing has happened to the socialist party in the United States. All the sane, sensible, high-minded leaders of that movement, who had devoted to it their lives, and at times even their fortunes, who wrote its literature and won the respect and confidence of the American people, were suddenly forced out of their party by alien forces whose one effort was to manipulate the movement in the interests of Germany. The "Socialist" party today is a fraud and a humbug, a contemptible, treasonable thing—a foreign dachshund sporting a Prussian helmet. I warn again all self-respecting patriotic Americans to keep away from it as they would from poison gas or smallpox. Its one aim is to bring about a disgraceful peace—a German peace, which would betray all humanity to the bloody butcher of Berlin and his cutthroat pirates who are turning the world into a shambles. We have seen what has happened in Russia. Kerensky the socialist, an admirable man in many respects, was a talker and not a doer, a man of words instead of deeds, a follower of the mob instead of a leader. By abolishing the death penalty and democratizing the army, by taking authority and direction from the officers and placing it in the hands of committees composed of ignorant peasant soldiers, he destroyed all discipline and converted the army into a mob, which fraternized with the enemy and killed its officers by the thousand. In the present state of human development, this is always what happens when authority and discipline are undermined or abolished. The Russian women, to shame their men into

action, drilled and organized themselves into "Battalions of Death" and went to the front and fought like tigers, while the men at the approach of the enemy deserted and ran like rabbits. Hundreds of German agents with their pockets full of money scoured the land, poisoning the minds of the credulous peasant soldiers and turning them against their allies, pointing out the advantages of a separate peace with Germany, and the benefits to be gained by laying down their arms, and inciting them to deeds of anarchy which would make the nation impotent and an easy prey to Prussian arms. Kerensky, yielding to the influence of extremists, disrupted the Duma, dismissing or forcing the resignation of the only men who could have given Russia a sane and decent government, and he has now been ousted in turn by an anarchistic element under the leadership of Nicholas Lenin, a German agent, who now controls the government. Prussian poisoning, spying and buying—has done its insidious work, Russia is impotent. The same poison has worked in Italy and is now being spread broad-

east in the United States, as is evidenced by the huge, anti-war, anti-American, pro-German socialist vote that was rolled up last November in New York City, largely by Russian Jews who, like a horde of locusts, are ready to suck the blood out of our land and give it nothing but kicks in return. It is this element combined with the German socialists, the pacifists and mush heads, who are working in the interests of the Kaiser and the Fatherland, which are the greatest menace to this country and our government today and which are striving by every means in their power to paralyze the war efforts of this nation. The pro-German anarchists in Russia are known as the Bolshevik element. We have our Bolsheviks here by the tens of thousands doing the same dirty, traitorous work that has been done in Russia and Italy, striving by destruction and terrorism, plotting and lying to so paralyze our industries and railroads as to leave our soldier boys stranded in France without food or ammunition.

In one week thirty fires were started by enemy aliens and traitors on the Brooklyn water front alone, while the destruction of food supplies the country over has been enormous. Six hundred German spies and plotters have been seized in the Great Lakes districts and are now in Federal prisons, while not a few have been shot in battle with our coast guards and lie at the bottom of the inland seas. These wretches have killed eight American sailors, and have made it necessary for the navy to have ninety patrol vessels to protect commerce on the lakes from Duluth to Buffalo. The enemy is everywhere in our midst, busy night and day hatching and executing his diabolical plots, and you easy going, simple Americans, while because sugar is short, and though Germany murdered our citizens, spat in our faces and kicked us around like dogs, you dare to write me that this is Morgan's war and that we have no right in it. Shame on you shame! There are twenty-one nations fighting Germany now, four fifths of the entire world. Does that look like Morgan's, Wall Street's or England's war? Shame on you! playing the Kaiser's game.

Now workers of America, listen to me, unionists, socialists and even anarchistic I. W. W.'s. Are you so dumb, blind and ignorant that you do not know that this war is accomplishing more for you and for labor and for every form of radicalism than you could have accomplished by agitation and propaganda work in a hundred years. In all countries wages have doubled, in some instances they are three, four and five times higher than they were. Take Great Britain for instance. The government owns and controls nearly five

thousand factories which once were in the hands of private hands. In some communities it controls and directs every industry the place has come in one day it took over the British railway system and now controls the inland industries, wool, hay, leather and gasoline supplies, rationing business and scores of other industries. It is purchasing vast tracts of land for small farmers. It practically controls all food supplies. Every man, woman and child in the allied countries is working or fighting. All the great industries are nationalized; they had to be to fight the great German war machine which controls everything in Germany from cannon to grasshoppers. The people and the governments of the warring countries know that the necessities of war have brought about a leveling of social caste and a community of interest that will be permanent and progressive. There is going to be a fairer and more equitable distribution of the wealth that labor creates. There will be no quibbling, no half-hearted measures.

Uncle Sam is doing what Britain and France have had to do, as on his shoulders rests the burden of feeding and financing nearly a quarter of the people of the world, and so too he is becoming a greater employer and wage payer than even John Bull. Everything is going the workers' way. It is labor now that is getting rich and the capitalist that is getting poor. You cannot say unless you are a malevolent and wicked liar, that this is a rich man's war and a poor man's fight, for conscription gathers in rich and poor alike, it pays no favorites and spares none but the sick and the aged. If this war lasts another two or three years, and it may last five, you will find Rockefeller and Carnegie begging for pennies from wage earners. And that is not as much of a joke as you think, for wealth will be taxed out of its shoes before this war is over, while the workers are lining their pockets with gold. One ship riveter in an Eastern yard, earned over a hundred dollars in a week, his helper earned eighty dollars. The next week the pair of them quit work and went on a bust in the saloons, though they knew by their action they were helping to win the war for Germany and leave our boys, their own brothers and comrades at the front without food and ammunition. This is the case the country over. The workers howl for big wages and when they get them they work half a week and loaf the rest, thus decreasing, instead of increasing production. It is the old story, put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil. Now for fifteen years I've been throwing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



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Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

said, happy tears coursing over her flushed face. "But," continued Lady Prescott, after a few moments' thought, "this ornament is very valuable, and not at all suitable for you to wear while you are so young. Do you not think it will be better for me to take care of it for you until you are older?"

"Yes, lady, but—" "Well?" as she hesitated and flushed. "Will you please let me look at it sometimes? When I see it, it makes me feel a little as if I do really belong to somebody," she answered, pathetically, a tear shining in her eyes.

It was really touching to see how the little heart longed for its own kindred; and it was almost a wonder how she could have endured to live all these years so abused and neglected, and yet come out apparently so pure and innocent from the trying ordeal.

"Certainly, Sibyl, you shall look at it as often as you like," she replied. "And now there is another matter which I wish to settle before we go any farther. That is, that you are to drop the 'lady' when you speak to me. You can call me auntie from this time, if you like."

"May, I? Can I? I should like it so much; but—"

"Another 'but,' Sibyl! Well, what is it?" asked Lady Prescott, playfully.

"I was afraid that—people might think it too bold for me," was the hesitating reply.

"And why, if I wish it?"

"Because every one will know about me, and it might not be pleasant for you sometimes."

"Everybody will not know about you, Sibyl; at least, not until you discover your own parents," replied Lady Prescott, gravely, yet kindly. "You are to be, from this time, my ward, or, better, my niece. I shall take care of you, and love you, and educate you, just as if you really belonged to me. And now, I want you to feel perfectly free and at home with me, and your part of the bargain shall be to try to love me a little," and the lovely woman drew the child gently into her arms.

Sibyl's arms were instantly twined about her neck, the rosy lips met hers, and a more heart-felt caress the high-born lady had never received before in her life.

The child's coarse clothing was then all removed, and replaced by the pretty garments, which were now all completed, and which were also the first of their kind ever fashioned by Lady Prescott's delicate hands.

She regarded her work and its effects with pardonable pride when Sibyl's toilet was completed, and then sent her down-stairs for Raymond's inspection and approval.

He had been very impatient to see their protégée in her new attire, but was not quite prepared for the complete metamorphosis which he beheld, when she entered the room where he was sitting.

He looked up, and for a moment hardly knew her.

The delicate face was the same, and also the short, clustering hair; but her slight form looked taller and more graceful, while there was an air of refinement about her which had never been apparent before.

"Sibyl, you're a perfect beauty!" Raymond exclaimed lightly, as his eye took in that *tout ensemble* at a glance.

The child had always been utterly unconscious of her loveliness—she had always been called an ugly brat, or lazy hussy, and his words sounded strangely like mockery to her.

She stood an instant before him, with down-cast eyes, a painful crimson in her cheeks; then, lifting her bright head, proudly, she turned and walked with quiet dignity to a window, where, try as she would to prevent them, the blinding tears gathered in her eyes.

"Whew! I believe I'm right, after all! She is surely some princess of royal blood in disguise," he said to himself, as he wondered how he should make peace with her without offending her still further.

"Sibyl, I think my mother has been wonderfully successful as a mantua-maker, at least for one unaccustomed to such duties," he said, at length, thinking it best to ignore her wounded feelings.

"Yes, sir; Lady Prescott is very kind," she replied with an unconscious emphasis upon his mother's name.

He shrugged his shoulders, with an amused look.

"Which, I suppose, I am to construe into meaning that you think her son is not," he said, try-

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF



By Leslie Gordon

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THIS party should take place on New Year's Eve or New Year's Night or at any time during the month of January. It is very easy to arrange and need cost but little. It is a very pretty conceit to have the invitations to this affair in the shape of leaves, maple leaves are the best for this, and they are also the easiest to cut from either white or colored paper. They should be made of such a size that they will fit into an ordinary correspondence envelope. The wording can be in the third person and run something like this:

"Turn Over A New Leaf"

Mrs. Barton Smith requests the pleasure of your company at The Cedars on Albany Road, January first, nineteen eighteen, at half after eight o'clock in the evening. Bring all your good resolutions with you.

R. S. V. P.

If the affair is to be very small and informal, a cordial note in the first person will be more appropriate.

My dear Mr. Stanley:

Half a dozen or more of us are going to try to "Turn over some new leaves" on the evening of January second. I should be delighted to have you come and join the circle and bring all your good resolutions with you. Cordially yours,

Mary Brown.

Have a large vase of leaves on the living-room mantel. If it is impossible to get natural foliage at this time of year you can make a very attractive and appropriate bouquet by buying a roll of the crepe paper printed in autumn leaves, cutting each leaf out and pasting it on a piece of cardboard the same shape. Leave a slender piece of the cardboard on the lower end for a handle. These can be arranged in a vase very effectively, and can afterwards be given to each guest as a souvenir of the occasion.

When all the company have arrived each one should be given a piece of paper and a pencil and told to write a good resolution for the New Year. Each resolution can be as long or short as desired and it may either be humorous or serious, but it must contain two words beginning with the initial of the last name of the writer, or one word with the initial of the last and one with the initial of the first name. Thus William Young's resolution reads: "I shall surprise you when I tell you that I shall get down to business every morning at eight o'clock hereafter."

This gives the initial "Y" of his last name in the word "you" twice repeated. Of course it is not at all necessary to use the same word twice over as is done in this "new leaf." Any other word beginning with "Y" would do as well if it could be brought in naturally.

On the other hand Caroline Smith's resolution reads: "I am making a magnificent sacrifice this year. I have sworn off chewing gum."

This is especially good for the reason that the true initials are concealed by two words beginning with "M" thus making it seem at first glance as if the resolution was written by someone whose name began with "M" while the real

initials begin with words, "chewing" and "sacrifice." William Young's resolution also had this conceit by containing two words beginning with "S."

As the resolutions are finished they are folded without showing them to anyone and dropped into a basket standing on a table beside the hostess. She takes them out and numbers them from one to whatever number of people are present. She should look at each resolution as it is dropped in and make a list for herself of the correct answers with which to compare the papers as they are handed to her.

Each player is then given a tiny pad numbered to correspond and the resolutions or "new leaves" that are to be turned are then read aloud. This usually creates a good deal of laughter as many of them are very funny. They are then passed from hand to hand and each one writes on his pad the name of the person he thinks is the author of each separate resolution.

The pads are collected and the hostess looks them over carefully and awards the prizes. The first prize of course goes to the one whose paper contains the greatest number of correct answers, the second prize to the second best, etc., and the booby prize to the worst paper.

The first prize can be some pretty calendar, a diary containing many leaves, a blotter cut in the shape of a maple leaf with one side red and the other yellow, tied together with narrow red and yellow ribbon. The second prize can be a box of candied mint leaves or rose leaves. For a booby prize take the white leaf from the inside of a cabbage and attach to it with red baby ribbon, a small card on which is written "A new leaf from a cabbage head to another head of the same kind."

After the prizes are awarded it is a good plan to have a little music of some sort and then supper which can be as simple or elaborate as desired, but as this is really a rather informal entertainment, simple refreshments are in the best taste. Dainty sandwiches and lemonade and cake are all that is necessary, though ice cream is always appreciated and most people like a small cup of coffee. If one wants to give more serve a salad or scalloped oysters or creamed chicken with the sandwiches.

If there is time after supper the game "I Turn a Leaf" can be played. The first player begins by saying "I turn over a New Year's leaf by cutting out my admiring Annie," or anything beginning with "a," the second one "I turn a leaf by cutting out breaking bottles," the third cuts out "chewing candy," etc., and so it goes on right down the alphabet, a verb and a noun commencing with the proper letter in each answer. If anybody is unable to do this he or she must write a New Year's rhyme of four lines and recite it to the company.

At such an entertainment it is a very pretty idea to decorate the supper table with pine branches mingled with gay autumn leaves cut from crepe paper. Have a bare polished table with a centerpiece and doilies in the form of big leaves cut from alternate white red or green paper. At each place, place a leaf-shaped cookie with the initials of the person who is to sit there, put on it in chocolate or white icing. This makes an effective place card that is a vast improvement on most things of the sort for it can be eaten after it has been duly admired.

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ing to speak gravely, yet wanting to laugh.

"N-o, sir; but—I thought you were making fun of me," Sibyl replied, with some hesitation.

"No, indeed, I was not, my little friend. I was surprised at the very pleasant change in your appearance, and spoke the first words that occurred to me. But I have something for you here."

He came to her side, as he spoke, and laid something upon the table near which she was standing.

She turned, and saw a beautiful little traveling-bag, with her name engraved upon a silver plate on the handle.

A flush of surprise and pleasure shot over her face.

"Lo-o, inside," Raymond said, unfastening the curious clasp for her.

She looked, and found a tiny Russian leather purse, a little silver drinking-cup, gold-lined, and also marked "Sibyl," a small air-cushion, or pillow, such as she had seen him and Lady Prescott have while traveling, and several other little conveniences for journeying.

The color grew deeper and deeper in her soft cheeks, as she took up one thing after another to examine it, and he saw that she had hard work to control her voice, as she said:

"I do not know how to thank you properly, sir; but, truly, you have made me very, very happy."

"Thank you, little maiden. You could not have given me a sweeter expression of gratitude," he said, looking pleased at her simple words of pleasure.

"But," he added, with a peculiar curl of his handsome lips, "I think there appears to be something not just right about that purse."

"Is there? I did not notice," Sibyl said, innocently, as she took it up again and opened it.

"It is very pretty, and very perfect, is it not?" she asked, after carefully examining it.

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Big Liberty Number

Liberty, Lincoln and Valentine Features

and extra space devoted to fancy work and knitting with special reference to making articles needed by the soldiers will make February COMFORT one of the most interesting, entertaining and useful issues in many months. Our Household Number follows in March.

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<p>"A Novel Valentine Party"</p> <p>Tells how to get up a pretty and interesting Valentine Party suitable for home, Grange or church parlor.</p>	<p>"Illustrious French Warriors"</p> <p>whose valliant deeds in the war for American independence all should know as we are now fighting for French Liberty.</p>

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January, 1918.

Nation-Wide Prohibition Wins in Congress

JUST too late for mention on our editorial page comes the glad news that the national House of Representatives, by a vote 282 in favor to 128 opposed, has adopted the resolution submitting to the States for ratification the proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes within, and the importation thereof into the United States and out-lying territorial possessions.

It is the identical resolution adopted by the Senate last August by a vote of 65 to 20, except that the House resolution allows seven instead of six years for ratification by the State Legislatures. Because of this slight difference, the resolution has to go back to the Senate which, undoubtedly, will promptly accept the change made by the House.

After favorable action by the Senate, which is confidently expected before Christmas, the resolution goes at once to the States. If, within seven years, the Legislatures of three-quarters of the States vote in favor of adopting the proposed amendment, it will become a part of the Constitution of the United States as soon as thirty-six of the States have thus given their approval through their legislatures; and thereupon nation-wide prohibition of the liquor evil will become a part of the supreme law of the land.

It is up to the good people in every State to look after the members of their own legislatures and see to it that they vote right on this question at the very next session. The sooner it is adopted the sooner it takes effect; but if not adopted by the legislatures of thirty-six States within seven years the cause will be lost. So get busy with a determination that temperance shall win. The legislatures of some States are now in session. Get after them for immediate action.

Crumbs of Comfort

The first wealth is health.
Time wears out all masks.
Industry is applied religion.
Old oxen have stiff horns.
A miser has merry mourners.
Follow nature and not fashion.
Happiness is a tree with many roots.
Men make laws; women make manners.
Do not starve your horse to save your hay.
A woman can love too deeply to judge justly.
The apple of discord has ever been made of gold.
A barleycorn is better than a diamond to a crow.
Never revolt against the laws you make for yourself.
The honey which we gather ourselves tastes the sweetest.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Outwitting the Wind

THE January winds "do blow," as we are all very well aware, and most of us find it rather difficult to look neat and trim and smart when we have to face a blustery wind every time we go outdoors. Hair is whipped here and there, hats tipped awry, and who can look like a member of the Pretty Girls' Club under such conditions?

Well, let's see what we can do about it, girls! And the first thing we should all realize is that if our hair is tidy, we can't look very disheveled, no matter what else the wind may do to us. So, concentrate on hair, all of you, and let me tell you of a few precautions we may take to win our battle with the January winds.

First, of course, take time to dress your hair properly. Brush it well, so it has that well-kept look which is next door to beauty. Do it up



PIN YOUR HAIR ON AT A BECOMING ANGLE.

securely. I do not mean by this that you must draw every hair tight, but only that when you have it arranged in the loose waves, or the fluffy side rolls, or the soft coils which are becoming to you, you should use enough hairpins to hold it as you have placed it.

A good way to do, usually, is to separate the back hair from the front hair, by parting from ear to ear, or part off a square of hair in the middle of the back of the head; then wrap a bit of shoestring tightly around the strand, close to the head, and tie. You can arrange this strand of hair in any way you like, as a foundation, and do the other hair loosely over the firm coil you make, pinning it securely but not drawing it tight.

Whatever way you dress your hair, its neatness depends upon how generous you are with invisible hairpins. Use them wherever a strand or wave or little lock has been properly placed and needs to be kept in order. But be sure they are entitled to the name invisible. Don't let pronged ends be sticking out, here and there, to make you look like a pincushion.

Next, have a tiny bottle of bandoline, and an eyebrow brush or baby's toothbrush, and before going out drop a tiny, tiny bit of bandoline on your brush, rub it with your finger, and be sure the brush is merely damp with it; then gently brush up the locks at the ears and in the neck. This will keep them from blowing as the bandoline acts almost like mucilage. If you use more than a bare suspicion of it, however, it will make your hair sticky and quite spoil its appearance.

Slip one of the all-over hair nets over your hair before going out, but never draw it so tight that it flattens your hair down; pin loosely. There are some circular nets with elastic around the edge, and if you get the extra large size, you can slip this over the face like a veil and pin together at back of head, keeping everything trim and neat.

And when your hair is all trim, be sure your hat is pinned on securely. Use two hatpins, one at each side, pinning them from front to back, and in strenuous weather you can pin an extra one in back or front. And be sure your hat is at a becoming angle, just as you look best in it. With these precautions, I defy January to set one lock awry!

Answers to Questions

Mrs. E. McC.—The Epsom salts paste for reducing flesh is made as follows: Dissolve half a pound of the salts in a pint of rain-water. Shave fine one and one half bars of the best white kitchen soap, and dissolve over the stove in a quart of boiling water. After it is thoroughly dissolved, set off to partially cool, when stir in the Epsom salts solution. Let it stand again till cold. Use this to massage into the fleshy parts at night, letting it dry on the skin. In the morning, wash the skin thoroughly. Keep this up until the flesh is reduced. It is claimed that one can reduce about two pounds a week. An excellent preparation for the massage with the salts preparation is to take a five-minute bath in a deep tub of hot water containing half a boxful of ordinary baking soda. The water must be very hot, and you should keep your body entirely covered with it. After a few minutes, jump out, dry yourself, and wrap up in a woolen blanket. You will perspire heavily, but after a time the perspiration will stop; then dry yourself again and rub in the Epsom salts preparation. A hot bath like this is weakening if taken too often, so only do this about twice a week, and just before going to bed.

Mrs. B. L. H.—No, do not use the Portugal Bust Food to make a thick neck fat. Massage the neck gently with cold cream each night, always remembering that the gentle motions develop and the vigorous motions reduce. In addition to this practice the following exercise:

To Develop a Thin Neck

Stand erect, with heels together, and chest up, hands on hips, with the fingers forward and the thumbs back. Bend the head toward the left shoulder so far as possible; then toward the right; repeat ten times. Now drop the head forward on the chest, making the neck limp, and roll it toward the right shoulder, back and drop it backward, then toward the left shoulder and forward, dropping it on the chest again. In other words revolve the head on the neck. This may make you dizzy, so do not practice it too long at a time, but do it a little every day, as it exercises and develops the muscles of the neck. How about the rest of the body? Are you thin? If so, better begin to diet with the intention of getting fatter. Potatoes, rice, macaroni will help bring this about.

A Homesteader.—It is dangerous to trifle with moles, as they may develop into something serious if they are picked or irritated. About the only successful way to dispose of them is by electrolysis, but that needs a skilled operator. Very large flesh moles can sometimes be disposed of by tying a thread around the base. After a few days the mole turns black and drops off. This is apt to leave a scar, however, as is almost any way of getting rid of moles. If yours are flat and brown but not fleshy, I think I would leave them alone. Be careful what you eat, and drink quantities of water—eight or ten glasses a day. And see that your bowels are in perfect condition. Eat as many vegetables and fruits as you can, as they help to furnish minerals for your body which it needs. If you are very careful about this, you may find fewer moles appearing.

Dimples.—See answer to "A Homesteader."

June.—Almost everybody's skin is wrinkled "in the

joints" of the fingers, so I would not worry about that. You cannot change the size of your fingers, but you can soften and whiten them. Try this way of keeping them in good condition:

To Whiten the Hands

Rosewater, four ounces; orange-flower water, four ounces; spirits of benzoin, one dram; bruised almonds, one ounce; borax, one half dram.

Put the almonds in the orange-flower and rosewater, and let stand for twenty-four hours; filter, add the soda and shake until dissolved. Finally put in the benzoin, a drop at a time, constantly shaking. Before putting this on the hands, wash them thoroughly in very warm water, and dry lightly. Gently massage the lotion in, several times in the course of an evening, then coat the hands with cold cream, slip on a pair of loose cotton or rubber gloves and go to bed. If you will use bran water in which to wash the hands, you will find them improved in appearance. Boil a pound of bran in a couple of quarts of water, then keep the liquid, after straining, and use a little at a time for the hands. You can also use rolled oats in almost the same way, soaking in a quantity of water and using the resulting liquid.

Country Girl.—I can't tell whether you weigh too much without knowing your height. Don't you see? You should be at least five feet, two, to weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and at thirteen you might be even taller, for this weight if you need to reduce, do so by not eating between meals and not eating too many sweet things. Indeed, the government needs sugar, now, for our soldiers and there is not enough to go around, so, in any case, we ought to be very economical with sugar. Probably that is the way for you to get rid of a few extra pounds, if you really need to get rid of them, but remember you need to be strong and well and even if you weigh a little more than you like, it is better than to weigh less than you should. As you get older, your figure will thin out, you will find, without any effort on your part.

Miss A. G.—I am sorry the rules of this department do not permit my answering letters by mail but only in the columns of the magazine. For the oily hair, the first thing is to give it a shampoo once in two weeks, using a soap jelly made by shaving half a bar of white soap into a quart of water and letting it dissolve over the stove, then cooling it and pouring on the head in small quantities. It makes a wonderful lather. After thoroughly rubbing the hair and scalp with the lather, rinse thoroughly, then use the soap jelly again, rinsing once more. In rinsing, you must be careful that every particle of soap is taken from the hair, or it clogs the little oil glands in the scalp and irritates them, and that finally produces an oily condition of the scalp. So rinse, and rinse and rinse. Every night massage the scalp with the flat of the fingers. Loosen the hair, then slip the fingers of each hand next the scalp back of the temples, and pressing firmly move the skin back and forth. Do not rub the fingers or move the scalp with them, but hold them firm and move the scalp with them. Do all over the head in this way, stimulating the circulation and promoting healthy conditions.

Brown Eyes.—Yes, I can guess how you feel, if you weigh 200 pounds at fifteen years old. You want to know how to reduce. Well, first do not rely on the lactated milk diet. It is all right, and will reduce, but you need, I am sure, a radical change in the things you have been eating. Of course, these war times are hard ones in which to regulate one's diet, everything costs so much and there is such a shortage of many things; however, let's see what we can do. The first thing is to remember that certain foods make fat and certain other foods make strength and muscles. You want to avoid the fat-making foods and eat the others. Potatoes, rice, macaroni, milk, butter, cream, white bread, gravies, sweet things, make fat. I presume you are very fond of sweet things and rich things, and you will have to make up your mind to be very heroic indeed and cut them out. What can you eat? Oh, lots of things. Eggs, for instance, but be sure they are soft-cooked, won't you? And almost any vegetables—tomatoes, and string beans, and beets, and squash, and onions, and turnips, and peas, and oh, all the other things. Don't eat potatoes or rice. You can eat baked beans or any lean meat. And eat all the fruits you want and can get, except bananas. Also, cut down on the amount of food you are eating. You probably have a pretty good appetite, and perhaps have the habit of eating between meals. Stop this at once, and when you eat a meal try to remember that the stomach is built to hold only a very limited amount, and eat only enough to suit its size. You could eat two soft-boiled or poached eggs for breakfast, some sliced



BE GENEROUS WITH INVISIBLE HAIRPINS.

oranges or a baked apple or some prunes or grapefruit and some bran bread. Remember butter makes you fat, so eat scarcely any. For lunch you could eat two vegetables (tomatoes and boiled onions, for instance), a little lean meat, and fruit for dessert; and for supper you could follow the same general plan. You can eat fish, as well as lean meat, but must not eat any gravies, pies, cakes, rich puddings, or sweet desserts. With your fruit, eat no sugar. You can make up your mind to this. Besides dieting, exercise until you perspire heavily. Always lie down rolled in a blanket after heavy exercise, for this promotes perspiration, and perspiration reduces. Rub yourself dry with a rough towel, after perspiring, and do not go outdoors for some little time. Practice any or all of the exercises you have seen given in COMFORT monthly, and if you are diligent in your endeavors, you will weigh several pounds less before a month is up.

L. C.—If you are five feet seven inches tall, you should weigh about 145 pounds. So you see you are considerably under weight. Probably if you gained to 130, you would feel that was as much as you wanted to weigh. The red nose is quite likely from indigestion, and your lack of weight might be due to the same cause, so let us assume that to be the case and get to work to remedy it. To begin with, make it a rule to chew all your food until it is liquid before you swallow it; this lessens the work required of your stomach, and enables you to get every particle of nourishment, of freshbuilding properties, out of the food you eat. Then eat only at meals, and choose digestible foods. Avoid rich desserts, gravies, pies, fat meats. Drink milk, however, use cream on your foods, and plenty of butter on your bread. Eat potatoes and lots of them, and rice as well. A good breakfast for you would be a baked apple with cream, or a baked pear, or a dish of stewed prunes, or figs. For a dish of cereal with cream, and finally a soft-boiled egg with toast and butter. For lunch, a bowl of soup, a fat baked potato and some other vegetable, plenty of bread and butter (and you can eat honey or jelly or pre-

serves with it), and a tapioca cream pudding, or baked custard, or almost any kind of pudding that is not too rich. For dinner, eat some meat, plenty of potato, another vegetable, bread and butter, and about the same kind of dessert as for lunch. Eat all the fruits you can because they are good to help in elimination and in regulating the bowels. And, of course, you must be sure that the bodily functions are in order. Drink plenty of water. With these directions, I venture you will weigh several pounds more in a couple of weeks, and that the color of your nose will begin to whiten out. The milk diet would be a good thing for you. See E. L. K.

Beauty Seeker.—If your child's hair is inclined to be curly, the best thing to do is to train it by brushing it over the finger in little curls, never wearying of well-doing, but keeping at it day after day. At first it will probably make stringy curls, but if you keep on training it, and it really has any inclination to curl, in time you will be successful. Be sure you keep it shampooed at least once in three weeks, and preferably once in two weeks, and always brush it very carefully after a shampoo. There isn't any formula which will make straight hair curly, though there is a liquid which can be applied to adult hair and which helps it to wave. A child's hair should not, however, have any lotion used upon it, unless it is unhealthy. The hair will be prettier, healthier, and thicker, if you let it alone except for painstaking brushing daily, with gentle movements, and regular shampoos.

E. L. K.—See answer to "L. C." You ask about the milk diet, so here are the directions once again. I hope all the readers of COMFORT will learn them by heart! Take a glass and a half of milk every hour from 7.30 A. M. to 3.30 P. M., chewing each mouthful before swallowing. Drink a glass of water immediately on rising, and follow this ten minutes later by eating half a dozen prunes that have been soaked all night in a tumbler of warm water, and drinking the juice. Chew the prunes thoroughly. Fifteen minutes after the prunes, take your first "dose" of milk. Do not eat any solid food until night, when you may have an ordinary evening meal, avoiding fried foods, fat meats and too sweet desserts. Drink two glasses of water between 3.30 and your evening meal, and drink two other glasses of water about an hour before going to bed. After one week of this, cut out all solid food, and drink two glasses of milk every hour during the day, from seven-thirty to six thirty. Keep up the water on rising in the morning, the prunes, and the water just before going to bed. Weigh on the afternoon of the last day of each week. You should gain from one to three or more pounds per week, if you will absolutely follow directions. Do not eat any food except as directed, above.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

rocks at the capitalists to your intense enjoyment. I have pictured them as merciless devils and you, the masses as lamblike angels, craving only the opportunity to live and be good. I always take the side of the under dog if it is an honest dog, but now labor is the top dog that holds the whip hand, and now you have the chance to prove whether you are worthy of those who have fought your battles and upheld your cause. Now you have a chance to prove whether you were honest men asking for a square deal or just plain hogs who hated the capitalist hog only because he could get into the cabbage patch and fill his belly while you couldn't. This is your opportunity, no one begrudges you your harvest; but realize once and for all that harvest will be short unless you do your part equally as well as the boys in the trenches are doing theirs. Remember there are no union rules and eight-hour days on the firing line. In the British Army alone (and Great Britain is only a little country not much bigger than New York State) more than twenty thousand men are weekly converted into corpses or bundles of bloody rags. There they stand in the bitter cold, those soldiers of France, Britain and the United States in those terrible trenches, fighting for democracy, fighting for civilization, fighting to keep the Prussian beast from raping your women and burning your homes and converting you from free men into slaves. There they stand while thousands of you falter, halt and quibble and loaf on your jobs, indifferent as to who suffers and who perishes as long as you can get your pound of flesh and your bellies well filled. Now for God's sake be men. Be as devoted to your country, which gives you everything, as the Prussian is to his country, which gives him a bone and regards him as a dog.

It is the aim of Prussia by her propaganda and lying promises to induce all nations to lay down their arms. Germany wants peace, just as a burglar wants peace, after he has filled his arms with loot. Soon the German spy who seeks your destruction. Remember there are no strikes, no rebellions, no revolutionary upheavals in Germany. The German spies talk brotherhood and socialism, but they practice neither. There are only two socialists—real ones—in Germany and they are in jail. The German is taught from the cradle not to question, but to obey. He has been told he is a superior man and it is his duty

to conquer the world and he is out to do it. He can conquer weaklings, but he cannot conquer the strong men of France and Britain, and he cannot conquer America, if you working men will be true to your country and true to yourselves in this war. It is up to you to say whether you will fight this tyrant to the death and live as men, or go down under the heel of Prussian military might and live as cowards, dastards and slaves.

Show your patriotism by joining COMFORT's League of Cousins and give proof of the fact that you are ready and willing to protect our country and its glorious flag. Never in our history have we needed the support of loyal Americans as we do now. Those who want free literature about the war can find how to get it by reading my reply to the letter of Mrs. S. Murdock. Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leetle specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

GARDNER, LA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Your monthly talks, and especially your war talk in the September issue of COMFORT, are excellent. My father said your September talk was worth ten

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



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CROSS CURRENTS

By Maud Mary Brown

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THE revelation came with so blinding a flash that for once Marcia Stetson was overwhelmed, her superb poise shaken. In one moment she had been the serene and moderately contented wife of Professor Stetson, and in the next, one of life's mysterious cross currents had swept her out of her charmed course and she had become a rebellious, tumultuous-souled woman, in love with another man.

If only she could have been warned—have been braced for the shock! But, unfortunately, the municipal authorities of life are niggardly with their danger-signs.

It happened in the little theater while the seniors were giving their annual play. There had come a muffled detonation followed instantly by an in-rush of yellow, stifling smoke.

There was the staccato clangor of lifted seats as people, their faces suddenly gone blank with terror, sought the rapidly filling aisles.

The two men on either side of Marcia looked at her swiftly. In her husband's ingenious blue eyes there was an accustomed and subtle appeal, but in the gray ones of Saxon Waverley there was promise.

Then the lights went off and in the hideous darkness, Marcia felt her hand seized.

"It is all right, beloved," a voice, not her husband's, said close to her ear.

In the next second Waverley had taken command of the situation. His voice, scarcely raised above its normal tone, nevertheless carried to every corner of the house.

"Don't stir!" he directed. "Keep your heads, you men; the women will keep theirs. The only danger lies in panic. There are gas brackets on the wall. I propose to light them. Sit tight!"

But it was unnecessary for Waverley to light the gas, for the lights flashed on again and the superintendent of buildings, his face blackened with smoke appeared on the stage.

"There's nothing to be alarmed over," he stated calmly: "a little explosion in the boiler room. More smoke than fire and what little of the latter there was is already out."

The people settled back and the play went on. But to Marcia Stetson physical security brought no relief.

"Bentley," she said to her husband at the first intermission, "I am going home."

"But what nonsense, Marcia! It is going to be a capital evening. I didn't think you were the woman to be upset over a false alarm."

"I am not so sure," she returned cryptically, "that it was a false alarm."

He turned puzzled eyes toward her. "Are you crazy? Don't you see that the theater is quite free of smoke? You don't think, do you, that Preston mounted the stage merely to lie to us so that he might have the sport of seeing us broil in our seats?"

She made a little gesture of weariness at his verbiage. "You don't understand, Bentley. I don't, quite, myself," she added swiftly. "Anyway, I am going home."

His facile face clouded. "Oh, very well," he replied; "we will go."

"You infant!" she exclaimed, smiling into his disappointed face. "Did you think I would be ungenerous enough to drag you away? I want to go quite alone."

"Really?"

"Really, Ben."

She rose to pass Saxon Waverley and he, rising also, looked steadily into her gentian-blue eyes.

"Not going, surely?" he said.

"Please," she halted, waiting for him to permit her to pass.

"You're not going with her, Stetson? Then may I—"

"Thank you, no," Marcia interposed, and she calmly passed out.

Picking up her skirts, she raced across the campus and letting herself into the tiny house where she and Stetson lived, she went directly to her room. She switched on the lights and abruptly turned them off again. Tradition ran too strong in her to permit her to endure the sight of her excitement-filled eyes.

She sat down by the open window where the spring breeze was playing with the muslin curtain. The orchestra's melody drifted to her ears faintly from across the campus. The little lake beyond glittered like a jewel on the bosom of the night.

Life should be so simple and straightforward—had always been so to her—in this peaceful, sheltered spot. Only tonight had the complexities begun.

She rose and walked restlessly to her desk and paused to finger a half-typed manuscript. Then, resolutely, she turned on the lights at either side of her dressing table and sat down before it.

She was very lovely in her soul's confusion. Her gentian-blue eyes glowed like watch fires below her low, white forehead on which her chestnut hair grew in a graceful line. Her delicately-carved nostrils quivered slightly as they always did under great excitement. Her oval face held no trace of color save in the scarlet line of her sensitive mouth. Her face might not have been called beautiful, certainly it was not pretty. But it was an arresting face.

She looked at herself as curiously as one observes an interesting stranger and then, once more she turned off the lights and undressing in the moon-lit room, she flung herself into bed to bury her face in her pillow, but try as she would, she could not banish the sight of Saxon Waverley's steadfast, compassionate eyes nor the tender cadence of his voice nor the comforting pressure of his hand.

She lay struggling for hours, killing her thoughts before they were fairly born. When, very late, Stetson came home, she was quiet and he thought that she slept.

The young maid was serving breakfast when Marcia came down the next morning.

"Morning, Marcia."

Her husband's too-youthful face, she thought, looked weary and troubled.

"You don't look very fit, Marcia. Is it due to last night's fright, or is it that blouse you're wearing?"

"I don't think I was frightened, Bentley."

"Well, I never saw you so upset before."

"I only wanted to come home. Does that prove that I was frightened?"

"Well, you should have stayed. Capital! Some of those youngsters have quite conspicuous talent. I went over to Miss Canfield's after the play and had a bite of supper with her. She had intended to have you, of course; she was disappointed."

"I am glad I ducked early. How can you endure her, Ben?"

"She isn't—whatever you think she is. She is really very charming once you know her," Stetson maintained stoutly. "Just because the inner circle of St. Jules hasn't taken her up need not necessarily condemn her."

WE are pleased to present another delightful romance fresh from the pen of Maud Mary Brown who needs no introduction to COMFORT readers. Her faculty for treating the vexed problems of present-day social morals with an illuminating frankness that is almost startling, yet with a shock-absorbing delicacy that is above criticism, lends a charm to all her stories and is prominent in this one which deals with the question of what is to be done to mend matters when husband and wife suddenly wake up to the knowledge that they are mismatched and both desire release from a bad bargain and irksome bond in order to marry their newly found affinities.

The outcome of the story is quite unexpected and shows how a woman, by an adroit use of the power with which Nature has endowed her sex, can control the destinies of those who come within the range of her influence.—Editor.

me? With my mental inheritance you wouldn't expect it. And there's no use talking, my salary is too small for us to live on and keep up our end of the game. It is humiliating to take your money for household expenses. This minute I need—"

"It is a check," Marcia had opened her letter. "And they want another story. Isn't that splendid, Ben? I'll make this over to you if you'll pass over your pen, and then you can get whatever it is that you need. The next one must go to help pay the vacation expenses."

"Thanks most awfully, Marcia," Stetson, with a genuine show of reluctance had taken and pocketed the check.

"I hate like the devil to do it, but I can't see any other way. I ought to be given an advance. I have been here six years without one. Why, some of these young instructors get as much as I do! Miss Canfield thinks that there's jealousy behind it a personal matter handed down from my grandfather. You know he wasn't always popular and he made enemies among the trustees."

"That's nonsense, Bentley."

"I don't think so. And Miss Canfield doesn't. She is jolly sympathetic. I wish you would try to know her better, Marcia. I am going to send her some flowers today. It happens to be her birthday."

He had risen and had reached the door when he turned. "Marcia," he began, his face a trifle flushed, "there's a knotty point."

"I'll come to your study directly, Bentley; and straighten it out," she promised.

"It is a providential thing," he flung over his shoulder, "that your father fed you the classics with your milk and gave you Greek roots to cut your teeth on. Otherwise, I don't see how I could hold my job."

If there was any bitterness in the remark, it passed unheeded over Marcia's head.

Later in the morning, after multiple duties, Marcia found herself alone. She sat down at her desk and resolutely tried to write, but her thoughts refused to shape themselves coherently and after a trial she gave up and sat idle, fingers pressed against her white, blue-veined temples.

She was barely twenty-six, with the best of life yet to be lived—and she was fettered. Yet, her marriage had been so logical. Stetson's family was one of a long line of scholars and his grandfather had been the one-time president of St. Jules'. It was only that fact that secured Stetson's position now.

Marcia's own father had been a philologist of fame whose avocation had been the teaching of his motherless daughter.

Marcia and Bentley Stetson had met at a little resort the summer after the latter's graduation from St. Jules'. He was a handsome youth, his face not yet marred by the searing lines of non-successes. She was a wide-eyed, serious-faced girl, potentially lovely, looking upon life with a wistful curiosity.

When, the following autumn, young Stetson went back to St. Jules' as instructor, Marcia, her father having died meantime, went with him as his bride.

The friendliness of the community life into which she was plunged and to which she was unaccustomed, charmed her and she speedily became a great favorite in the college circle.

But when she paused to consider her first year or two at St. Jules', Bentley surprised her. Not to herself would she admit that the feeling was disappointment. Unconsciously to himself and to her Stetson was in the wrong profession. Not a scholar, he had been forced into the life of one through a train of family circumstances.

The other men at St. Jules' were, first of all, scholars and among them Stetson was not popular and, sensitive as a delicate piece of mechanism, he knew it, brooded over it in silence, came to resent it. The result was to make him more than ever tedious to the circle of men with whom his life was cast. His colleagues came either to accept him with a smiling tolerance or to ignore him completely. The stubborn and discontented lines began to appear about Stetson's mouth and for his social diversion he came to depend entirely upon women.

When the situation finally dawned on Marcia, she was appalled. Nothing can be more bitter to a high-spirited woman than the knowl-

edge that her husband does not command respect. However, till now, she had been able to endure it.

Saxon Waverley, as trustee of St. Jules', had been more or less in evidence since Marcia's marriage, but not until that year had he taken up his residence in the lovely old college town.

He was amazingly popular with everybody from the president of St. Jules' to the youngest offspring of the humblest instructor. He was distinguished, virile; he had a great deal of money and he entertained rather more lavishly than the rest could afford to do, nevertheless with restraint. His car, often as not with himself as driver, was continually at the service of the professors' families. In return, each woman did her best to marry him to her dearest friend. However, Waverley had not yielded to feminine charms.

Marcia, sitting at her desk, went over the situation. Presently the telephone at her elbow purred and she dragged the receiver off its hook with a hand that trembled. As well as though he had already spoken, she knew who was calling.

"Good morning . . ."

"Yes, a glorious day . . ."

"Was it? Marcia had not thought."

"Why, thank you; I would love to try the new car. About three? Very well. I'll not keep you waiting."

She restored the receiver to its place and sank back in her chair. It was like him to have this thing out at once. His lack of subterfuge and evasion appealed to her strongly.

She knew that the situation must be threshed out that afternoon. Just what the outcome was going to be, she had, as yet, no idea. All she was conscious of feeling was relief at the speedy issue.

She assisted the incompetent little maid in the luncheon preparations with an odd detachment, making with her own hands the salad which Bentley preferred. As she mixed it, she wondered dully how many more times she would be doing this for him.

She chatted with him at table with the same irrelevance between her thoughts and her spoken words. She enquired about his classes and frowned a little at his reply.

He told a little episode of the classroom. Obviously the undergraduates had been having a little sly fun at his expense. A sense of chivalry, in spite of her spiritual revision, was roused at that. They rose from the table, a slight restraint between them.

"I am going out with Saxon Waverley this afternoon," she paused at the door to announce.

He brightened boyishly. "You are? What a day for the open road! Dogwood blooms and wild cherry! Gad, Marcia! To be free of this sickening grind! Any one else going with you two? Do you suppose Waverley could stow me away somewhere?"

"I am afraid not, Bentley. You see, it's the new roadster he is trying. Mrs. Marks was out in it yesterday. She says it is a wonderful performer."

"Oh, very well. I've got to read some Livy anyway, curse it! I may call on Miss Canfield a little later. She has a new book of poems and she says no one interprets them as I do. Well, so long, Marcia."

Marcia made a charming picture as she walked down the shrubbery-lined walk with Waverley that afternoon. She was all in white save for the gentian-blue silk sweater and the band of the same color on her hat.

"You are going to be warm enough, Marcia?" Waverley asked.

"Oh, quite, thank you."

It was a dazzlingly brilliant spring day and the air was sweet with the aromatic fragrance of wild-fruit blossoms. Waverley drove out of town and sought an unfrequented road. There he stopped.

"We are not likely to be disturbed here," he said, trying to compel her shaded eyes. "Of course you know why I brought you here."

"Of course."

"Marcia, I love your mental direction. Well, what are we going to do about it?"

She did not immediately respond and he went on. "I have known how it was with me for months, but not till you gave me your eyes last

night did I know that you were caring, too. That alters things."

"I did not know myself," she said softly. "I understand. It comes like that sometimes, I suppose. A gigantic awakening. I think you are broad-minded, dear. I am an individualist myself. I don't velp at the way others see fit to direct their lives and I demand the same tolerance of my own actions."

Marcia was mute. She had had no idea it was going to be so difficult.

"I love you. If you will permit it, I will gladly spend the rest of my life in showing you how much I must all be up to you, of course. I have position and money, if you will forgive my mentioning them; neither the one nor the other will be affected by whatever I choose to do. There is no half world for the man. It isn't fair, that, for the half world must be a very hideous abiding place for a woman like you."

"That is why I am holding myself in restraint, Marcia. Do you sense how I want to draw you into my arms and cover your lovely hair with my kisses? I don't want your decision to be shaped by a play of the emotions."

"I faced all the facts last night; I fancy you did the same. We aren't infants. And I honestly think that we have a right to our lives and our happiness. However, I can't drag you off a pedestal without first pointing out all the facts. I am afraid my devotion would not pay you for that in future years. And so, the decision must be left to you, Marcia, what are we going to do?"

"We are going to do—nothing."

He stirred a little, sank a little deeper in his seat.

"If I have a philosophy of life," she went on slowly, "it is that only right conduct can lead to happiness. There is something beyond our own personal happiness, isn't there?"

She still spoke slowly as though thinking aloud. "We aren't children, as you say. We are too old to rage and sulk at not having our own way. We have the divine right of choice, to be sure. But suppose we choose to climb to happiness over the heart-break of my husband—what then?"

"I am not sure that his heart would break, Marcia."

She turned to him, wondering.

"Of course Stetson loves you. What man wouldn't? And naturally he admires you. But he can't be blind to your mental superiority and that must cause him acute discomfort."

"Oh, I think you are mistaken."

"No, besides, a man who likes women as Stetson does, is always easily consoled. There is always some woman in his life. Haven't you noticed it, Marcia? Just now it is the fluffy little Miss Canfield. No, I don't think you need to worry about Stetson's heart-break."

She was silent. Was she comforted or distressed? She wondered.

"Why, Marcia, I have seen him turn to you to settle a vexed point in Latin! That must be damnablely bitter."

"I never thought—of—that. But," after a pause, "does that alter our personal responsibility?"

"Ah! There you are right. However, this cold-blooded and reasonable discussion is getting us nowhere. How about it, Marcia? May I go to Stetson?"

"Saxon, I—can't. I can't walk in the shadows with you. I should want to go proudly, with my head uplifted, as you would wish your wife to go. It would come to irk you to have a wife who had to lurk in the byways of life. Disillusionment would come, and regrets, I couldn't stand that. And besides, there's Bentley, and whatever you say I know that he would be hurt."

"And our hurt, Marcia?"

"I think we'll just have to do right and not think about that. Shall we turn home now?"

"I left the decision with you, dear, and I am not going to appeal. But there is no middle course for me. I've got to have you or keep away from you altogether. As soon as I can straighten out my affairs here, I shall go away. In the meantime, I cannot go to Stetson's house."

She nodded and he threw in his clutch and in desolate silence they drove back to town.

Marcia was too preoccupied during dinner to observe Stetson's uneasiness which his volubility scarcely concealed.

"I did go to see Miss Canfield," he told her. "We read poetry all the afternoon."

"Yes?"

"You would like her, Marcia. If you would let yourself know her."

Marcia looked up, her attention trapped. "Why," she asked curiously, "do you never read poetry to me?"

He laughed a little wistfully. "I'd as soon think of playing scales for the entertainment of a musician," he replied.

"Am I, then, so intolerant?"

"Not intolerant, perhaps, but most awfully clever."

"That made her thoughtful. 'Bentley,' she began after a pause, 'do I make you happy?'"

His ingenuous face flushed. "What an absurd question. Aren't you the loveliest and the most popular woman at St. Jules'?"

"Don't crawl, Bentley."

"You are far too wonderful for mere clay like me."

Her heart sank heavily. Was Waverley, then, right? Had she been blind? She had, with some degree of pride, renounced a great happiness for the sake of prolonging the happiness of her husband and now she found that she was not making him even tolerably happy. It was an anti-climax to her eventful day.

"Is it Miss Canfield, Bentley?"

"I might have known I couldn't keep it from you. Didn't I tell you you were clever?"

"Then it is Miss Canfield?"

"I like her very much. We are very companionable. We read together and—"

"Bentley! That little—"

"Not a word against her, Marcia."

"I beg your pardon."

They were silent for a long time and Stetson was ill at ease. Finally, "What do you want to do about it, Bentley?" Marcia asked.

"I don't know. If it could be arranged—"

"Divorce, you mean?"

He nodded miserably. Obviously this had not sprung from his own brain. "I would take all the stigma, of course. I'd give you grounds—"

"Bentley!" Her voice silenced him. "What are you thinking of? What about your church, your family—they would never forgive you, you know—your profession—your inherited moral aristocracy? What about all those things? And to descend to practical things, what would you do? You could expect no longer to be retained here."

"I would find something to do—something more agreeable than teaching grinning undergraduates," he declared. "We have talked it all over—"

"We? Who?" she demanded.

"Why, Lucy and I," he admitted.

"You have discussed our intimate family affairs with her?"

She remembered the afternoon just passed and her color rose.

"She is awfully square," he said stoutly. "She wants to come straight to you to talk things over."

"What insufferable effrontery!"

"I never thought you would lift your finger to hold me," he said. "You must see that I am not so clever as you are. I thought you would be relieved to be rid of me."

Again they fell silent as the maid brought in a letter and laid it at Marcia's plate. She recognized the handwriting as that of Waverley.

She looked at the envelope with detached eyes. She was spiritually revolted. The man for whom she had worked—whose position she had enabled

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

A Law to Promote Ignorance

Help Us Get this Stupid, Wicked Law Repealed

Read our editorial (on page 2) headed "A Law to Promote Ignorance." Then, if you favor a level second-class postage rate, one that will be uniform throughout the country regardless of distance, that will not favor one and discriminate against other localities, cut out the coupon below and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper. Thus it will serve as the heading to a petition. Next fill in the date and the name of your congressman. If you don't know his name you can learn it from your postmaster.

Then write your name and place of residence on the blank paper below the heading. Circulate the petition among your friends and neighbors and get them to sign, women as well as men.

Finally, mail the signed petition to your congressman at House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Cut this out and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper.

Date 1918.

Hon.

U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

We believe that the flat rate of a cent a pound for second-class postage has been of inestimable benefit by facilitating and promoting the dissemination of knowledge, and that the magazines, which by means of this low flat rate have been enabled to build up a nation-wide circulation spreading information to the remotest nooks and corners of the land, constitute one of the greatest, most unifying and beneficent educational forces in the country. We earnestly protest against grading second-class postage on any zone rate basis as being class legislation aimed against the magazines and an unjust sectional discrimination against the people dwelling in parts remote from the large centers of population.

Therefore, we respectfully request you to exert your influence and give your vote in Congress in favor of the repeal of the zone rate (before they take effect in July), and for making the second-class postage rate, thereafter as heretofore, one and the same, level and uniform throughout the Union regardless of distance.

NAMES

RESIDENCES

Starting Your Flower Garden Early Indoors

By Alfred Weston

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HERE is a long stretch of delightful spring weather between the time one plants the out-of-doors flower garden and the time this garden begins to bloom. This time might just as well be utilized in giving pleasure with flowers as in waiting. And it is a simple matter to do this—start your flower garden in the house.

"Oh, I dislike being bothered with so many plants," is a remark I have frequently heard made, but these same people, once they understood how little bother it is, and how much delight there is in having flowers in May and June instead of waiting until late July or August, have made a practice of starting their summer flower garden in their home in February, March and April.

Take cosmos, for instance, a delightful, daisy-like flower with a fern-like foliage. It cannot be planted out of doors until the frost has gone and the ground warmed up. May is the earliest it can be planted and it will not bloom much before September. Plant the seed in the house in February, set the sturdy plants out in May and your cosmos begins to bloom in July and blooms until frost. In this manner you have nearly sixty days or two months more of hand-

This completes the paper seedling flower pot. The top will not be perfectly even, naturally, as the creased points will rise a little at either side, but this does not in any manner harm the usefulness of the seedling pot.

You will notice that it will not stand up well. It is not intended to stand alone, but to be set in a seedling box along with others, side by side. Sprinkle about two inches of soil over the bottom of the seedling box, to catch moisture that leaks through from watering these paper pots, and set the pots close together. You may think this a great deal of bother, but in the spring when time comes to transplant your seedlings, you will find you have really saved yourself fifty per cent of the work and the dirt and trouble, for you simply lift out these pots, tear off the paper, keeping the soil in your hand around the seedling roots, and set them into the holes you have prepared for them in the garden. Nothing hurts a plant more than to disturb the roots for they are the very life of the plant. With these pots there is no danger of this. They cost you nothing, there is no litter of pots to keep over until next spring and, taken altogether, it is the ideal way of handling seedlings of any sort.

Study your catalog and learn about these plants. Some, you will see, will say, "Plant in the house in March or in open soil in May." These are all right to start indoors, but if the directions merely say, "sow in open ground, May to June," the chances are they are not suitable for starting indoors.

Some of these flowering plants which should not be started indoors are alyssum, aquilegia, balsam, catnip, candytuft, digitalis, hollyhock, poppy, portulaca and sweet pea. Either they bloom very quickly after planting or else, which is generally the reason, they will not stand transplanting or disturbing. If you have ever tried to transplant a poppy you will understand what I mean. I have, with great care, transplanted Shirley and double poppies, but it doesn't pay as they wilt and are regarded in growth. The big oriental poppies will stand transplanting better.

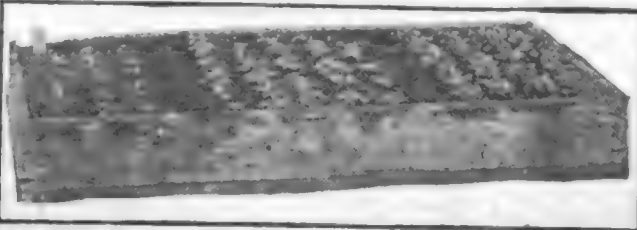
Do not wait until January for your pansy seeds. Get them in the fall. Send to your florist for the seed. Do not get them mixed. It is better to secure the tiny packets, each sort separate. There are half a dozen really good varieties, almost black, pure white, golden yellow, pale blue, dark blue, rich brown and many shades in between.

If you have saved your strawberry boxes this summer, so much the better, or your grape baskets. If not, use small light boxes or receptacles of this sort. Plant your pansy seeds in September, a few more in November and another lot in January. Your first planting may be in bloom before the frost is out of the ground, but as they wither and die, that doesn't matter. This assortment will give you pansies throughout the summer, enough to pick every day to put in a bowl or shallow pansy dish for the dining table.

Start your geranium slips early in the fall and they will be strong little plants in May, ready to set out in a brilliant clump, or as a border for a bed of taller growing flowers.

Petunias give the best returns for the care you give them of almost any flower. Plant them in the spring indoors and watch carefully, if the soil bakes hard around them they will be stunted.

It is a mistake to give liquid fertilizers to seedlings. The roots are not at all matured, of course, but there isn't much drain on them. The drain doesn't come on flowering plants to any great extent until they blossom. A slight watering every day, making sure that the perforations of the sprinkler are very fine so that the water will not injure the delicate plants, and they will thrive quite well. A too-dry atmosphere is bad. Whether you have stove, steam or hot air heat, keep a large bowl of water standing near the flowers. This seems a trifling thing to do but it gives them the damp atmosphere so necessary. Did you ever go into a florist's glass house and note how cool and damp the air is? It has to be, to make the plants grow.



SEEDLINGS STARTED IN BOX INDOORS.

Sunlight, too, is necessary as plants get nourishment from the air as well as the soil and the sunlight is just what they need.

It is to be understood that the very first planting is not done in the paper pots or the tiny red clay pots, but in the seedling boxes. The seeds are so tiny that it is impossible to plant them for permanent growth. Do not disturb any seedlings until the fourth leaf has started. In most cases the first two leaves will drop off. After the fourth leaf has started you may carefully reach into the soil, when it is rather dry and just before watering, lift up the tiny seedlings, separate them and set them out, one by one, in the individual pots, and then water them.

They will begin to grow in a lively manner after this and by the time the sun is hot, the cold spring rains are over and the outdoor soil is warm, you can make your garden beds and set out your plants.

If you do this your garden will be ahead of that of your neighbor who plants directly out of doors, by from four to six weeks. In transplanting into the little pots, put the soil into the pots very loosely.

Then use a dibber—which is only a pointed stick about the size of a broom-handle, pointed at about the same angle one would point a lead pencil. You can buy good dibbers but when a whittled off broomstick, about six inches long is quite as good, why spend the money? Having filled the pot with loose soil, and taken the seedling up from the seedling

box or bed, note the length of the root, then make a hole in the pot of soil deep enough to permit lowering the seedling down so that the root will hang straight down without being curled or doubled up or cramped. Then set it by pushing soil around with your fingers, press it firmly but lightly into place, water and see that the transplanted plant does not get in the sunshine for the remainder of the day.

Another thing of importance, always put slats beneath the seedling boxes, whether they hold the soil direct or hold the pots. This allows drainage and air circulation.

Here is a table of flowering plants, showing when to plant in the house, when to set out in the garden and when they may be expected to bloom. This table is for the latitude of New York City. For every hundred miles you live north of that latitude, make it a week later. For every hundred miles you live south of that latitude, make it a week earlier.

Name of Plant	Indoor Planting Time	When to Set Out	Flowering Period
Ageratum	Feb.	E. May	E. June-Oct.
Asters	Mar.	E. May	June-Nov.
Celosia	Apr.	May	June-Oct.
Chrysanth'm	Mar.	May	July-frost.
Cosmos	Feb.	E. May	June-frost.
Dianthus	Apr.	May	June-Oct.
Gaura	Mar.	E. May	Fruit Sept. Oct.
4-O'clocks	Apr.	E. May	L. June-Sept.
Larkspur	Feb.	L. Apr.	L. May-Sept.
Mariolds	Mar.	L. Apr.	May-frost.
Mignonette	Mar.	May	June-Oct.
Nasturtium	Mar.	L. Apr.	L. May-frost.
Pansy	Sept. to Jan.	Apr.	May-frost.
Petunia	Feb.	Apr.	May-frost.
Phlox	Mar.	L. Apr.	L. June-Oct.
Salvia	Feb.	E. May	July-frost.
Stocks	Mar.	May	July-Oct.
Verbena	Feb. to Apr.	May	June-Oct.
Zinnia	Mar.	E. May	L. May-frost.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

dollars alone. Oh, if every citizen of this vast country could read your writings and be convinced. I live out from town where many of the people do not understand. A neighbor of mine and her husband, a physician, are helping me to try and explain to many of the people in our vicinity why the United States entered this war. When my brother who is a soldier was home on furlough he helped us talk. The folks here are all good people, but they simply don't just understand. I would be proud to know that my son and daughter, when they grow up, could say that their father had shed his blood to help save democracy for the world. This is no time for personal feeling and selfishness. We must consider the sufferings of humanity. My brave soldier brother waited us for ten days; the last night of his stay we sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and "God Be with Us Till We All Meet Again." When we kissed him good by we held back the tears for his sake. We did not want his last moments with us spoiled by sad faces and weeping eyes. We bade him God speed with as much cheer as possible. My mother is real brave about it all. May God bless you Uncle Charlie, and I hope you may live to see the war made safe for that democracy for which you have so bravely and so persistently fought.

Mrs. ROSELYN LYMAN GOLDMAN.

Thank you, dear friend, for your letter. It is like a breath of fresh air blowing through a reeking dungeon filled with Prussian poison gas. Alas! such letters as yours are pitifully few. Human nature at the best is too often a weak, pitiful thing, always ready to shirk a responsibility rather than face one. Men and nations can never survive, and they are not fit to survive, if in those supreme hours of stress and trial which come to all in this uncertain life, they are not ready and willing to face with unflinching eyes and dauntless heart their Gethsemane of trial, their Calvary of suffering. Even Christ suffered for a moment, but only for a moment, with such sublime heroism He trod the road to Calvary and the cross. If we are not ready to do our duty to our country, a free country, as the German Kaiser, if we are not ready to face death rather than dishonor, even as little Serbia, heroic Belgium and gallant France and Britain have done, if we daily in the primrose path and scorn the beckoning hand of honor and duty, rather than carry our cross, we cannot win for a stricken, bleeding world, that resurrection that lies beyond the cross, beyond Calvary, the resurrection of freedom, liberty, brotherhood, truth, honor, decency, all of which the iron heel of Prussia has trampled in the dust, and we shall become slaves. And democracy and freedom, as we love and understand it, must perish from the earth. The peace-at-any-price lunatics would turn this nation into a hog pen of craven, degenerate brutes. Mrs. Goldman would give us a nation of men and heroes. Choose today which master ye will serve, the beast of despotism or the angel of democracy, the demon of tyranny or the spirit of liberty.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am seventeen years of age, five feet six inches tall, and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds and have a light complexion. Now Uncle Charlie about this war. I get so tearing mad at the people round here—they don't want to fight. I'm so mad that I could lick them and Germany, too. I can do anything I want to do. I can make beds, cook and milk the cows and for pasture I can read and write and for sports I can swim and hunt. I can do almost anything on the farm and I have bees and pigeons. I help the shut-ins all I can and hope the rest of you do the same. We raise all kinds of grain, fruit, potatoes and watermelon here. I have your poem and picture book, Uncle Charlie, and they are fine. I would like a letter from every state.
Your loving niece,
VIRGIE JOHNSON.

Virgie, I don't wonder that you get tearing mad at some of the boys if they are anything like some of the whining traitorous rascals who write to me, and if you feel like licking these slackers and Germany too, we will be delighted to have you do the job. Maybe you girls will have to get together and do what the women of Russia have done, go to the trenches and fight while the men stay home, talk their heads off and drink themselves into a state of insensibility whenever they get a change. Doubtless the men in your neighborhood think the draft is cruel and undemocratic. A man who won't fight for his country will be damned soon find that he has no country to fight for. No nation can be free unless it is ready to defend its freedom. Readiness to fight and eternal vigilance are the price of liberty. So you have pigeons and bees? Billy the Goat says he has bees, but he never had bees. I should think it must be awfully painful to have bees. Now that farm labor is so scarce and dear, I'm glad to know there is someone who can make beds, cook and milk the cows, for that is helping the country and helping Hoover. So you can read and write and do so much more. That must be something new in the line of literature and a remarkable accomplishment. Imaginative minds can read stories in almost everything and if you can read and write and do so much more, you will be robbed of some of their terrors. I thought that fish could swim without any assistance, but evi-

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Postal will bring complete and nicely illustrated book tells all about my vigorous stock grown best way. MAYER'S PLANT NURSERY, MERRILL, WIS.

dent, they need a little encouragement in Mississippi. The fish should be exceedingly grateful to you, my dear, for all this gratuitous instruction. I feel confident if you can teach fish to swim you can also teach slackers to fight. The country needs more girls of your get up and ability, Virgie. Here is more power to you.

League Shut-In and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Lucy Vernon, Price, R. R. 1, Box 18, N. C. Poor and needy. Invalid, well recommended. Send her some cheer. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Thornville, R. R. 5, Ohio. Old lady, sick and alone. No means of support. Send her a green-back shower. Susan Age, Spencer, R. R. 1, Va. Forty-four years of age. Blind and helpless. Well recommended. Do what you can to brighten her hard lot. Ellen May, Carni, Ill. Invalid. Send her some cheer. William Bolden, 1119 Dewey Ave., Remidji, Minn. Helpless cripple. Un-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Japanese Rose Bushes Five for 10cts.

The Wonder of the World
Rose Bushes with roses on them in 9 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we guarantee it to be so. They will bloom every ten weeks. Winter or Summer and when 8 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. Roses All The Year Around. Package of seed with our guarantee by mail, Only Ten Cents. Japan Seed Co., Box 616, South Norwalk, Conn.

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A Gigantic Wonder—over 200 pods have been grown on a single plant—all well filled, producing over 1200 beans from 1 bean planted. Plants grow strong and erect, bearing their pods up well from the ground, which literally load the plants, beans being pure white and of best quality. Plant in your garden or any good soil, only 1 bean in a hill, and the growth and yield will simply surprise you. Just the bean everyone should plant this year. My supply is yet limited and I can offer only in sealed packets containing 50 Beans each with cultural directions. Order early to be sure of them. Sealed packets 10c each; 3 pkts 25c; 7 pkts 50c; 15 pkts \$1.00 postpaid. Full Seed Book in filled with High Grade Garden Seeds at lowest prices. Do not buy until you see my book. It's mailed free. F. R. MILL, Seed Grower, Dept. 18, Rock Hill, N. Y.



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Pork Production Pays

NEVER before have hog and hog products been so high. During the months of July, August and September the price of hogs on the Chicago market, the greatest hog market in the world, has not fallen below eighteen cents per pound and is still holding at a high level. With the shortage of fat in Europe and the great reduction of the world's supply of pork and of all other meats, due to the war, it is unlikely that pork can be cheap again in this country for some years to come. Should the war come to a peaceful end this winter, the price of pork is certain to be high for at least another year or two, because the opportunity to increase the supply of hogs for next year's market will have gone by.

WHAT DOES IT COST TO PRODUCE PORK?—The government is calling upon the American farmer to raise more hogs. The farmer replies that he can't afford to do it because of the high price of feed, particularly milk and corn. Of course this is a real objection provided it is more profitable for him to market his corn and skim milk direct than in the form of pork. Now let us see what corn and skim milk are worth when fed to pigs.

It has been shown by frequent experiment that one hundred pounds of skim milk will produce five pounds of pork when fed to growing pigs,—that is, it takes about 20 pounds of skim milk to produce one pound of growth in pigs. The following table shows the relation between the price of pork and the price of skim milk.

THE RELATION OF THE PRICE OF SKIM MILK TO THE PRICE OF PORK

With pork at	Skim Milk is worth
20 cents per pound.....	\$1.00 per hundred
18 cents per pound.....	.90 per hundred
16 cents per pound.....	.80 per hundred
14 cents per pound.....	.70 per hundred
12 cents per pound.....	.60 per hundred
10 cents per pound.....	.50 per hundred
8 cents per pound.....	.40 per hundred
6 cents per pound.....	.30 per hundred

The farmer should study this relation between the price of skim milk and pork before he decides that it is better to market his milk whole than to skim the milk, sell the cream and feed the skim milk to pigs.

Henry has shown that under ideal feeding conditions four pounds of corn will produce one pound of pork in pigs. The general rule, however, is to allow 5.6 pounds of corn for one pound of gain, that is, to figure one bushel of corn will make 10 pounds of pork.

THE RELATION OF THE PRICE OF CORN TO THE PRICE OF PORK

With pork at	One bushel of corn is worth
20 cents per pound.....	\$2.00 per bushel
18 cents per pound.....	1.80 per bushel
16 cents per pound.....	1.60 per bushel
14 cents per pound.....	1.40 per bushel
12 cents per pound.....	1.20 per bushel
10 cents per pound.....	1.00 per bushel
8 cents per pound.....	.80 per bushel
6 cents per pound.....	.60 per bushel

The above are very general rules and these results are easily obtainable on the average farm. Good feeders under better conditions, by combining skim milk with corn and other feeds, are able to obtain much better gains for the same amount of feed.

Good Rules for Making Pork

- I. Make pork from spring pigs.
- II. Raise pigs on pasture with skim milk and grain fed in a self feeder.
- III. Finish by heavy feeding on corn for a short period when about six months old.
- IV. Do not feed heavily for more than four weeks.
- V. Market when pigs weigh about two hundred pounds, if prices are right.

Rule I has been proven by experiment. It always pays best to feed young stuff. More rapid gains are made from the same amount of feed. Winter feeding is expensive because it takes so much feed to keep the animals warm and there is no pasture for them to run on.

Rule II was first proved by the Iowa Experiment Station and has been verified by several other stations. In one of these experiments it was shown that the land used for pasture brought \$60.00 per acre for rent and practically no labor was expended on it. In other words, good pork can be made more cheaply on pasture and by using much less corn than most farmers are accustomed to feed.

Rule III. Heavy corn feeding for a short time is necessary to finish pigs in the right condition for market. Of course other grains like barley, peas or oats can be used where corn is not to be had.

Rule IV. The longer a hog is fed the more feed it takes to produce a pound of gain. After ten or twelve weeks' feeding the hog sometimes makes no gain at all. Pigs can be finished in about four weeks, ready for market.

Rule V. It has been proven that the best and cheapest pork can be made from the six or seven months' old pig. If the first four rules hold, then the pig should be marketed as soon as he is this age if he is fit and the prices are right. At this age the fitted pig will weigh about 200 to 250 pounds if he has been well cared for and fed according to the above rules.

Why Not Raise Your Own Pork?

With bacon at 40 to 50 cents per pound and the other pork products in proportion, it will take about \$200 of the family income to keep the table for a family of six supplied daily with pork. Why not raise this meat at a much cheaper cost? It doesn't take much pasture for a few pigs. A little skim milk daily, the kitchen slops, a self feeder kept stocked with ground feed, shelled corn and dried blood or tankage mixed, where the pigs can run and help themselves, will raise them to six months with little labor and less cost than it will take to buy the meat back from the butcher. Why should not every farmer raise his own meat?

Increasing Litters of Pigs

It is being advised and rightly so that, so far as possible, as many pigs as the farmer can feed should be raised the coming season. With the

price for hogs nearing the twenty dollar mark per 100 pounds the farmer needs little urging to breed every available sow, provided he does not have to buy hog feed, but that perhaps is not the only vital consideration. It would be true economy to increase the size of the sow's litter, if that could be managed. It has been alleged that the average corn stuffed Poland-China sow only averages some five pigs that live out of each litter. Some farmers assert, too, that five good pigs are better than a large litter of poor pigs, and there is much truth in that assertion. It is certain, however, that the number of strong pigs in a litter might be increased, were the breeder to go to the work aright. There is no way of absolutely determining in advance the size of the litter, but there is a sure way of making the number small and the strength of the pigs below normal. That is accomplished, unintentionally, by improper feeding and management of the sow and boar. Animals to mate to the best advantage should be in robust health and muscular from exercise. Where sows and boars are stuffed with corn and given little exercise they become flabby and sluggish and in that condition will not be likely to produce a maximum litter of pigs or pigs that have good vitality. Pigs also may be weakened in advance by underfeeding and over-exercising the sow.

A common but unsuspected cause of weak pigs and small litters is over-service of the boar. It has been found that sows bred at the end of a big season of service tend to have small litters and weak pigs.

It is highly important, therefore, to mate sows and boars that are in a high state of health and vitality from exercise, proper and adequate feeding and ample exercise. Then the litters will be likely to contain a maximum number of strong pigs.

Influences of Heredity

Answering an inquiry for information on this subject it may be said that many beliefs once held have been proved untrue by scientific study of the subject. For instance, it has been found that disease such as tuberculosis of man and animals is not hereditary but is contagious, being due to a specific micro-organism, the bacillus of tuberculosis, from the planting of which the disease grows just as a crop of corn follows planting of corn seed. Without the seed there can be no crop of corn and no case of tuberculosis. The seed must be strong, good and high in germinating power, however, if a good stand of corn is to be obtained and then the soil must contain all of the needed nourishment for the growing plant and it must likewise have an adequate supply of sunshine and moisture if it is to thrive and bear well. In the same way the seed of a disease may fall into suitable growing "soil" or tissue, or the opposite. A person or animal may be born into the world with a weak constitution and slight resistant power and such a person readily is stricken with tuberculosis, or other infectious or contagious disease. Tubercular parents may endow their offspring with such constitutional weakness, lack of resistant power and susceptibility to contract tuberculosis, but the seed of the disease comes from actual contact, not from heredity.

In mating our farm animals we select the soundest and strongest individuals of the desired type and character and then have a reasonable expectation that the resultant progeny will take after the parents. The sounder the parents the less the likelihood of unsoundness in the offspring, but we cannot otherwise control hereditary influences any more than we can control sex. The hereditary influence comes not alone from the immediate ancestry but from the remote ancestry, the entire line of ancestry, or family, as well as of race and breed. Each animal in the chain has received its supply of hereditary material from its parents, half from each, and these not necessarily alike, and the parents in turn received their supply from their parents in the same way and so on down to the original ancestors. All of the possibilities from heredity are contained in the two cells which fuse to form the new animal at conception. Then is decided whether the animal shall be white or black, big or little, for beef or milk production, for speed or draft work, strong or weak in constitution. Afterward we cannot by any means whatever change these immutably fixed actualities, but we can modify some of them by management. We cannot modify color or sex but we can bring out all of the possibilities from heredity endowed in the animal for beef production or milk production by adequate and proper feeding and management, influencing the maximum production of beef or milk, or by semi-starvation and surrounding the animal with adverse conditions prevent it from developing into a profitable beef animal or producer of milk and butter fat. In the same way we cannot make a weak-born animal perfectly and normally strong and robust by good care and feeding and environment, but by supplying these we can perhaps prevent it from succumbing or becoming unprofitable and by withholding them or exposing the animal to adverse influences in its environment and exposing it to disease germs we can intensify hereditary weakness and make the animal absolutely unprofitable, or quickly extinguish its spark of life.

The best man can do, therefore, is (1) to mate selected animals of the desired type, character and capacity for some fixed purpose and that are as like as possible in every way, male and female, and as free as possible from every undesirable and objectionable or dangerous character individually and as regards their known ancestors, and (2) to surround the progeny with every favorable influence and condition for the realization of its hereditary possibilities and for prevention of deterioration or disease. Continued work of this sort carried out intelligently for generations tends to establish "seed" animals from which like animals may be produced with a fair degree of certainty.

Is Silage Injurious?

That question has been asked us several times of late and may best be answered by stating that almost every successful dairyman in the leading dairy states has a silo and has fed corn silage with profit for many years. Properly made corn silage, judiciously and sensibly used, is not injurious, but is highly valuable and profitable.

Indeed we have no hesitation whatever in asserting that the silo may now be regarded as absolutely necessary on every well equipped and properly managed dairy farm and by many feeders of beef cattle also is looked upon in this light. Let us look, however, at the things which have in many instances brought corn silage into disrepute.

Sour or acid silage is injurious, but there is no need of having corn silage too acid under normal conditions. It used to be common, but that was owing to the fact that the corn was cut too green, with the grain "in the milk," or even younger than that. Now the best silage is made from corn that is well glazed and dented. We do not like to put in the silo corn from which the milk can be spurted out by pressure of the thumb nail.

Extra acid silage may injure the teeth. It is asserted by enemies of silage, most of them simply are ignorant and prejudiced, that silage—all silage—loosens the teeth of cattle. These "knockers" seem to be unaware of the well-known fact that the incisor teeth of all adult cattle naturally are somewhat loose in their sockets, such looseness being necessary to prevent cutting of the cartilaginous pad of the hard palate above which takes the place of an upper set of incisor teeth. For the same reason the incisors point upward, not forward, as in the horse.

Moldy silage is highly injurious to cattle and will kill horses "as sure as a shotgun." Much corn has been touched by frost or badly frosted this season and consequently has been cut and run into the silo at once. This corn will be likely to prove somewhat acid as silage and will mold readily. These tendencies might have been lessened greatly by allowing the corn to stand in the shock for a few days to dry and then wetting it well as it entered the blower of the cutter or before running it through the knives of a carrier machine. In feeding such silage the customary quantity fed should be reduced one-third to one-half. Where the farmer owns his own engine and cutter, and that is becoming a common thing, bright cut straw, hay and well saved corn fodder may be cut and fed along with silage that is too acid, or slightly moldy. Even then such silage had better not be given to pregnant cows or ewes and is absolutely unfit for horses.

Taking everything into consideration corn silage may be considered somewhat dangerous feed for horses. The utmost care must be taken in feeding it to these animals. Only silage that is perfect in every way should be fed. That which is moldy in the slightest degree should be rejected. Great care should be taken to keep horses away from spoiled silage thrown into the cattle yard, nor is it well to allow cattle access to such silage. Acid silage is too loosening for horses and also irritates the kidneys and so weakens the animal for work. Silage is best fed to idle work horses, if at all. It should not be given to pregnant mares or horses at hard work, but may be fed, in moderate quantities along with plenty of other sound feed, to growing colts.

Sound silage is beneficial as a part ration for pregnant ewes and sows in the winter season, but moldy or highly acid silage is injurious. Do not exceed two or three pounds of silage a day for the ewe or sow and if possible add clover or alfalfa hay as roughage.

Developing Heifers

If a heifer calf is to grow into a profitable dairy cow it is absolutely necessary that it should have a good start and then be kept growing "for all it is worth" until it has its first calf; after that generous feeding is necessary for profitable milk production and building of the unborn calf. It has been said many a time that the "calf flesh" must not be lost; but that is not the whole story. Many a calf is so ill-fed when little that it really never makes the flesh that we have referred to here. The calf simply grows gradually all the time, is thin and scrawny and such a calf has a tight, harsh hide and dry coat of hair. If a calf is doing well it will lie down much of the time and sleep. When it rises it will stretch itself and maybe go to licking its body. Examination will show that it has a wide, fleshy loin. We always look at that part to determine how a calf is growing. The calf that nurses its dam and fattens for "veal" has a very wide, thick, fleshy loin. If such a loin is lacking in the calf that is being developed for dairying it is growing up stunted and will never be likely to develop into a large, roomy, "sappy" cow that has a big middle and deep wedge-shaped hind quarters with thin thighs. The chief reason for stunting in little calves is first of all lack of milk and next exposure to the hot sun on short pasture where flies also annoy and prevent growth. On such pasture, too, the calves will be about certain to become infested with lung worms and they cause lack of growth. Recently the results of ten years of feeding work at the Wisconsin Experiment Station have been published and they go to show that nothing perfectly takes the place of butter fat for young animals. There is a mysterious element in this fat, and that of hen-eggs, which causes growth and full development. It cannot be perfectly replaced by any vegetable fat and so we may conclude that every calf needs whole milk for a time and then plenty of sweet skim milk along with a mixture of other feeds. The same experiments show that one kind of feed, however lavishly fed, may not perfectly maintain and build up the animal. For instance cattle raised entirely upon wheat and its straw and by products do not thrive properly. Wheat, in its germ part, contains a poisonous substance which injuriously affects cattle. Diluted with many other feeds its ill-effects may not become apparent, but when wheat and its products are the sole diet the animal is stunted, weak, thrifless and produces calves which come dead or quickly succumb. On the other hand corn and its products will raise strong cattle that produce strong, well developed calves. This will be a surprising statement to many of our readers, for corn has been much criticized as an incomplete feed. The grain alone is deficient in protein and mineral matters, but if all of the plant is fed this seems to be made up for perfectly. In raising calves for dairying then see that they have plenty of milk and then plenty of mixed meals, and fine clover hay or add Alfalfa, as a part ration. Feed whole oats, wheat bran and corn as they grow older and at all times see that they have shade and an abundance of fresh water. There is no profit in letting young calves run on dry, short, old pasture with inadequate shade and water. Many successful cattlemen prefer to raise the calves in large, clean, airy, light pens where flies do not bother and where lung worms cannot be contracted and they feel sure that if the calves are fully developed thus and by generous feeding they will turn out well-grown profitable cows for the dairy. The stunted dairy heifer is not worth retaining for milk production and breeding.

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HERE is a splendid opening. Read what H. A. Neumann, the large man for Dodge County, Wis., has done. This is his photograph. Mr. Neumann's sales for one month were \$381.89, average per week \$122.64. Mr. Neumann is 27 years old; he started two years ago, both he and his good friends in the territory, and has built up this splendid business of his own selling Lange's Extracts, Spices, Teas, Coffees, Household Specialties and Veterinary Remedies.

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Winter Wastes

Just go out and look around and see what you can see going to waste this winter. All these fields of uncut corn fodder make excellent food for stock. Is it going to waste in your vicinity? Are hay stacks rotting down for want of a cover or shelter or from bad stacking? Does the plow stand imbedded in the dirt at the end of the furrow just where it was last used? Does the blade stand snow-blown in the field and the hay rake in the meadow? Is the wagon taking the weather for want of a shelter, or the manure pile the leaching of rains? More farm machinery rots and rusts out than wears out. Of course you will find none of these things on your own farm but how about your neighbor's? Just go out and look around.

Winter Jobs for Winter Time

With the scarcity of farm help that obtained last summer and the probability of a still greater shortage next year it is a wise plan for the farmer to do as much of next season's work as he can now while work is slack. For his benefit we list here a lot of such jobs. Of course the list is not complete but it will serve to suggest other work which the farmer can do now and before the ground is ready to work next spring:

1. Clean and grade seed grain.
2. Test and shell seed corn.
3. Treat oats and barley for smut and other grains for their diseases.
4. Repair all farm machinery and make it ready to run.
5. Make gates and other wooden implements which can be made inside under cover.
6. Mend the harnesses and clean and oil them.
7. Splice the hay rope if it needs it.
8. Sharpen the plow and other spring tools.
9. Lay in a stock of oil and grease for the machinery.
10. Don't put off what can be done now.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain most valuable information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

STRONG BUTTER.—My mother has trouble with her butter getting strong in four or five days after churning. It makes no difference whether the cows are just fresh or of old milking. Can you tell me the cause of the trouble?

A.—Bacteria in the milk utensils is the cause. The only remedy is to carefully wash, scald and sun dry the churn and all milk vessels. Use pure water for the washing and set the milk and keep the cream in a clean, well ventilated place.

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BY KATH V. SAINT MAUR.

The Advantages of an Incubator

AT the opening of the New Year most people make good resolutions and formulate plans for new effort. I want our people to concentrate their efforts on early hatches. The demand for table birds in the summer and eggs in the fall, is going to be much greater the coming year than ever before, and we should all do our share. Waiting for Biddy to get broody is out of the question. This year, if never before, everybody who owns chickens should get an incubator. Even those who have only a small yard and a few hens can keep a little machine going without stinting the family table, and by selling the chicks to their less fortunate neighbors, they can swell the supply and their own pocket-book at the same time.

The farmer's wife who has a good-sized flock of hens, and plenty of ground on which to raise all her hatches, can accomplish big results, if she will adopt modern methods. Unfortunately, many women have a prejudice against incubators. I did myself until I became a convert through personal experience of their advantages. For several years I did all my hatching under hens, and so can draw a fair comparison between the two methods.

The first and most important advantage gained by using an incubator lies in being able to hatch chickens early in the season. You all know how maddening it is to wait and watch for the hens to cluck, especially, if it happens to be a late cold spring, and then suddenly have all your best layers get broody in a bunch when it is really too late to hatch anything but market birds. Unless the heavy birds, like Rocks, Dories and Reds, are hatched in February and March, they haven't time to mature and start laying by November, and unless they do start before real cold weather, there is not much hope of their doing so until spring, which means feeding all the winter without returns. It is true, Leghorns, Anconas, or any other of the light weight birds can be hatched as late as May, because they mature very rapidly, but all such birds have been bred specially for egg production, and rarely, if ever, want to set. So you see it does not matter what kind of hens are kept. It is difficult—nay, almost impossible—to have chicks hatched at the right season to develop into profitable pullets unless the incubator is used.

The second great advantage of artificial incubation lies in the fact that it eliminates many of the causes of infection, such as *coccidia* and *aspergillus* fungus, which are likely to infect hay and other materials used for nests. It is much easier to free an incubator from germs or mold-spores; you have only got to burn a fumigating candle in it, or to wash it out with a strong solution of any good disinfectant, to purify after each hatch, and there is no danger of their becoming contaminated; whereas a hen may appear to be healthy when she carries the germs which cause white diarrhea. What is more, she leaves the nest at least once in twenty-four hours, and there is always danger of her carrying back such germs on her feet, and, as you possibly know, eggs can be infected through the shell, with the result that chicks are really doomed before they are hatched.

Eggs laid by healthy hens and kept in a clean, cool, airy place, and being wiped off with alcohol before being put into the incubator, are safeguarded against these several causes of white diarrhea. Of course, incubator chicks start life absolutely free from vermin, which in itself is a tremendous advantage.

My third reason for preferring an incubator, is the saving of time and trouble. Ten minutes night and morning will take care of a machine holding from fifty to three hundred eggs. There is only a lamp to fill and eggs to turn, and I have timed the work frequently, so feel sure about it. Beyond that, a glance at the thermometer at midday and just before retiring at night, if the weather conditions are uncertain, and there is likely to be any great rise or fall in the outside temperature, is positively all that is necessary. And even these two glances can be omitted if the incubator is in a house cellar. Then it is much less trouble to feed and care for chicks which are all together, and all the same age, than it is to go around to several small coops, feed hens one way and chicks another, fill many small

ing fall and early winter there must be a lot of chickens hatched in the early spring, for it is young pullets that one has to depend on for early winter eggs.

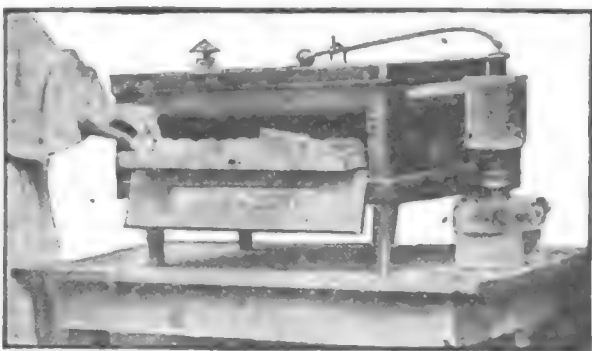
If you used an incubator instead of hens, you would be sure of having a flock of pullets all of the same age, who would commence to lay at about the same time, and the young cockerels being of the same age, would all be ready for market at the same time, so could be crated alive and shipped by train to the nearest city, where they would catch the high priced which prevail in May and June. Hatching with hens you have birds of all ages stringing along through the summer, with never enough of any one age to make it worth shipping, so are confined to local conditions and poor prices.

"Live in a village, and have no place for a lot of youngsters at one time."

Lots of people are making a business of hatching and selling day-old chicks, and find it very profitable, as they bring from ten to twenty-five cents apiece, according to the quality of the stock.

The last and most frequent objection offered is fear of not being able to run a machine, and fire, which are both perfectly needless, as the modern incubator is so well constructed and simple that any one of ordinary common sense could not fail to succeed with it. As for fire, there is not half the danger of an incubator causing fire as the ordinary table lamp, for the latter may get knocked over. A moth or fly may get into the chimney, causing soot to accumulate on the burner, the lamp to become overheated and explode, or a sudden gust of wind may cause an explosion. Such accidents are impossible with an incubator lamp, because it cannot be knocked over, and the chimney fits up into the heat pipe.

The incubator lamp which is kept clean, is perfectly safe, and need cause no worry, and the idea that to keep the heat even in the machine it is necessary to get up once or twice in the night, is perfectly ridiculous, for after the machine is once started and regulated, the heat is



CONVENIENT LITTLE INCUBATOR—HOLDS 60 EGGS AND CAN STAND ON SIDE TABLE IN LIVING-ROOM.

taken care of by the automatic regulating device, which is quite simple.

After the lamp is lighted and the machine heated to one hundred and two and one half degrees, the top or regulating nut on the connecting rod, immediately above the regulator arm, is screwed until the disk is raised one quarter of an inch above the chimney—such an adjustment being considered by manufacturers and expert operators as most desirable for incubation. The machine, once being "set" for this degree of temperature, will regulate itself so to maintain the same temperature and counteract outside fluctuations. It will be readily conceded that on a correct adjustment of the machine before the start depends the operator's peace of mind and subsequent success, but this is very easily done by following directions that come with every incubator.

After the incubator has been properly located, all the lamp, light and hang it in its place, using only a moderate flame at first. Leave all the ventilators open for a few hours, to air the machine thoroughly; then close and adjust the regulator so that an even temperature of one hundred and two and one half degrees, with the disk one quarter of an inch above the lamp chimney, is steadily maintained for twelve hours before setting the eggs. Patience and scrupulous exactness at first will save accident and loss later.

When the cold trays and eggs are first put in, the temperature will run down but do not turn up the lamp or alter the regulators. As the eggs gradually become warm, the heat will creep up again. After the first day, the trays must be taken out every night and morning, and then turned and allowed to cool to ninety degrees. The time allowed for the process must be regulated by the heat of the room; if very cold, five minutes will be enough; if moderate, ten or twelve will be needed. They must not be allowed to chill, but the more airing they get under that point the stronger the chickens when hatched. The eggs should be tested on the seventh and fifteenth days. This is best done by a block tin device sold by all incubator companies.

The guide which is most reliable in determining the progress of the hatch is the development of the air cell. This is a little space in the large end of the egg, which is visible at testing time, and should continue to grow larger and larger until about the nineteenth day, when it occupies about one-fifteenth of the entire egg. Unless this air cell is developed correctly by the nineteenth day, the chick cannot turn itself in the cell, and hence sticks fast and dies. The development of this air cell is the vital point to be considered in obtaining a first-class hatch. It is controlled in two ways. If it develops slowly, which is usually the case, give the machine and eggs all the air you can. This can be done by opening the slides in the ventilators full width and cooling the eggs as long as possible each day. The cooling is best accomplished by placing the trays of eggs on top of the machine (closing the doors meanwhile) and leaving them there until the thermometer drops to about eighty degrees.

After the morning of the twentieth day do not open the incubator until the hatch is over, or until late on the twenty-second day, and do not get nervous if the temperature runs to one hundred and four or even to one hundred and five; it is caused by the animal heat of the chicks, and will do them no harm. Turning down the lamp slightly will of course reduce the heat, but be very careful not to let it run below one hundred and three during the last twenty-four hours.

With no more care and attention than is required to make a success of anything else that is worth while the incubator should prove a source of profit to the small poultry and egg producer as well as to those engaged in the business on a large scale.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

L. K.—The pullets are suffering from rheumatism. Possibly the chicken-house is poorly ventilated and damp. Even if the ground is dry the walls and atmosphere may be damp, if the ventilation is not good, especially if the house is small, and the birds are overcrowded on the perches at night. Feed plenty of green

vegetables; if you give them the table scraps, be careful that there is a very small percentage of fat in them. As soon as a bird shows any sign of lameness, remove it from the flock and place it in a small coop in a sheltered place. Cover the floor of the coop with deep layer of cut hay or straw. Rub the bird's feet and shanks with a mixture of sweet oil, or vasoline and turpentine. For internal use add fifteen grains of iodine of potassium to every quart of drinking water. Put a small dish in each coop being used for sick birds, and as a matter of precaution, remove the regular drinking dish from the chicken-house, and substitute a small one containing the same mixture for a fortnight at least.

G. B.—Read answer to L. K.

C. A. B.—You should be able to make a success of poultry on such a splendid place. New grounds, new houses insure freedom from germs and vermin to start with, and a little forethought and care will keep the place sanitary. Log houses are as warm, and can be made as practical and convenient as highly finished, expensive buildings. Seven years ago we built an open front house of slabs, forty feet long, ten feet wide and eight feet high in front, sloping to six at the back. All the upper part of the front was covered with unbleached muslin. The door is in the center of the front, and the inside is divided into two compartments which have two parallel rows running along the back one foot from the floor. Six nests in two tiers of three each, stand at the far end of each compartment. Drinking fountains, and boxes for grit and shell, are placed against the wire partition which divides the compartments from the space into which the door opens. The house has a dirt floor, which is kept covered to a depth of six inches with dry leaves or cut straw. Fifteen pullets are kept in each compartment every winter for market eggs. We never had a case of sickness in the house, and the birds always lay well. The main thing is to select land with a good natural drainage, and have the logs or slabs (whichever you use) carefully trued up along the sides, so that the edges will fit closely together. Cover the joints as are as no cracks or crevices. Drafts and dampness are as fatal as a close, warm house. To be healthy, birds need an abundance of fresh air, even in the coldest weather. Don't leave any bark on the wood used inside the house, as it is sure to become loosened and make a space for vermin to congregate in. Give the inside of the house a coat of thick whitewash before using it. It lightens the interior, and closes up the crevices in the lumber. As a precaution against disease and vermin, make several coops from old cases, or anything that is handy, to use as quarantine cases. Have your birds shipped in small lots every two weeks. On arrival, divide them among the quarantine coops, the inside of which should be painted with sheep dip or kerosene oil. Use insect powder on the birds every third night for two weeks. If any seem sick, or show signs of cold, remove at once to individual coops, and be sure that they are well before you allow them to return to the other birds. It frequently happens, when birds are crated and shipped, they get chilled on the journey. A simple cold is easily cured, but if neglected may develop into roup or diphtheria. Hence the necessity for watching birds for at least two weeks before putting them into the new house. As you have so much woodland, why don't you try turkeys. Put up a rough shelter somewhere far removed from the other poultry, on the edge of the woods, then buy a trio of birds from a reliable breeder, and you should be able to raise a good lot of youngsters by the following fall. Refer to the poultry department in last November's issue of COMFORT; it deals with the care of turkeys. Write me again if I can help you in any way.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

I would like to hear from sisters about my own age. Your loving little girl sister, N. S. ARNOLD.

LESLIE, GA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I am very much interested in the sisters' letters on country and city life. I live on a large farm and I like the free, open air very much, though I've never lived in town.

I am sixteen years old with black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion and weigh one hundred and twenty-two pounds.

I want to tell you of our amusements here and I'm quite sure you would all enjoy them if you could be present.

In the fall when we grind sugar-cane for syrup—possibly some of you Northern girls have never seen it done—we have a "cane mill frolic" and invite all the young folks and when they all get there we choose partners and "chew cane" and "drink cane juice" and when we have enough we play games. I would like for the sisters to write to this department and tell of good out-door or in-door games as we often have league and other socials and are sometimes at a loss for games.

With love to all the COMFORT sisters, ALLIE MAE CONNORS.

Allie Mae. A "cane mill frolic" is a deep, dark mystery to me but I could tell you something of our maple syrup camps 'way up here in New England and of the gay parties of boys and girls, and older folks, too, who meet to sample the delicious syrup and even more delicious maple candy and to play games and to have a general good time. We need ideas for indoor games and hope your inquiry meets with a prompt response.—Ed.

FLOYD, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I feel as though we were as one big family for I do so enjoy the interesting letters, there are so many good things spoken to make us feel better, and we have only to trust, to persevere, to declare good in all our ways, to believe in it, whatever the present seems, to hold fast to it in the very teeth of impending disaster. If we can do this there can be no doubt of the result nor need we worry how or by what path our good will come to us. Indeed, that very worry in most apt to defeat its own end, or to put it further from us. We cannot place our ideals too high. Often it may happen that because we do crave the best or because we hitch our wagon to a star, we meet disappointment which for the time seems bitter enough. One for whom we have cared proves unworthy of our faith; a business venture meets disaster, or we fail to accomplish one thing or another on which we have set our hearts, and then comes the world-old question, "What's the use?" and our mental sky is dark with discouragement. Yet if we "hold fast" the days to come will bring to us a friend that is true, a larger success than would have been possible in the business venture that failed, a higher attainment than we dreamed of. If we keep to the best and the noblest everything not in accord with those ideals will drop away. We should never be sorry but rejoice in the expectation of "something better than we have known."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

HOW TO GET WINTER EGGS.

Any poultry raiser can keep his hens laying right through the winter. Hens need not "go on a strike" but egg production can be doubled. A few cents' worth of Rockledge Poultry Tonic given your hens should double their egg production this year and certainly show you a big profit. This tonic, easily given in tablet form, revitalizes the whole flock and makes hens work all the time. If you want to make more money from your poultry, by all means write to Firman L. Carswell, 424 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., today and have him send you a season's supply of this wonderful tonic for \$1.00 (prepaid). Two big Kansas City banks guarantee satisfactory results, or every cent of your money will be returned. Send a dollar today to the above address, or write for the Free Rockledge Poultry Book (free), which gives valuable facts about Mr. Carswell's scientific methods of poultry raising.—Advertisement.

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LITTLE CHICKS AND BROODER.

water dishes, and clean many coops with old hens fussing during the operation.

Now, having given some of my reasons for preferring incubators to old hens, I will answer some of the reasons given by our readers for not using incubators.

"Too small a flock." Ten hens should be able to keep a fifty-egg machine going from February to May without depriving the family of eggs.

"Too expensive." Five gallons of oil will run a machine holding three hundred eggs, and leave some over. It would take twenty-one hens to cover that number of eggs, and they would eat at least a quart of corn a day for twenty-one days, besides the loss occasioned by their not laying during the three weeks of setting, and the additional eight weeks needed for brooding.

"Sell all my eggs. Too far from market to make young chickens profitable."

To keep up a supply of eggs for market dur-

CUBBY BEAR'S VISIT

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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GRANDMA BEAR was very sick in her home on the other side of the big mountain, and Mamma Bruin was going to see her.

"I must not take you with me," said Mamma Bruin to Cubby Bear, "and I think the best plan will be for you to go to Auntie Bear's house for a visit with your little cousins, Bonniebelle and Jackie Bear. You did not go with me when I went in the spring, for you were helping the beavers to save their homes from the spring freshet. Now the beautiful June weather is with us, and you will have a fine journey."

"I would love to go," said Cubby Bear, "and play with my little cousins, if you were going, too. It will seem strange not to be with you, Mamma Bruin. And—and—" he hesitated, "I'm afraid I shall not know the way to go—it is a long way—but perhaps those I meet along the way can show me where to go! Perhaps I shall not get lost!" And Cubby Bear turned away to hide a shining tear.

"Why, Cubby Bear!" said Mamma Bruin, "did you think I would start you off alone to go so far? No, no! Redtop Woodpecker, who came to tell me of poor Grandma Bear's sickness, has promised to show you the way. On his swift wings, he can fly back home again quickly. He has promised, too, to let you know when I am ready for you to come home again."

It was on a sunny, shiny morning that they started out—Mamma Bruin towards the big mountain which Cubby Bear had once climbed with Foxy Reynard, and Cubby Bear and Redtop Woodpecker toward the West Forest, at the farther side of which lived Auntie and Uncle Bear.

The jolly round sun was sending down pleasant little sunrays to brighten and warm the earth, wild flowers were smiling up at the blue sky above, the green leaves on the trees were fresh and new. It was a pleasure to be out, walking over the soft, brown leaf-mold, the green beds of moss, and last year's pine needles, and breathing the sweet, forest-scented air.

"Oh, wait a little, Cubby Bear," chirped Redtop Woodpecker, "I must soar up above the tree-tops. I want to stretch my wings. I will soon be back!"

Cubby Bear watched, wishing that he, too, might fly, but he had tried it once, when he knew no better, and been badly hurt.

Redtop Woodpecker went to the top of a maple tree, and perched there, calling, "Cuk—cuk—cuk, wickup, wickup, wickup! Cuk—cuk, wickup, wickup, wickup, wickup!" clearly and shrilly, then lifted his little wings and went sailing up towards the clear sky.

Robbie Reddie flew by Cubby Bear, giving his ear a friendly little tweak in passing, and lighting on a bush near by, began chirruping gaily.

"I love to sing," he told Cubby Bear. "I cannot help it, I am so happy, so happy!"

Then he lifted his head, his red breast shining in the sun, and the melody poured forth until his little throat seemed near to bursting.

"Chee—ee—cheerily, cheerily—cheer—up! Chee—ee—cheerily—cheerily—cheer—up, cheer—up, cheer—up!"

The song thrilled Cubby Bear's little heart. He wanted to sing, too.

Redtop Woodpecker came sailing down.

"Oh, Cubby Bear!" he cried, "come quickly to an open place near here! There is something in the sky I want you to watch! You come, too, Robbie Reddie."

When they came to the little clearing, Redtop Woodpecker said, "There! look up! There is old Edric Eagle! He does not often come near here. His home is on a rocky ledge near the top of Bald Mountain. Just see the broad sweep of his wings! He is old—very old—but strong and fierce still."

"I never saw him before," said little Cubby Bear, "but I have seen the feather fan he gave to Molly Muskrat's grandmother long ago."

"Look, look!" cried Robbie Reddie. "There is Henry Hawk, too, in the sky. What is he carrying, up so high?"

his home.

"Now," said Robbie Reddie, "I want to show you something very different. Little Ruby Hummingbird has built her nest not far away. I saw it yesterday. You must not go too near if she is there, for you will frighten her."

So Robbie Reddie led the way to where the fairylike nest of little Ruby hung, dainty and small, like its little owner. It was made of plant fibers, moss and cobwebs, decorated with bits of red-dotted lichens, and tiny feathers.

"Oh, the cunning little nest!" said Cubby Bear admiringly. "How tiny the baby birds

Ruby Hummingbird. "Be off with you! I'll not have you near!"

"I am sorry," said Cubby Bear sadly, as he went on his way with Redtop Woodpecker and Robbie Reddie. "I wish she knew I would not harm her. I would like to be her friend."

It was a happy day, and while the sun was yet high in the sky, they came to their journey's end. Redtop Woodpecker and Robbie Reddie did not stop, but started at once on their way home. They were not tired, but Cubby Bear was glad to rest.

Auntie and Uncle Bear, Bonniebelle and Jackie all welcomed him gladly.

"Oh, we will have such good times!" cried Bonniebelle. "I hope you will stay a long time."

"I hope he will stay a short time," began little Jackie. Then, as Cubby Bear looked grieved, and Bonniebelle said, "Oh, that is not kind," Jackie added, "Because, that would mean that poor Grandma Bear's sickness would not last long. Don't you see? And we want her to get well, don't we?"

Bonniebelle was sweet and smiled as ever, and still wore her gold locket with its blue ribbon. Little Jackie smiled too, and was a jolly little fellow.

"Tomorrow," said Auntie Bear, "we will have a picnic, and the next day we will dig for freshwater clams on the sandy river bank. Then, the day after that, the black crows have their yearly family party, and we are going to look on. There will be hundreds of them, gathered in an open field."

"Oh, perhaps I shall see my good friend Shinyblack Crow among them!" said Cubby Bear joyfully.

The days went by happily, each one bringing some new pleasure, and when nine of them had gone, as Cubby Bear knew by counting on his claws, Redtop Woodpecker came to take him home. Grandma Bear was well again, and Mamma Bruin was at home.

After all the good byes had been said, they started out. Cubby Bear had no wish to loiter on the way, and trotted along at a good pace.

As they neared home, Cubby kept calling Redtop Woodpecker's attention to one familiar object after another, and at last he cried:

"Ah, there is the smoke coming from our fire! See it curling above the bushes? We shall soon be there. You must come in and have some supper with us, Redtop Woodpecker."

Mamma Bruin was at the door to welcome them, smiling pleasantly, and wearing a frilly white cap with a red bow.

Around her stood Molly Muskrat, Tillie Turtle, Chirpy Chipmunk, and Bunny Rabbit, while from within the house could be heard the Bunny Babies, calling, "where is Cubby Bear? We want to see Cubby Bear!"

Cubby was delighted to see them all, and told them about his visit.

"I have had a happy time," he said, "but I am glad to be back again."

"Yes," said Mamma Bruin, patting his head fondly, "we like to go away sometimes, but home is the best place in the world to live, because the best love is there!"

"Cubby Bear and the Shadows" will tell about the adventure of Cubby Bear and Wolfy Woodchuck on Candlemas Day.

Renew your subscription now so not to miss it next month in February COMFORT.



AUNTIE AND UNCLE BEAR, BONNIEBELLE AND JACKIE ALL WELCOMED HIM GLADLY.

"Perhaps a fish, perhaps a chicken, it is too far away to tell," answered Redtop Woodpecker. "Edric Eagle sees him, too," said Cubby Bear. See, he is flying that way."

Then they saw a race through the air above them. Edric Eagle, with his broad, strong wings, soon overtook the smaller bird. Henry Hawk, with a cry of rage and disappointment, dropped his fish, for he knew that was what the eagle was after.

Edric shot swiftly downward, caught the fish in mid-air as it fell, and then, rising, went sailing grandly off, to the rocky ledge which was

must be to live in a home like that!"

A whirring of swift-moving little wings was heard, and there was Ruby Hummingbird, darting about in distress. She flew at Cubby Bear and pecked at his face, then hovered in the air near her little nest, her wings in such rapid motion they could hardly be seen.

"How dare you?" she cried, in a sweet little voice, meant to be severe. "Keep away from my nest, you monster!"

"But," began Cubby politely, "I would not hurt your nest. It is pretty, and I like—" "Don't tell me what you like!" buzzed little

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

cried. "You aren't make a scandal now—at this date. There's no reason why I should not live here. You can let me call on your wife—and—I'll go on holding my tongue."

Levallion leaned forward and spoke almost in her ear.

"I dare do anything," he said evenly. "Kindly remember that. And also that my wife," emphatically, "shall never know Mrs. Murray or call on her if she lives here forever."

"People will talk," she gasped. "If they do," he said, "I shan't hear it; but you'll feel it. I think you had better go, if you're wise."

"Suppose I tell your wife—what will you do then?" It was her last shot, and it had a curious effect.

Levallion laughed. "Please yourself; stay here, tell anything!" he returned, still laughing. "And I'll tell, too. It would make an amusing story—in your favorite newspaper."

"Levallion!" it was all but a scream; she clutched him as he turned away. "You can't, you won't—you've—oh, God! haven't you any honor?" for to ruin one's own reputation is a very different thing to having it done for you.

"I have exactly as much as you have," he answered, moving quietly from her appealing hand. "You can remember that. And if you like," carelessly you can stay here. Only be good enough not to come to my house on any pretext whatever. I won't have a woman like you under my wife's roof. You understand?" sharply.

She could only nod. His sudden acquiescence in her living so near him had somewhat dumfounded her, together with his refusal to recognize her, in any way. Levallion, who had always wanted to keep things quiet! Yet it was simple enough.

"After all," he had thought swiftly, "she's as well under my eyes as anywhere, while we rejoice in a penny-post!" Yet if he had seen the face of the woman he left in that dim drawing-room, it is to be doubted if Lord Levallion would not have preferred himself removing her and her belongings on a barrow, rather than have had her within a hundred miles. And yet she was only crying to herself pitifully, that she loved him still.

CHAPTER XV.

A WOMAN'S RING.

It was a wet day. A cold, steady autumn rain that made Levallion Castle chilly and shivery, and so lonely that its mistress had no desire to look at the dark corners of the room where she sat at tea-time. Levallion was out. She had hardly let him from her sight for three days; she scarcely knew why, except that he was all she had in the world to cling to. Lady Levallion pushed away her unfasted tea and went out of the big, lonely drawing-room up-stairs. Rain or no rain, she would get her hat and go out. She could not sit alone for another minute.

She was hurrying down-stairs as she had hurried up, passing a closed door without so much as a glance, when something stopped her as short as a hand on her shoulder.

"Oh!" she said aloud. "What was that?" She wheeled in the dim passage and stared in sick horror at the door which must shut in something more dreadful than she knew, for never in her life had she heard a cry like that.

As she stared, the door opened. A nurse in a white uniform came out.

"Did you —" she began. "Oh, my lady, I beg your pardon! I thought it was the doctor."

The passage was nearly dark; she could not see how white her ladyship's face was, nor how startled her eyes.

"The doctor?" Ravenel said sharply. "Do you mean you sent for him? Is Captain Gordon worse?"

"No, not exactly. But he's very restless and delirious. I'm afraid he may injure his arm."

She looked curiously at the slight girl in rough tweed, who was so young to be mistress of Levallion Castle.

It was odd that in all these days the countess had never sent to ask after the invalid. But fine ladies had very little heart, as a rule. "There, do you hear that?" she said, rather desirous of harrowing the feelings of this one. "I must go back. He's getting another bad turn."

Hear that! Every drop of Lady Levallion's blood stood still. For in that dreadful voice she did not know Adrian Gordon was calling on a woman's name.

"Nel, Nel!" he cried. "I want my Nel."

Fascinated, drawn as if by ropes, Lady Levallion followed the nurse through the half-closed door she had sworn to herself never to enter; stood in the middle of the room, wide-eyed, dry-lipped.

"Inshaven, grim, haggard, Adrian was tossing from side to side in his bed. He turned his eyes to her unseeing, and said again, in the very face of the very woman he called on:

"Nel, I want my Nel. Can't you stop this pain? I'm making a fool of myself. For God's sake, bring Nel!"

And then he cried out in the screaming groan that turns every woman, but a nurse, sick with horror.

Ravenel made a wild step toward him, in another minute would have flung away all she had by drawing the tossing, restless head to her breast,

by crying that she was here—his Nel, who loved him still. But between her and him the nurse had slipped quietly, and was touching his burning forehead with a professional hand.

"The poor soul wouldn't know her if she were here!" she muttered. "Yes, yes; she's coming. But if she had glanced over her shoulder she would not have known Lady Levallion's face."

"Can't you get him some morphine?" Ravenel cried.

"I only had a certain amount. The doctor ought to be here soon. I sent for him an hour ago."

An hour ago! Lady Levallion clenched her teeth.

While she had been sitting in comfort, he had been in this pain. It was true he had behaved vilely to her, but she could not bear any living thing to suffer like this.

"Let me try!" she said, and the nurse looked up with surprise at the pity in her voice. She could feel, then, little interest as she had seemed to take in the patient.

At the touch of the shaky hand she laid on his forehead Adrian lay quiet; but only for an instant.

"Where is she?" said that dreadful voice.

"Nel!"

She dared not trust herself to speak. If only the nurse would go!

"I hear some one." She got the lie out somehow. "Go and see if it's the doctor," and as the woman hurried to the door, she stooped and whispered in Gordon's ear:

"I'm here. It's Nel. Do you want me?"

"Nel," he said, so naturally that she thought he answered her, and was terrified of what he might say before the white-dressed woman, who was all eyes and ears. But the next minute she saw it was accident. He did not know her.

And yet something had quieted him; whether it was her voice, her touch, she could not say. He lay still, only wincing now and then. The nurse came to the bedside.

"You really seem to have soothed him," she said incredulously. "Perhaps you would stay a little."

"I can't—not long!" stammering. For, suppose Levallion came and found her here, she who had vowed she hated illness. She put the cowardly thought from her.

"He wouldn't think anything," she said to herself, "for he's a thousand times too good and too proud to imagine what a beast I am. For

I am a beast! If Adrian were well I should hate him. Oh, why does he call me! Me, that he threw away like a squeezed orange. But even as she thought it she never stopped her involuntary mechanical smoothing of the short-cropped hair she had never thought to touch again in life. And the feel of it sent a thrill through her that made her start back. What was she doing? Levallion's wife had no right there. Any other woman on earth might soothe Adrian's pain, but not she!

"Please don't stop, your ladyship," said the nurse quickly. "I must keep him still on account of his arm. There are some splinters of bone in it that don't come away as they should. When the doctor comes we must get that ring off—it's cutting into his swollen hand." She pointed to where a tiny bit of gold gleamed at the edge of the bandages, and Lady Levallion started.

The other woman's ring! That mysterious woman who had come to ask after him. She had forgotten them both! She moved slowly away from the bed; her face once more as hard as the nurse thought a great lady's should be. Let him suffer as he might, die if he liked; it was no business of hers any more!

"I don't think I had anything to do with quieting him," she said shortly. "I fancy the pain just happened to grow less."

"Very likely," said Sister Elizabeth dryly. "Delirious patients are peculiar; probably that girl seems to want so much is some one he really hates the thought of."

"Really!" said Lady Levallion uninterestedly. But there was fright in her face as she stared at the nurse's broad back. Had she spoken by accident, or had Adrian let out more of a name than that one syllable? A queer terror ran through her, though there was little enough the man could tell. Sister Elizabeth could not have dared to refer to it if he had; and yet Ravenel doubted.

The nurse did not look like a stupid woman. "I will go out and send some one to hurry Doctor Houghton," she said coldly, moving toward the door.

"Nel!" the sudden cry made her stop short, for it seemed so certain that he must know she was here and was leaving him. "Don't let the band play any more waltzes. I never danced with you, only with fools—hair full of scent—you know the kind. Nel, Nel, Nel!"

Lady Levallion stopped her ears and ran.

White and shaking, she leaned against the wall of the passage, that was light enough now, for the servants had lit the lamps. Her hands still at her ears, her eyes shut, her mouth drawn into that awful bow that means helpless pity, she stood, her face an open book that any passer-by might read.

"Talk of the pains of hell!" she thought. "They don't wait till you're dead. They say every one builds their own fire there, and Adrian's seems to be a pretty good blaze. Only why should I burn in it? I never put one stick to it," without knowing it, she was muttering, but unintelligibly enough.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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Special Crochet and Knitted Articles

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

5th round.—1 tr. c. in first space, * 2 tr. c. in second space. Repeat from * to end of round, join, ch. 3.

6th round.—Tr. c. on tr. c. to end of round, join, ch. 3.

7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th rounds.—Same as 6th round with an extra tr. c. between tr. c. occasionally to keep the work from puckering.

15th round.—Use double strand of yarn: white and pink, pearl gray and light blue, red and gray, red and white or other harmonizing colors. Fasten the double strand in last st. of 14th round, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. at beginning of round, ch. 2, 2 tr. c. in same place. (This forms the first shell in border). Sk. 4, tr. c. * 2 tr. c. in next st., ch. 2, 2 tr. c. in same place, sk. 4, shell in next. Repeat from * to end of round, join.

16th round.—Sl. to center of first shell, form shell in shell to end of round, join.

17th, 18th, 19th, 20th rounds.—Same as the 16th round. As many more rounds may be added as desired. To make larger add more rows to crown and lower edge. Edge may be rolled up if desired. Finish with tassel in center of crown.

MRS. W. BIRCH.

Hand-Made Bedspreads

Crocheted and knitted bedspreads have become very popular again the past few years.

Happily these are not all made in one piece as were some of the old-time spreads of grandmother's day, but of many small squares, diamonds or other shaped motifs according to the design, which are joined together later.

It is therefore an easy matter to carry about in one's work bag one or two pieces in the process of making.

Bedspread Square in Filet Crochet

This pattern can be copied by either working back and forth and by beginning in the center and working round and round.

To make in this way begin with ch. 5, join in ring, ch. 3, 11 d. c. in ring, join to top ch. 3.

1st round.—Ch. 8, 1 d. c. in the place where you joined for first corner, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in next 3 d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c. in same place for second corner (ch. 2, d. c. in next 3 d. c., ch. 5, d. c. in same place for third corner). Repeat again for fourth corner. End with ch. 2 on the 3rd stitch of ch. 8. Now you have 3 spaces from corner to corner or eight in all.

2nd round.—Sl. st. to the center of the corner and ch. 8, 1 d. c. alongside of the ch. 8, in the corner space, this is to increase. Ch. 2, and d. c. in d. c. (this is called a space or mesh), ch. 2 and d. c. in next d. c., ch. 2 and d. c. in corner space, ch. 5 for corner, d. c. in corner space, ch. 2, d. c. on next d. c., ch. 2, d. c. in corner space, ch. 5, for corner, d. c. in corner space, ch. 2, d. c. in next d. c., ch. 2, d. c. in next d. c., ch. 2, d. c. in corner space, ch. 5 for corner, d. c. in corner space, ch. 2, d. c. in next d. c., ch. 2, and d. c. in the place where the row was joined below, ch. 2 and join on the 3rd st. of the ch. 8. Repeat the manner of work as detailed in this last round where you have all spaces. And if you have solid work as in the corners as you have in 8 rounds toward the last use d. c. to correspond to the chains as used before.

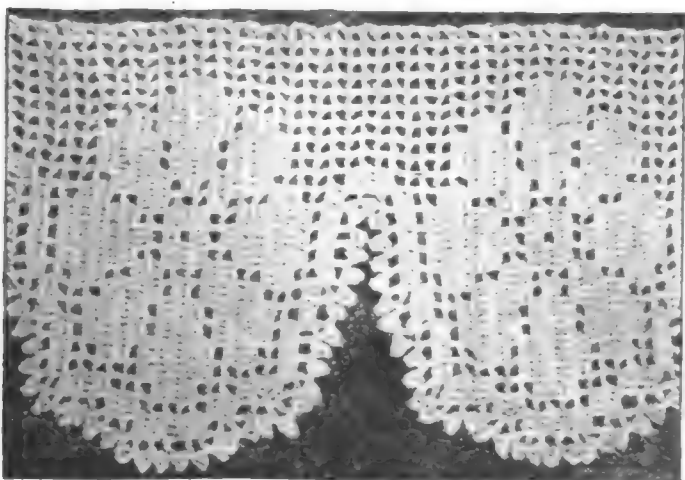
To know how many d. c's. to use when you have a string of them count the meshes and multiply by three and add one. When you want to make meshes over a lot of d. c's. always make the d. c. in the 3rd d. c's. Be careful to have your work perfectly even as to mesh and flat.

Lace for Filet Spread

Make a chain of 48 stitches.

1st row.—Make 15 d. c. in a row beginning on the 4th ch. from the needle, counting the ch. 3 as 1 d. c. making 16 d. c. in all or equal to 5 blks. Ch. 2 and a d. c. in every ch. 3 until you have 10 spaces.

2nd row.—Always turn with ch. 5 and d. c. for first sp., for other sps., ch. 2 and d. c. on d. c. Make sps. over all the sps. and five sps. over the 16 d. c. Now you have to add an extension of two blks. on the end without any foundation to make the scallop. Do it like this: thread over needle, insert in the same place with last d. c., draw up a loop, thread over and draw through this one loop, thread over and draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops. It is like a d. c. with the little extra at the base. Now repeat this but not in the same hole, make it in the loop



LACE FOR FILET SPREAD.

first worked through at the bottom of the d. c. Repeat until you have seven d. c. for two blks. 3rd row.—This row starts with 3 blks. Make ch. 11, beginning on the 4th st. from the needle and make 10 d. c. counting the ch. 3 on the end as one, 3 sps., 3 blks., 11 sps.

4th row.—Ten sps., 5 blks., 5 sps., and add on blk. of three more d. c.

5th row.—Blk. on blk., beginning with ch. 3 and 3 d. c. on the blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks. on 5 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 7 sps.

6th row.—Six sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk. on blk.

7th row.—Ch. 5, a blk. beginning on the 4th st. from the needle, 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 6 sps.

8th row.—Seven sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 3 sps., blk. on blk.

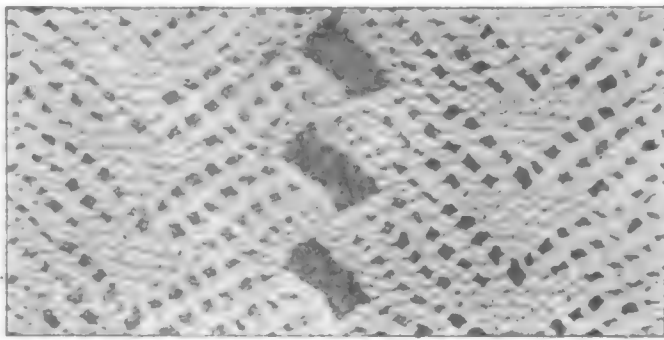
9th row.—Ch. 5 for a blk., beginning on 4th st. from needle, 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps.

10th row.—Four sps., 5 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., blk. on blk.

11th row.—Blk. on blk., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 sp., 6 blks., 4 sps. This is the center row of the rose.

12th row.—Four sps., 5 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., blk. on blk.

13th row.—Blk. on blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps.

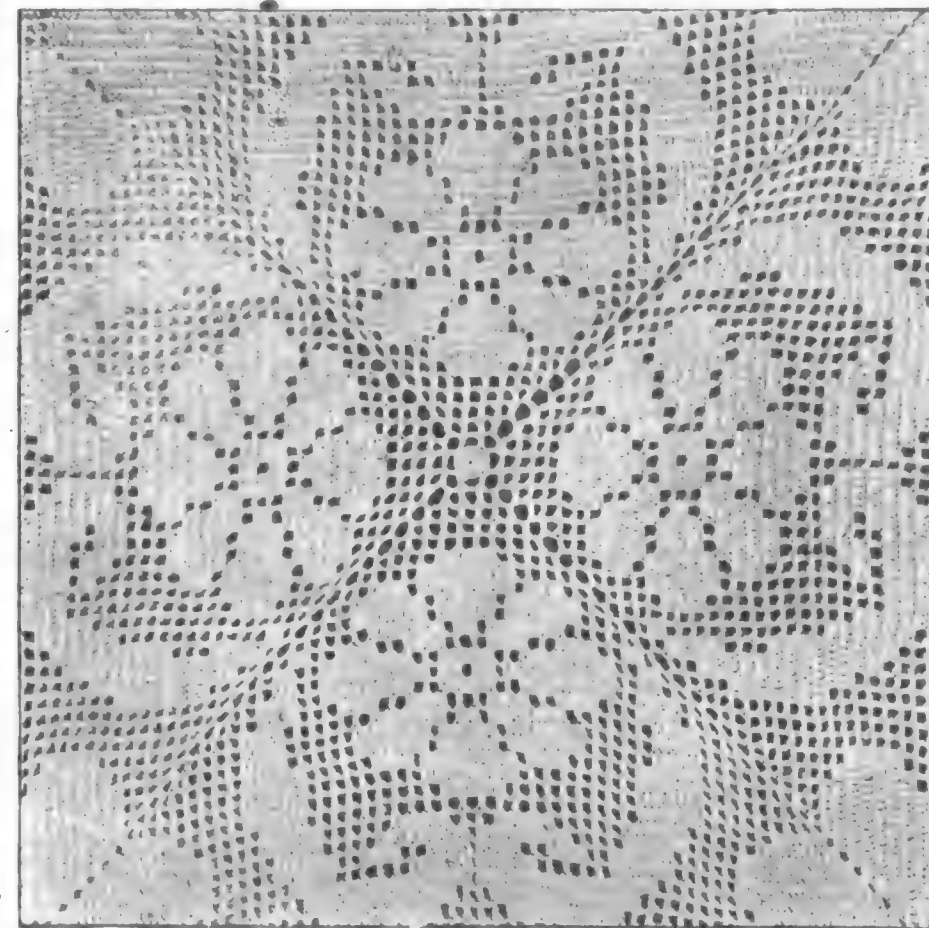


BABY AFGHAN WITH SPACES FOR RIBBON.

14th row.—Seven sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk. Drop last blk. and turn with ch. 3.

15th row.—Blk. on blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 6 sps.

16th row.—Six sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., drop last blk. and turn with ch. 3.



FILET CROCHET SQUARE FOR BEDSPREAD.

17th row.—Blk. on blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 7 sps.

18th row.—Ten sps., 5 blks., 5 sps., blk. on blk.

19th row.—In this row sl. st. over the blk. and on last d. c., ch. 3 to stand for a d. c., then 3 blks., 3 sps., 3 blks., 11 sps.

20th row.—Fifteen sps., 2 blks., drop three blks.

21st row.—Sl. st. over 2 blks., on last d. c., ch. 3 and make 5 blks., 10 sps.

22nd row.—Nine sps., 1 blk., drop the 5 blks.

23rd row.—Blk. on blk., 9 sps.

24th row.—Nine sps., blk. on blk.

25th row.—Ch. 17 and begin on ch. 4, st. to make 5 blks., 10 sps. This is the same as first row. Repeat from the second row.

For the tiny pointed scallops around the outside edge, make ch. 4 and 1 s. c. in the first ch., a half d. c. in the second and a d. c. in the third chain, then a d. c. on the edge and repeat for the scallop. Do this over each block on the sides and over the rows on the bottom of scallop. When going from one point to the other make two doubles in the point with the tiny scallop between, then double on the next level without the scallop.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Crocheted Flag Pillow

Having made a new and very attractive crocheted pillow cover, I want to share the idea with COMFORT readers.

I made it of red, white and blue silkateen in simple double crochet. The blue field measured 6 x 8 inches and the stripes each three rows of double crochet. Used blue satin for the back and finished with a heavy red, white and blue cord.

MRS. ANNA G., OKLAHOMA.

Filet Crochet Edging

(Requested)

Ch. 39 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 2, sk. 2 sts., 1 d. c. in next st., this makes 1 sp., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c., repeat, making 11 sps. in this row, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on 2nd d. c. of first row, 6 more sps., 1 block (blk.) made by working 2 doubles instead of ch. 2, between doubles, this makes a blk. of 4 d. c. 2 blks. consists of 7 d. c., 3 blks. 10 d. c., etc. 3 sps. finishes this row, ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., ch. 5.

4th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., ch. 5.

5th row.—3 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., ch. 5.

6th row.—3 sps., 5 blks., 3 sps., ch. 5.

7th row.—4 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., ch. 5.

8th row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., ch. 5.

9th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 5.

10th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 5.

11th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 5.

12th row.—1 d. c. on last d. c. in 11th row, thus causing ch. 8 to make extra sp., 3 more sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., ch. 5.

13th row.—5 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., ch. 5.

14th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 5.

15th row.—2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., ch. 5.

16th row.—Make extra sp. same as in 12th row, 3 more sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 2 sps., ch. 5.

row in these directions except put ch. 2, between groups of 4 d. c.

2nd row.—Fasten thread to center of ch. 7, ch. 4, 1 d. c. under ch. 2, between groups of d. c., ch. 5, make p., 3 d. c. in same place, ch. 5, make p., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 5, make p., 3 d. c. in same place, ch. 5, make p., ch. 4, fasten under ch. 7. Repeat from * to *.

Care should be taken to keep each row right side out or the work will not look smooth.

MRS. FRANK BEAL.

Woolen Ribbon Run Afghan

1st row.—Cast on sixteen stitches and knit plain.

2nd row.—K. 8, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

3rd row.—K. 9, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

4th row.—K. 10, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

5th row.—K. 11, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

6th row.—K. 12, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

7th row.—K. 13, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

8th row.—Bind off 6 sts. to make scallop, o. k. 2, and bind off 6 sts. to make scallop on the opposite side.

Continue this until the strip is as long as desired. Join the strips by sewing the scallops, point to point, with same wool.

The open spaces are for ribbon to be run through.

Edging for Afghan.

4th row.—K. 10, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

5th row.—K. 11, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

6th row.—K. 12, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

7th row.—K. 13, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

8th row.—Bind off 6 sts. to make scallop, o. k. 2, and bind off 6 sts. to make scallop on the opposite side.

Continue this until the strip is as long as desired. Join the strips by sewing the scallops, point to point, with same wool.

The open spaces are for ribbon to be run through.

Edging for Top and Bottom

Cast on 10 stitches and knit plain.

1st row.—K. 2, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

2nd row.—K. plain.

3rd row.—K. 3, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

4th row.—K. plain.

5th row.—K. 4, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

6th row.—K. plain.

7th row.—K. 5, o. n. 3 times, o., k. 2.

8th row.—Bind off 6 sts. to make the scallop and knit plain.

MRS. DRENNAN.

For summer, use mercerized cotton thread. For winter use zephyr or any other woolen thread. No lining is necessary.

Motor Cap Hand-Knit with Two Needles

Split zephyr or Saxony wool may be used.

Cast 175 stitches on one large steel knitting needle, k. 1 row plain p. 1 row, repeat, working back and forth for 6 rows, then reverse, p. 1 row, k. 1 row, back and forth for 6 rows, this makes the melon-like rows or ridges, plain and purled, alternately. Continue to knit till the cap is large enough to cover the head.

Lace Edging for Cap

Cast eight stitches on the needle used for the cap, using the same thread.

1st row.—K. plain.

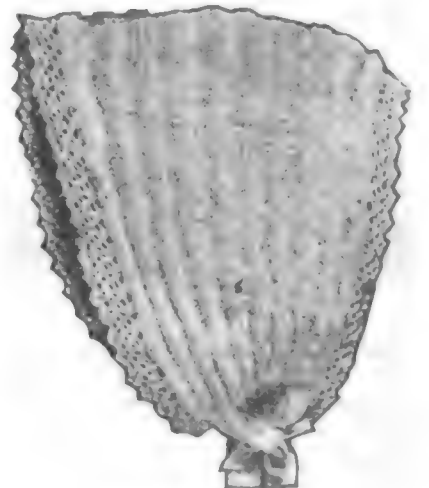
2nd row.—K. 1, o. n. twice, o., k. 2.

3rd row.—K. plain.

4th row.—K. 1, o. n. twice, k. 1, o. k. 2.

5th row.—K. plain.

6th row.—K. 1, o. n. twice, k. 2, o. k. 2.



KNITTED MOTOR CAP.

Bind off 3 stitches to make the little scallop. Repeat from the first row.

Gather up each end of cap after it is completed and finish with rosettes and ribbon ends for tying.

MRS. DRENNAN.

Diagonal Edging

An easily and rapidly made edging which is especially pretty for underwear can be made as follows. Ch. 16.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 3rd st., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in next 3rd st., repeat, making 3 spaces, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 s. c. in 1st sp., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 2nd sp., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 3rd sp., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on d. c., 1 d. c. under turning ch., ch. 3, turn.

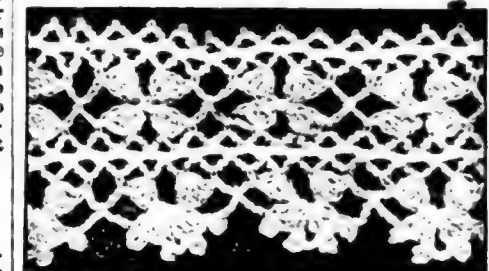
3rd row.—1 d. c. on 2nd d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch., repeat from * turn.

4th row.—1 s. c., 3 d. c., 1 s. c. under each ch., 2 d. c. on d. c., ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on center double of fan, ch. 3, and 1 d. c. and each fan, ch. 5, turn.

6th row.—Same as 2nd row.

For Heading.—Ch. 1, 1 d. c. under each row, between doubles along the top edge.



NOVELTY BRAID EDGING.

der ch. 7, ch. 3, fasten in next p. of braid and repeat till length is finished.

This is used as insertion and to add edge make as follows. First row exactly like first



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address.

We print only fictitious names or initials, but we require true names and address for our own information so that we may answer by mail when, as often happens, we receive more letters than can be answered in this column.

HAPPY New Year, my dears, and many of them and each one happier and better than the one before. Last year I promised not to pester you any more about making resolutions but, tell me, how many did you make this year? None! Well, aren't you the converted bunch and do you wonder I scold? There is hope for the person who realizes his or her faults and makes an honest resolution to do better but, honest, I'm thoroughly disgusted with the self-satisfied sort who think they are the personification of all that is good and proper, for they need a good mental housecleaning and a list of resolutions as long as the moral law—if you know how long that is. While you are finding out I'll answer some of your questions.

The first letter I unearth from the pile before me is from Brown Eyes, N. C., who wants to know if it is wise for a girl of thirty years to be too particular about whom she marries. Certainly she should be particular, even if she were thirty, and especially so when the man in question drinks, has a high temper and his worldly possessions consist only of a mule and buggy. I suppose though you'll suit yourself and if you marry him I hope you'll be happy, and that some kind Providence will watch over you.

Kansas Girl, Idiana, Kans.—No dearie, you don't have to join a club in order to ask advice of me—it's free to any of the subscribers. I've been known to answer questions by mail (remember, postage is three cents now) when the case seemed to require immediate attention but I don't do it very often for I think the letters in the paper are lots more interesting and helpful.

Lonley Girl, Welcome, Ky., wants "Cousin Marion" to tell her what she thinks about "widen in a bugle with a good boy." Come close, lonley one and let me whisper a secret in that pretty pink ear of yours—didn't you ever hear of the companionship of good books? Well, if you'll make friends with a few good books—a spelling book or dictionary first—you won't feel so "lonley" and you'll know a lot more than you do now. I have a hunch though that you are too young for such amusement as you mention.

Wild Rose, Fossil, Oregon. A very sensible letter and I'm going to answer it just as though you were my own wild rose daughter, and aren't wild roses just the sweetest things? Even if it is the custom for every high school girl to have a beau, and you are not considered up in society unless you do likewise, so, too, it is the custom when one sheep jumps over a fence for the rest of the flock to follow but who in the world wants to be a sheep? That's all right for people who haven't any originality of their own but I'm sure you have. You are only sixteen now and it seems that with your parents, your pretty country home and your studies you can get along very nicely for a few years without a beau. You needn't be a man hater, you know, but just good friends with all the boys and treat them all alike.

Lillie and Daisy, Tennessee.—Lillie, you are the one to decide whether or not althy lucre (in other words, money) means more to you than the love of this poor and uneducated boy, but in these days of high cost of living it is well to be sure of your love before you give that cruel fable of yours a chance to disinherit you. If you were older than I think you are I might give you different advice. As for you, Miss Daisy, that bashful boy you write about is just plumb scared of you and if you propose to him, as you are thinking of doing, you'll sure frighten him to death. When he wants to propose to you he will. At any rate, wait till next leap year.

Discontented, Nebraska.—Just because the young man's father ran away with another woman doesn't necessarily mean he will run the same and it is rather unfair of your father to say he will, particularly when he seems to be a good, honest sort and is liked by everyone. (2) Being engaged is no excuse for undue familiarity and don't for an instant allow it.

E. F., Lake City, S. Dak.—Personally I don't think there is any harm in your writing friendly letters to two of your soldier boy friends, when your mother reads and approves of the letters, but if your fiancé objects I suppose you had better stop. Would you object if he wrote to other girls? (Can't you and he collaborate on the letters and then there will be no cause for trouble.)

Troubled, Three Forks, Mont.—I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world but maybe you are such a poor dancer that you require a lot of courage and patience to dance with you. Can't you take a few private lessons? Boys, as a rule, like girls who don't expect a lot of sentimental mush all the time and with whom they can act perfectly natural and friendly.

Red Head, Duchesne, Utah.—It is decidedly wrong for a girl of sixteen to marry anyone. As for marrying a widower with a two-year-old boy, that depends largely on the widower and yourself but wait until you are older before you decide.

Broken-hearted Girl, McCauley, Texas.—It would be quite right to ask for an explanation—not an exclamation—but if he doesn't seem disposed to meet you half way, don't eat humble pie too much. That's my advice, but suit yourself and then you can't blame me.

Little Girl, of Texas.—Maybe the young man was trying to win his way into your good graces by being nice to your sister—but I doubt it very much. Yes, take him back if you want to and run the risk of little sister taking him away from you again.

Dimples, from Texas.—To the casual observer it would seem that if the young man loved you very much he would have written to you during the four months he was away but as a rule men don't like to write letters and not knowing him I don't like to make any rash statements. (2) Don't accept jewelry from a man unless you are engaged to him.

Anxious Brown Eyes, Okla.—Here's a girl who wants to wear a young man's ring and asks me how to get it. Sure, hit him on the head, or chloroform him if you want it done in moving picture style. There's ever so many other ways but if I were you I'd wait until he asked me to wear it.

Brown Eyes, Buckhannon, W. Va.—You are up against the same perplexity that many a woman has faced and I know of no infallible rule to help you. It often happens that of two suitors, the girl loves the one to whom her parents object. Sometimes she is right—sometimes they are. It doesn't necessarily follow that the rich one is the worst—nor is he always the best. All I can advise is for you to be fair with them and don't marry the one you do not love. Perhaps you shouldn't marry the other either—I am not sufficiently acquainted with his character.

Anxious, Etowah, Tenn.—I don't think there is any set rule as to the age a girl should be allowed to go with a man. It all depends on the girl, the man and the parents. Personally I don't think it should be too early in a girl's life.

Puzzled, Kimball, Neb.—If you are twenty years of age and the young man is respectable, I can't see why you shouldn't reply to his letters. I think it is more a question of whether you care enough for him to write to him.

Brown Eyes, Wakefield, Cal.—Have you a right to go walking with your beau on Sunday afternoon? Your parents say "no" and as you are only seventeen that would seem to settle the question for the time being.

There, I've answered your questions the very best I know how and, wonder of wonders, I haven't fussed as much as usual either. Did you notice it? That's because my New Year's resolutions are taking effect. Here's hoping every an-

swer will give 1918 a boost in the right direction for getting started right in what counts. And now good by until Valentine time.

Cousin Marion.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

I would appreciate letters from all that will enclose stamp.

LULA READY.

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I just can't resist the temptation to write. I've kept still just as long as possible. COMFORT is a fine companion, especially when one is lonesome as I am.

Glory! Mrs. V. M., don't you know that a man such as you have is an angel in disguise? I know of hundreds of women who would swap men with you if it were possible. Honestly, though, you should have stopped before you took the plunge if you realized you were doing wrong. Don't you think your husband wants love in his home life as well as you do? There are two sides to every phase of life. I was a trained nurse also before my marriage and my experiences seem to have helped to such a degree that during the three years of our married life my husband and I have never had a quarrel. Isn't that nice? It appears that to make the machinery of life run without friction we must bear and forbear.

I fully agree with Etta Baker when she says that the temptations of city children are greater than are those of country children.

We have a squad of Oregon Guards guarding the government locks and the girls, who by rights should be learning the arts of home and housewifery, are spending a lot of their time around the streets. Why can't homes be made attractive so that the girls feel free to invite their friends there instead of entertaining them on the streets? When will the mothers wake up? The soldier boys need true friends as well as we do.

I would dearly love to hear from some of the sisters. Will some one around Seymour, Iowa, write to a lonesome sister?

Sincerely, MRS. S. F. ROSENBERG.

Mrs. Rosenberg, you are quite right in your opinion and it is time that mothers awoke to the fact that home is the one and only place for their daughters to entertain their friends and if every mother could be made to feel that somewhere some mother is blessing her for opening her heart and home to her son and keeping him away from evil companions and temptations there would be more charity shown our soldier boys who surely need all the help and encouragement good women can give them.—Ed.

My DEAR MRS. BILLINGS, 412 South 29th St., MONT.

While looking over an old paper a few days ago, I came across a poem written by Rudyard Kipling. It seemed to convey such a beautiful thought that I want to pass it along to others. I have been a reader of COMFORT for two years and shall continue to be as I enjoy it from cover to cover. Now for the poem:

If We Only Understood

"Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we would find it better,
Purer, than we judge we should,
We should love each other better
If we only understood."

"Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we would love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity—
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity."

"If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?"

"Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grain of good,
And we'd love each other better,
If we only understood."

Would like to correspond with any of the sisters who ever lived in Manchester, England.

MRS. J. A. SPURWAY.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

A little salt rubbed on the cups will take off tea stains.

Never rub lace curtains when washing. Always soak and sop out the dirt.

Salt moistened with lemon juice will remove most stains from the hands.

Fresh ink stains may be removed from carpets by an application of salt.

Remove white spots from furniture by wetting a piece of flannel with turpentine and rubbing the spots hard.

Salt mixed with lemon juice will remove iron rust. Moistens spots with it and then hold over a dish of boiling water.

Salt thrown into the oven immediately after anything has been burned in it, will do much towards lessening the odor.

A round paint brush is very handy for dusting the corners of window sashes, or difficult corners. It is also good for dusting fine carving.

In placing a coat on a hanger the loop should be placed around the hook. This balances the coat on the frame. It should not be buttoned, as this causes wrinkles.

Use snow for cleaning rugs. Spread rugs on the snow, right side up, and heap snow over the tops. With a heavy broom sweep the snow around and around until it takes out the dirt. Remove to a clean place and repeat as long as the snow becomes dirty. Then sweep on both sides.

Remedies

VERMIN.—Bathe head and hair in a strong solution of salt and water.

TOOTHACHE.—Alum reduced to powder, two drams; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drams; mix well and apply to tooth. Tried with success.

SENT IN BY MRS. K. A. BINKER, Guernsey, Sask. Can.

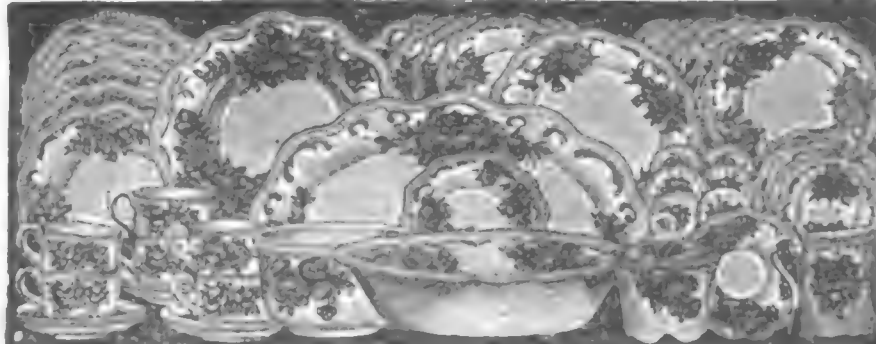
SMALLPOX.—Take sulphate of zinc one grain; fox glove one grain; one half teaspoon of water. Mix thoroughly and add four ounces of water. Take a teaspoon every hour. Smaller doses for a child, according to age.

WARTS.—A simple remedy is to rub Castor oil on the wart two or three times a day and at night wet with baking soda and vinegar. In a week the wart will begin to turn black and gradually disappear.

MRS. ROBERT KINCAID, Long Creek, Oregon.

CORCH STREP.—Take sap from the black pine tree (the sap is between the outside bark and the wood), put in kettle with water and boil until the water is well colored, then drain the liquid off. To this add enough sugar to make a syrup and boil and boil till quite thick. Bottle and take in doses of one tablespoonful five or six times a day, or more often if the cough is very bad.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Immediately after being bitten, take one and one half ounces of elecampane root (the green root is preferable, but the dried found in drug-stores will answer.) Bruise it, put it in a pint of fresh milk and boil down to less than a pint. Strain, let cool and drink, fasting at least six hours afterward. Next morning repeat the dose, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning take another dose, prepared as the last and this will be sufficient. After each dose, nothing is to be eaten for at least six hours.



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Requests

Would like to have some one send me the June number of "The Illustrated Companion."

Song containing the words, "Hurrah for old New England, and her cloud-capped granite hills."

M. B. L., Arizona.

Mrs. Emory Chapel, Jenison, Mich., would like the October, 1916, number of COMFORT. Will return favor.

Mrs. W. H. Clark, Quincy, R. R. 1, Mich., would like the March, 1911, number of COMFORT. Will return other reading matter.

How the Portuguese put up what they call Toncinko, the fattest part of the hog, cut in blocks and put up in brine, but not as salty as salt pork. Also Chourico, which is a kind of sausage preserved in brine.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange list it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Mrs. Charles J. Skinner, Box 68, Plattville, N. Y. Maurice Walker, Jellico, Tenn. Mrs. J. C. Hayward, Colington, N. C.

HIGHEST BRIDGE IN U. S.—The highest bridge over navigable waters is that over the Snake river in the state of Washington, 210 feet high. There is a bridge over Tunkhannock creek on the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad that is 210 feet high.

Careless Use of Soap Spoils the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary multifid coconut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get multifid coconut oil at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.—Advertisement.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be unsigned.

Mrs. M. H. So. Burgettstown, Pa.—If, as we understand your statements, the mine boss sent your husband in a dangerous place to work against his protest, and if he was not guilty of negligence in any way in connection with his accident, we think he would have been entitled to receive either compensation or a sum

You can't beat Uncle Charlie's Songs. Everyone is hit and the book is a cracker jack of beauty, big and handsome, with full music for voice and piano. Worth hundred dollar bill to anyone who loves real, classy melodious music, and entrancing words. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. **50¢.** Work for them today.

Physicians Warn Public Against Taking Substitutes for Nuxated Iron

Say That Ordinary Metallic Iron Preparations Cannot Possibly Give the Same
STRENGTH, POWER AND ENDURANCE

Besides, they may upset the digestion, disturb the secretions and thereby do far more harm than good, and that Health Officials and Physicians everywhere should caution the public against accepting these inferior products.

The widespread publication of this information has been suggested by Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital, New York and the Westchester County Hospital, Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author,



Dr. James Francis Sullivan
Formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital and the Westchester County Hospital

Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner and others, so that the public may be informed on this subject and protected from the use of metallic iron under the delusion that it is Nuxated Iron, or at least something as good as Nuxated Iron. In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron Dr. Sullivan says: "In my talks to physicians I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of their making blood examinations, of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of



Former Health Commissioner Kerr

sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle, tissue and brain. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through your body, something like corn through an old mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"But you can't make strong, vigorous, successful, sturdy iron men by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a semi-digestive process

CAREFUL investigation by physicians among druggists and patients has revealed the fact that there are thousands of people taking iron who do not distinguish between organic iron and metallic iron and that such persons often fail to obtain the vital energy, strength and endurance which they seek, simply because they have taken the wrong form of iron. They seem to think iron is iron on the same theory that a potato would be a potato whether cooked or raw, entirely ignoring the fact that the cooking process makes certain important cellular changes in the potato that renders it far more easy of assimilation by the blood and tissues. No one would hardly expect to derive the same strength from eating raw potatoes that he would from eating cooked potatoes, yet according to the opinions of physicians who have made careful study of the subject, taking raw, unprepared, metallic iron is a good deal like eating raw potatoes.

Therefore, physicians advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to go to their family doctors and obtain a prescription calling for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and present this to their druggist so that there may be no question about obtaining the proper article. But if they do not wish to go to the trouble of getting a prescription for Nuxated Iron then be sure to look on the label and see that the words NUXATED IRON are printed thereon. Not Nux and Iron nor any other form of iron but NUXATED IRON.

The remarkable results produced by Nuxated Iron and its widespread sale (it being estimated that over three million people annually are today using it) has led to the offering of numerous substitutes and physicians say that health officials and doctors everywhere should caution the public against accepting these substitutes which may be nothing more than a metallic iron compound which may in many cases produce far more harm than good, just like a meal of raw potatoes might upset the stomach of a delicate person and really injure him instead of furnishing nutriment and strength.

to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are so ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system."

Former Health Commissioner William R. Kerr of Chicago says: "From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country. I have taken it myself and experienced its health-giving, strength-building effect and in the interests of the public welfare I feel it is my duty to make known the results of its use. I am well past my three score years and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is due largely today to my personal use of Nuxated Iron."

Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly physician in the Baltimore Hospital, and a Medical Examiner, says: "Throughout my experience on Hospital staffs and as Medical Examiner, I have been astonished at the number of patients who have vainly doctoring themselves for various diseases, when in reality their delicate, run-down state was simply the result of lack of iron in the blood. Time and again I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. I took Nuxated Iron myself to build me up after a serious case of nervous exhaustion. The effects were apparent after a few days and within three weeks it had virtually revitalized my whole system and put me in a superb physical condition."

Dr. Ferdinand King says: "Doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking patients. Pallor means anaemia. The



Dr. Ferdinand King
New York Physician and Medical Author

skin of the anaemic man or woman is pale, the flesh flabby, the muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, said: "Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty, and full of vigor, vim and vitality, in fact, a young man he really was, not withstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health, at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth."

"If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real true cause which started their disease was nothing more or less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood. Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the follow-

ing test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron



Dr. E. Sauer

A Boston Physician who has studied in great European Medical Institutions.

three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained."



Dr. H. B. Vail

Formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

SPECIAL TO PHYSICIANS:

have had patients complain of discolored teeth, upset stomachs, hardened, tied-up secretions, etc., from the use of metallic iron, again we suggest, try Nuxated Iron. Nuxated Iron will be furnished by any druggist on an absolute guarantee of success or money refunded. It is highly endorsed by such physicians as Dr. James Francis Sullivan formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital, New York and the Westchester County Hospital, Dr. H. B. Vail formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner; Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, and others. In most cases physicians direct the use of two five-grain tablets three times per day after meals.

Doctor, when you wish to prescribe a true tonic and blood builder, one that puts the real "stay there" strength and youthful vigor into the blood and nerves, try Nuxated Iron. If you have been using the old forms of metallic iron, without success; if you

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John H. Ferguson, Acme, Alta., Canada, says: "I was not a little amazed when I found I could play in a few minutes." C. Pittman, Meno, Okla., says: "Have two children, one is 12 and the other 10, who in a very few minutes could play it well, and they did not know one note from another in the old music." V. R. Perkins, Romney, Ind., says: "I studied 'Easy Form' music fifteen minutes and then started to play." Thousands of similar reports are in our files. Doesn't this convince you that you can play by this wonderful new method?

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Darken Your Gray Hair

**DUBY'S
HAIR
HERBS**

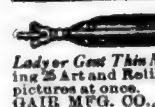
DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, without effort. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. It will not stain the scalp, is not sticky or dirty, and is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers. Package makes one pint. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Package postpaid for 25 cents. **OZARK HERB CO., Dept. 20, St. Louis, Mo.**

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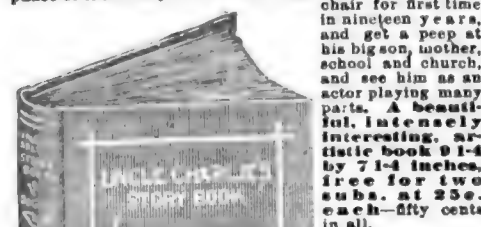
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**Uncle Charlie's Picture Book
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Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistant Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big gun, another, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book, 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all.



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Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily was kind of you to take me; I have had a very good time." Or you can make it stronger if you like. (2) Shake hands with the couple who have been just married and say: "I know you are going to be very happy," or to the couple you meet sometime after the ceremony you might say: "I want to congratulate you both very much. I am sure you are very happy." And always say it as if you meant it.

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Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by **COMFORT** subscribers on the kindred subjects of *Etiquette* and *Personal Appearance*, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to *Etiquette* Editor, **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Oregon Wild Rose, Station, Oregon.—Write a simple friendly note to your boy friend offering your congratulations and good wishes upon his completion of his course. Avoid any set or stilted phrases, remember that you are writing to a friend, and say simply what you feel and think in the same manner that you wrote your well-expressed letter to this column.

Alabama Girl, Corona, Ala.—It is the gentleman's part to offer his arm to the lady when occasion demands. (2) It is perfectly possible for you to ask this boy to call, and to say that you would be glad to see him at your home—but we think that if he wants to come very bad that he will find some way of making his wish known.

Brown Eyes, Quakertown, Pa.—We certainly think that you should refuse to continue to receive the attentions of a young man who has started to drink during the past year, and whom you have seen recently with liquor. To go on further with the affair would only make sorrow and trouble for yourself. We cannot imagine your mother advising you to still receive serious attention from this man if she really knows of the true facts in the case. There is generally no more unhappy wife than the one who marries a man expecting to reform him. Exceptions occur, but they are rare. Give up this young man, and look for one that does not get drunk.

Worried Jane, Anthon, Ia.—We think, even though your parents permit it, that fifteen is too young an age for a girl to be going to and from a dancing amusement with a young man and unchaperoned too. (2) It is sufficient to say: "Thank you, it's a very kind of you to offer to go home with me," when a young man pays you this courtesy. When he leaves you at your door, thank him for the pleasant evening you have had.

June, Pomona, Ill.—Most assuredly it is proper and necessary that a young man should speak to a girl's parents regarding his desire to marry her. (2) The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand.

Dorothy, Brooklyn, N. Y.—When a girl of fifteen is introduced to a man considerably older than herself it is sufficient for her to bow and smile pleasantly while shaking hands. The man will undoubtedly have something to say if you give him the opportunity to say it first. (2) The young man you write about is only one more of the type who only wishes to go about with girls that he can hug and kiss. You were quite right to speak to him as you did, and also in your belief that kissing should only come after an engagement. If he does not speak to you now you are well rid of a man of his sort, and he will be able to find a girl of his liking.

Iowaka, Oregon.—It is permissible to remain talking for a few minutes at the gate or doorway of your home with the young man that has escorted you back from some place of amusement; but with a boy that remains longer than a few minutes and if it were very late we would not lengthen in any way the farewell. (2) Yes, you may accept a box of candy from the second young man.

Aloha, Parkersburg, Oregon.—No, Aloha, "ragging" is not a proper way to dance—even if you are one of the "bells" of your village. (2) We could not say without seeing you what would be the most becoming way to wear the hair, but at a guess we would say to fix it in the same way that has made you a "bell."

Hazel Eyes, McAlester, Okla.—You say that your mother is too strict with you, and then you go on and say that you are corresponding with a boy that you have never seen. Your mother is quite right. Hazel Eyes, to object to any such conduct on your part. And life must be very dull and strange in McAlester if writing letters to this unknown boy is "the only pleasure" you have. You have asked our advice, and we have given it, and some day you will realize yourself how right your mother was, and be willing to thank her for her kind strictness.

Tulip, Jackson, Miss.—If the young man you are engaged to is the right kind of a young man—like nothing so well as something you had made for him with your own hands.

Society Seeker, Wardville, Okla.—Your description seemed to us as if you were sure there are many charming girls in Oklahoma. (2) It is perfectly allowable, and also good common sense, to ask again the name of a person to whom you have been introduced and whose name you have failed to catch.

R. O. H., Holdenville, Okla.—You may send the soldier boy with whom you are corresponding some small gift—preferably an article which you have made yourself. Initial handkerchief, a knitted muffler or a crocheted necktie are all appropriate hand-made gifts which would be acceptable to men.

Blue-eyed Kentucky Wonder, Tenn.—Inasmuch as you are only nineteen and do not mean to marry until you are twenty-one, we do not think you need worry whether the young man that has been paying attention to you wishes to marry you or not. If he really loves you he will surely ask you. Time will tell—and also tell better than we can whether he will make a good husband or not.

Rosebud, Charlotte, N. C.—If a young man wishes to call very frequently, he will be certain to ask you. However, if he is truly bashful there would be nothing improper in your suggesting that you would be glad to have him call at your home. Then it will be up to him whether he comes, or not. (2) Young people like to hold hands, but such familiarities, like kissing, should be postponed until the time of engagement.

Mrs. C. O'D., Rockville, Iowa.—We want all our readers to be happy, and so we are very glad that your marriage—as the result of an advertisement—turned out so well. You were very fortunate to gain so good a husband as an end to your brave step in leaving your stepfather's home where you were unhappy. But things do not always turn out so well, and the columns of marriage papers are delusive and most uncertain.

Baby Doll, Virginia.—You should not kiss this young man who is arriving home unless you are engaged to him. (2) It is the man's part, not yours, to make gifts. If you give him anything, it must be some very simple, inexpensive article—preferably of your own handiwork. When you are engaged it will be a different matter.

B. K., Wis.—The girl makes no gift in return to the man for the engagement ring which he gives her.

P. E. T., Ohio, Ill.—It is sufficient to say to a young man who has taken you to some evening affair: "I was kind of you to take me; I have had a very good time." Or you can make it stronger if you like. (2) Shake hands with the couple who have been just married and say: "I know you are going to be very happy," or to the couple you meet sometime after the ceremony you might say: "I want to congratulate you both very much. I am sure you are very happy." And always say it as if you meant it.

Curlifhead, Maiden, Mo.—You are the best judge as to how much this young man resembles his father, or is liable to follow in his footsteps. But remember when you marry a man you to a certain extent marry his family, and will be connected with it. Think the thing over carefully, and have good advice before you decide.

Brown Eyes, Brooklyn, Miss.—The girl should always enter her own home ahead of the young man who is with her.

Peggy, North Manchester, Ind.—We would be careful of any intimacy with or too many presents from a divorced man of forty-three. (2) If the two young men you write about insist upon following you against your wishes, speak to your parents regarding the matter. A father is an useful affair in such cases.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

"Yes; but it is empty," Raymond returned, laughing.

"Oh! Is that all?" she asked, blushing and laughing, too, as she remembered.

Then she added:

"But I do not need any money, since you and Lady Prescott give me everything."

"You know that you are expected to learn a great deal, now that you have come to live with us, and, among other things, you must begin to learn how to spend money judiciously."

He spoke gravely, yet there was a spark of mischief in his eyes.

Sibyl did not reply, though she looked a trifle disturbed at his reasoning.

"Sibyl, will you let me put some money into your purse?" he asked, studying the fair, down-cast face.

She hesitated a moment; then, with a visible effort, she held it out for him, open.

"A little, if you wish. I do not think I shall mind it quite so much today as I did then," she said, as a sort of apology for her former rejection.

He took a handful of coins from his pocket and dropped in, one at a time, two gold pieces and several pieces of silver, until she suddenly stopped him by shutting the purse, and, with a very red face, saying there was enough.

"When that is gone, come and tell me; will you, little one?"

She looked up at him, her expressive face telling him that she would not like to do that; and, in her heart, she knew that she never could ask him for money.

"Will you, Sibyl?" he persisted, determined to have her promise.

She thought a moment, and then replied, in low, rather uncertain tones:

"Yes—sir."

And yet she knew the time would never come, for she had resolved to keep those golden coins as long as she should live.

They were the first she had ever possessed. He had given them to her, and they would always seem like some sacred treasure to her.

"And now there is one other little matter to be settled. Are you always going to address me as if I were an old man?"

"What shall I say, sir—I mean Mr. —" and she stopped in confusion.

"You are to be like a little sister to me after this, and I would like you to call me Raymond, or Ray, for short. Will you?"

"I'm afraid I can't."

"Because I am so young, and you are so old," was the naive reply.

Raymond's laugh rang out clearly and musically.

"Thank you, little princess, for your kindness; but did you never know any little girls who had 'old' brothers?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, what will you call me? I won't have that horrid formal 'sir,' he said, impatiently.

"Lady Prescott told me to call her 'auntie.' Perhaps you will let me call you 'Cousin Ray,' she said, sweetly, after a few moments of puzzled thought.

"Yes, little one, if that will suit you any better," was the laughing response.

And thus Sibyl, the little wayside waif, was taken into their hearts and made one of them.

Sir Athelstone Prescott welcomed the return of his wife and son with much rejoicing.

The former had improved wonderfully in health and strength, and now that she had a new object in life, she seemed to take a fresh interest in everything about her.

As to her intentions and desires regarding Sibyl's future, Sir Athelstone told her, even as Raymond had predicted, "that she should do with the child just as her kind heart dictated."

"Then, from this day she shall be called Sibyl Prescott, and be reared as we would rear our own daughter," she said.

"As you will. The child certainly is one of great promise."

"I thought at first," his wife continued, that, for mere humanity's sake, I would only take her away from that dreadful place, and put her in some school, where she could get the education she so much desired; but the dear child is so sweet, bright and lovable, that I cannot bear to part with her now."

"Then, you shall keep her, my love," Sir Athelstone replied, smiling fondly upon her.

"You know, Athel," she went on, a little bit of pain creeping into her eyes, "that I have always wanted a daughter so much, and Sibyl is so beautiful and spirited, as well as good, that I feel she will be very companionable, and help make our home very bright while Ray is away."

"I am very glad, dear, that you have chosen to do this thing; the object and occupation are just what you need, my wife," returned her husband.

"I feel better about adopting her since discovering about that jewel. I think she must belong to some high family."

"It seems so to me, both from her own appearance and her remembrance concerning the jewel. But, Annie," he added, "if such should be the case her parents may discover her some day, and claim her. It will be very hard for you to give her up then. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, I know that it would be very hard, but, nevertheless, I shall have had the joy and comfort of loving her, and of giving her the proper training to fit her for any position in life," was the noble reply.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Oh! the Charm of Beauty

**Let Stuart's Calcium Wafers Restore
the Color to Your Cheeks and
Remove the Cause of Pimples,
Blackheads, Etc.**



**"Life to Me Now Is a Beautiful Thing,
for I Have Made All Skin Troubles
a Thing of the Past."**

Every one envies a beautiful skin, just as every one envies a healthy person. Unhealthy faces filled with pimples, discolorations, blackheads, etc., are nothing but unhealthy faces due to blood impurities. Cleanse the blood and the facial blemishes disappear.

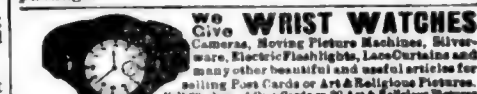
You must not believe that drugs and salves will stop facial blemishes. The cause is impure blood filled with all manner of refuse matter.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers cleanse and clear the blood, driving out all poisons and impurities. And you'll never have a good complexion until the blood is clean.

No matter how bad your complexion is, Stuart's Calcium Wafers will work wonders with it. You can get these little wonder-workers at your druggist's for 50 cents a package.

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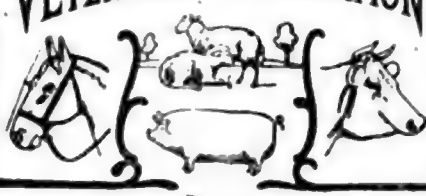
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free for the last three months was brush, such as birch, ash, black oak and other small brush. The cow was sick three days. She began to pant hard as though she had run a long distance and then pant again and she did this until she died. Before she died she acted as though she was choking. After she died I opened her and found her lungs free as large as the normal size. I think they weighed over 60 pounds and they were spotted light pink and dark spots. I took a piece in my hand and squeezed it and it seemed to be soft and foamy. The liver was very large and the gall was large and had about one gallon of green liquid; her kidneys seemed to be all right. The food in her stomach was hard almost like wood. When I first noticed the cow was sick I gave her one quarter of a pound of Epsom salts and one pint bottle full of olive oil and then I gave her two or three times, camomile tea but it did not help her any. Her bowels moved the first day but not after that. She passed urine all right. Please let me know what was the matter with the cow and if there is any cure for the same. One of COMFORT's old subscribers.

I am writing to you for advice. I lost a six-year-old cow a few days ago, that was fat enough for beef. The cow was with the other cattle in a mountain country. The feed for the last three months was brush, such as birch, ash, black oak and other small brush. The cow was sick three days. She began to pant hard as though she had run a long distance and then pant again and she did this until she died. Before she died she acted as though she was choking. After she died I opened her and found her lungs free as large as the normal size. I think they weighed over 60 pounds and they were spotted light pink and dark spots. I took a piece in my hand and squeezed it and it seemed to be soft and foamy. The liver was very large and the gall was large and had about one gallon of green liquid; her kidneys seemed to be all right. The food in her stomach was hard almost like wood. When I first noticed the cow was sick I gave her one quarter of a pound of Epsom salts and one pint bottle full of olive oil and then I gave her two or three times, camomile tea but it did not help her any. Her bowels moved the first day but not after that. She passed urine all right. Please let me know what was the matter with the cow and if there is any cure for the same. One of COMFORT's old subscribers.

A.—The symptoms indicate broncho-pneumonia but we think it quite likely that the condition was simpler trouble at first and that the fatal condition was caused by the medicine you gave her flowing into the lungs at time of administration. It is an easy matter to kill a cow in that way. We suspect that the sickness at first was a stoppage of the bowels, caused by so much dry forage and oak leaves which are constipating or even poisonous.

SICK CALF.—I would like information regarding a seven-months old steer calf. He bleeds at the nose and slobbers nearly all the time. breathes hard and wants to eat but can't get his mouth open. I am a subscriber to COMFORT and I would like to know what to do.

A.—It is likely that ulcers will be found upon the lining membrane of the mouth and throat, the disease being necrotic stomatitis which used to be called Calf Diphtheria and which is contagious and commonly fatal. Treatment consists in scraping each ulcer clean, swabbing with tincture of iodine a few times and then twice daily applying a two per cent solution of permanganate of potash.

WOUND.—I have a two-year old colt that was cut about five months ago by a barbed wire on the inside of the hock. It is straight to the bone. One side healed apparently all right; on the other side pus and flesh appeared. He walks all right, but limps when he trots.

A.—Apply a mixture of equal quantities of finely powdered sulphate of copper, burnt alum twice daily until the growth is cut down level; then apply oxide of zinc ointment daily. Such wounds, in the location described, do not well respond to treatment.

PARALYSIS.—I want to know what was the matter with my sow and what had been done for her. She became weak in her hind parts in spring, while being fed on corn, but when turned out to pasture seemed better, then she got so she could not walk. I gave arsenic and turpentine for kidney worms. When examined, after she died, I found her liver full of boils, her gall as large as a man's fist and her bladder as large as a quart measure and no kidney worms present. I am a subscriber to COMFORT and I think it is a good paper.

A.—Kidney worms do not cause paralysis of the hind quarters in swine, common belief to the contrary. The condition often is due to constipation from stuffing with corn and allowing too little exercise. If taken in time such cases are remedied by physic with Epsom salts and then feeding slop containing raw linseed oil. The sow in question had tuberculosis as shown by the condition of the liver. Parasitic disease of the liver also may cause a similar condition. Such troubles are incurable.

NORSELED.—I have a Poland China sow, eight months old, that takes spells bleeding at the nose from the right side. She eats but little at such time. It makes her sick. She also has a cough.

A.—As the bleeding causes cough and sickness it probably comes from the lungs, but it may come from a growth in the nose. Treatment will not be likely to help so we should advise you to slaughter the sow and use the meat if no serious disease, such as tuberculosis, is found present.

COWPOX.—Can you tell me what ails my cows? They have wax-like sores on their teats. The teats will be smooth then all full with scales. I bought a cow last spring that had scales on her teats. Is it carried on milkers' hands?

A.—Isolate and milk last cows so affected or have them milked by one who does not go near the other cows. Twice daily bathe the teats with a warm saturated solution of boric acid or immerse them in the solution for a few seconds. Then apply glycerite of tannin to the sores as often as found necessary. If any sore proves obstinate, apply strong iodine ointment twice daily.

SORE.—I have a horse four years old that was hurt on the hip when a colt. It healed but the hair does not grow over the scar. Can you give me advice?

A.—Hair cannot be made to grow where the hair roots have been destroyed. Wet the wound several times a day with "White Lotion," composed of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of soft water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before use.

FISTULA.—I have a mare that has had a sore on her shoulder for two months. It runs all the time. It was caused from a flat saddle.

A.—It would be best to have a qualified veterinarian operate by laying open each pocket and pipe to secure for drainage for pus and to remove all dead or diseased tissue. He should then swab the wound with tincture of iodine. Afterward it may be packed daily with ointment saturated with a mixture of equal quantities of turpentine and raw linseed oil. If you cannot employ a veterinarian treat the case with a proprietary feline cure used according to directions given by the manufacturer.

WART.—I have a seven-months old colt that has a wart on his front shoulder, about the size of a small walnut. It appears to be sore and is red most of the time. It forms a scab, but rubs off easily and becomes sore. What can I do to remove it?

Mrs. C. A. B.

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A.—You should have the wart dissected, but by a veterinarian, then treat as a common wound until healed. If you cannot have this done smear lard on the sound skin and twice a week apply nitric acid to the wart with a flat stick.

LAMENESS.—I have a six-year-old horse that I drive. There is a knot on one of his fore legs on the outside just below the knee. After he has stood all night he is lame in that leg. The knot is not quite as large as the end of your thumb and seems to be grown on the bone and very hard.

A.—A small splint is present but it may not be the cause of the lameness. Splint lameness is not present at starting a trip but comes on and aggravates with exercise. If you cannot find another cause of lameness blister the splint once a month with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and one ounce of lard.

FITS.—Please tell me what is the matter with my dog. He takes spells of running and stretching. His eyes turn red about three days before he is sick, which lasts twelve hours.

A.—Give the dog a dose of Epsom salts once a week in water, one small meal each evening and make him live an outdoor life so far as that is possible. Get him into muscular condition instead of having him fat. If the trouble then persists give him worm medicine to be bought ready for use at the drug store.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Sir Thomas, seeing Levalloin in possession, had retired on business of his own; and Levalloin laid his fine hand, that, if it were not young, was still beautiful, on his wife's bronze head.

"You're not really afraid of your party, are you?" he said with a tenderness that sat oddly on him. "For you know it is I who should be that! If I were wise I'd shut you up alone with me, and save trouble. You're too good-looking, little mouse, for women not to hate you, and men"—he shrugged his shoulders—"and you've only my battered old bones between you and a somewhat overrated civilization." There was something wistful in his voice, despite its cynicism, and it hurt her.

"Don't speak like that!" she cried sharply, passionately. "It wasn't that I meant. Only that I'm eighteen and an ignorant fool. How do I know how to entertain people? Suppose I disgrace you?"

He laughed, still stroking her hair; and the laugh had the ring of Adrian's, and hurt her.

"I will frown at you when I see you eating with your knife. Dearest, I wish you would do a little now in the hostessing way, if you don't mind! Go and see Adrian; he's up, and it doesn't seem kind not to take any notice of him. Would you go? I know you hate illness, but he really does not look very dreadful. And would you give him this?" drawing something from his pocket. "I dare say he would rather you knew of his love-tokens than I," smiling.

Ravenel's tears banged against her ribs. He was holding out to her that ring that was her own.

"If—if you want me to," she said. Almost she could have let Adrian go with that ring unexplained rather than have had Levalloin—Levalloin!—put her opportunity in her hand.

"He will think it odd if you never go near him, I fancy. But just as you like!" and his hand with the ring in it moved toward his pocket.

"I'll go," she said quickly, involuntarily; for after all she was not brave enough to let the knowledge she longed for go by forever. She dared not look at Levalloin's face, lest she should forget herself and pour out the whole reason of her reluctance to be sent—by him—to Adrian. An appropriate and delightful confidence it would be, too, for her husband's ears. But if she did tell he would not hear her; he had no opinion of confessions. Had he not said once that "he wanted to know nothing about her that he did not know already—nothing!"

She held out her hand for the emerald ring.

At the quick faint knock on the door a man looked up from a paper he was pretending to read.

"Come in," he said impatiently, wishing Sister Elizabeth and her messes elsewhere.

But it was not Sister Elizabeth.

Gordon jumped up and sat down again, furious at finding how weak he was, and how his heart jumped at the sight of her face.

For Ravenel stood in the doorway; and yet not Ravenel, but Lady Levalloin. His eyes went over her, losing not a point of the dainty, artificial look she had in her fine clothes.

Her bronze hair she had been used to twist carelessly was dressed exquisitely, in the rippling smooth yet fluffed outlines that were the fashion; her gown, that had been cotton, was finest white serge now, and the fro-frou of its silk lining reached him as she closed the door behind her; her little feet—but he could not look at those little feet. Truly, she had done well to leave him for Levalloin; he could never have given her shoes with silver buckles like those!

"This is extremely kind of you," he said awkwardly. "Will you excuse my not getting up?" and even as he forced out the words he was thankful he had let Levalloin's man shave him clean of his scrubby, week-old beard, and bring him decent clothes instead of a dressing-gown.

But Lady Levalloin's eyes were on his haggard, weary face and not on his toilet.

"Are you better?" she asked, standing yards away from him, and he remembered how she had come closer indeed last May. Is the nurse here?"

"No!" wonderingly. "At her tea. Won't you—sit down?"

She shook her head, and he saw with a queer listlessness that she was shaking from head to foot.

"I didn't want to come," she cried, as if his

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Indifference had thrown her back on herself. "Levalloin sent me. I was to ask how you were, and—give you this!" Flushing, trembling, she held out his ring.

Gordon held his tongue. No wonder she had not wanted to come. And then his temper nearly betrayed him.

"He could not have found a messenger more charming," he said, with icy politeness.

Ravenel caught her breath.

"Oh, I know you hate me!" she cried. "I know how you changed your mind at the last minute—though that was the only decent thing you ever did—and never came for me; left me like an old shoe for any one to pick up after you had made my name a by-word. But I mean you to tell me one thing in spite of my—self-respect." Her voice shook, like her body. "Where did you get my ring?"

He gazed at her in blind stupefaction.

"You sent it back to me," he said bluntly. "In your anger. I can't see why you ask."

"I!" said Lady Levalloin. "I sent it back to you!" The ring fell from her hand and rolled where it would on the floor. Her gray eyes seemed suddenly to come alive, to blaze in her pale face.

"Where's the letter?" she cried scornfully.

"Show me the letter."

"I can't; it's in town with my things. God knows why I was fool enough to keep it, but I was. And more fool still, for I know it by heart. But you can't need to hear it."

"Say it!" She stamped her foot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Miss F. V. Lankin, N. Dak.—You are right in thinking that the company to which you sold—or tried to sell—your song was dishonest. There are many such concerns that advertise to bring out the productions of aspiring young and old song writers. It would be practically impossible for you to dispose of your composition, "The Wonderful Nation," of which you send us a copy. There are hundreds of far more experienced song writers that are turning out patriotic songs today, and the market is completely flooded for all except productions of unusual merit.

Mrs. E. B. Patton, East Bernstadt, Ky.—We are sure that some COMFORT readers who live in the Western states will respond to your request that they write to a fellow subscriber who wishes information at first hand of opportunities and conditions in states where there is government land to be allotted or relinquishments to be bought cheaply.

Mrs. R. O. Wheatlands, Ind.—Courses are being given in the large cities for the training of Red Cross nurses. You would find a good education a necessity as prerequisite to one of these courses, and a rather stiff examination is held at the completion of the training. We do not think that your one year of high school work would be sufficient preparation for this profession as the standard set by the Red Cross for its nurses is a high one, and the present war has introduced new and difficult situations for medical science to conquer. But there are many ways in which you may keep busy at home during the war, and many ways of serving in these days when all forces are being marshalled.

Mrs. P. R. Stamps, Ark.—Mildew is one of the most difficult stains to remove, and we believe that to remove it with complete success from a reed baby carriage would be difficult or impossible. The weeping of the reedwork, and the interstices thus formed, would make the use of a cleansing fluid of small effect. We think it would be a good plan to paint this carriage, or give it a coat of some light colored enamel.

A. E. W., St. Paul, Minn.—Read the answer to Mrs. R. O. in this column. It is always necessary to have the best of health to endure the strain of nursing, and to have the strength to accomplish the required work.

W. L. Fairland, Okla.—In any of the large cities one can enter certain hospitals without cost, as a "probationer," to learn to be a nurse. The applicant generally supplies her own uniforms, and is sometimes paid a small salary of a few dollars a month. These hospitals are always very strict about those that they accept and they demand that an applicant should have good health and be fitted in character and in education for this splendid but difficult profession. Many of the "probationers" are dropped after a few months as being unfitted for the work. (2) One can sail from this country to France for sixty dollars and in better style and with more comfort for seventy-five to ninety dollars.

A Subscriber, Fort Gay, W. Va.—Read the answers to Mrs. R. O. and to W. L. in this column. The usual hospital courses for nurses are for either two or three years.

C. C. Vinson, Oakwood, Texas, writes to this department to say that he believes that the Mrs. M. P. of Oakwood, Texas, whose inquiry regarding a "piece of jewelry" was answered in this column in September, has found a diamond ring which he lost and that he advertised for in vain. Mr. Vinson states that he will gladly pay a reward of one hundred dollars for the return of this ring, and if Mrs. M. P. has really found this valuable and lost article we hope she may read these lines and communicate with Mr. Vinson.

Mr. E. J. V., Oakley, Kan., says that a cup of gasoline mixed to a paste with three tablespoons of corn-starch makes a fine cleanser for a white felt hat, and this is called to the attention of several COMFORT readers who have inquired in former months regarding the best method of cleaning such headgear. The paste should be rubbed well into the hat, and the surplus powder afterwards brushed lightly off. Mrs. E. J. V. is another of those of our subscribers who are interested in the question of chicken gizzards and is anxious to know of a market for these articles of poultry anatomy. This department knows of no such market—other than the soup kettle or the gravy boat. If COMFORT readers of this column know of a firm that is buying gizzards for purposes of peepin extraction or otherwise, we would be glad to have the information forwarded to this department.

R. O. D., Canton, Texas.—You need no government license to sell your novel either before or after you secure a copyright. You need not have your production put in book form unless you wish.

L. R., Dot, Va.—Much as it might like to, COMFORT could not open its columns to any church desiring to raise funds to build a home. If this were done, thousands of churches would flood us with calls for like space, and we could not furnish our readers with our regular departments. Often a church can raise more money by means of fairs and other entertainments than it can by asking outright for money. Yet we believe that if the members of a church wish to erect a parish house or other building, the quickest, best, and fairest way to secure funds, is for every member that expects to use the building to give a sum of money in proportion to his or her means. What one wants must be paid for.

Miss S. D., New Bedford, Mass.—The Mercy Hospital and School for Nurses, 734 S. 17th St.; the Philadelphia General Hospital, 34th St.; the Pine and Southampton Roads and the Northampton General Hospital, 2017 N. 22nd St., are hospitals in Philadelphia where you might enter for training as a nurse. Write to these, addressing in each case the Superintendent.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

"My own, unselfish wife!" Sir Athelstone responded. Then he added, playfully: "What a pity it is that you missed your calling, Annie. This one act of yours proves to me that you ought to have been a missionary."

"Why, Athel! I have been one for the last twenty-two years. I regret that you have not appreciated my efforts better," she retorted, archly. With a hearty laugh at her repartee, Sir Athelstone bent his lips to her brow, and then went away to visit a patient.

The week following their return, Raymond went back to college, and Sibyl eagerly began her studies, under a competent governess and masters.

At the end of a year, when Raymond returned from college, she had mastered grammar, geography, and arithmetic, besides beginning algebra, French and Latin.

She had improved in appearance, too, having grown tall, and more cultivated and refined in her manners, and he was glad to see that she was

beloved in his home even as an own daughter would have been.

After a few weeks spent in resting, the young man left home again for Germany, where he was to spend two years more in study, at his own desire.

CHAPTER VI. BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

Five years! How much is comprised in the time represented by those two short words!

Raymond, who had only contemplated remaining away two years, had been gone all the time, excepting a vacation of three delightful weeks. His two years of study he supplemented with another at the same university in Germany, after which he had been induced to join a party who were to travel for a couple of years.

We find him now just returned, in the full vigor and pride of his manhood—handsome, well-proportioned, cultivated, and refined—a man calculated to attract, please, and command respect wherever he went.

Sir Athelstone looks and appears about the same.

Lady Prescott also seems not a day older, and her fair face just as fair and lovely as ever.

The greatest change is manifest in Sibyl, who, from the neglected and sorrow-laden child found in the fisherman's inn, has bloomed into glorious and perfect womanhood.

It is just six years today since Lady Prescott mentally shook the dust from her feet, and brought her little protégée away from the old life into the new; and Sir Athelstone Prescott's elegant mansion is brilliantly illuminated to celebrate Sibyl's nineteenth birthday.

The poor child had never known what it was to have a "birthday" until she came to Lady Prescott, and, as Mistress Sloan had told her that she was apparently about three years old when she was thrown upon her care, and had remained with her ten years, her ladyship told Sibyl that they would call the day on which she left the old life her thirteenth birthday; and every year since, when the day came round, she had celebrated it in some way for her.

Now there was double cause for a celebration, for Raymond had returned, and Lady Prescott had resolved to give a large party in honor of the two events.

Just a little while before it was time for their friends to assemble, she sought the young girl's rooms.

Sibyl, now grown into a tall and graceful woman, was standing before a double, full-length mirror, clad in trailing robes of softest and mistiest of lace, over which a maid was fastening beautiful wreaths of rich green leaves covered with a glistening imitation of frost.

She looked regal, standing there in all the pride of her fresh, young beauty, but no conscious vanity marred its effect, and Lady Prescott gazed upon her with delight.

"Raymond will surely call you the 'frost princess' tonight, my love," she said, as her jeweled fingers caressed some of the rich, glistening leaves.

"Has he gone down yet, auntie?" Sibyl asked, the flush deepening upon her cheek at his name, and the dusky lashes quivering with a trifle.

"No, dear; he is still in his room."

Lady Prescott smiled, and, bending forward, kissed Sibyl, tenderly.

"You are nineteen tonight, my dear—this is to be your debut, or introduction to society, and I could not think of anything more fitting to bring you for a gift than this."

She opened a velvet case, while she spoke, and took something out. It was a rich, though delicate, chain of finest wrought gold, with an ornament of some kind suspended from it.

Lady Prescott clasped it about the beautiful neck, and then stood a little distance, to note the effect.

Sibyl took up the ornament, which lay upon her bosom, to examine it.

She uttered a little cry of delight; then her lips began to tremble, and her eyes to fill with tears.

"Oh, auntie, how kind of you! And what a lovely chain! May I wear it always now?"

"Always, dear child, for I know you will prize it more than any other thing in the world."

"Not more than the love that prompted it, I can assure you," Sibyl exclaimed, as she gave her a hearty, grateful kiss in return.

"But," she added, "I have always longed for the time to come when you would think it proper for me to wear this, for I believe my mother must have worn it, and it seems very precious to me."

The ornament suspended from the chain was none other than the one which Sibyl had taken from the old trunk in Jim's and Nell's room on the morning of her departure from their roof. The diamond glittered and flashed like a thing of life, with every gentle breath that she drew, while these three letters, so curiously formed by the gleaming pearls, seemed to her like mystic characters, through the solving of which the secret of her life could alone be revealed.

"This must have cost a great deal of money, auntie," Sibyl said, meditatively, and still examining the ornament.

"Yes; that diamond alone must be worth a hundred pounds, and the pearls and setting nearly as much more. But it is more valuable to me, Sibyl, from the fact that I believe it to be the missing link in your life. It probably belonged to some-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

THIS FORD FREE



Send Us No Money

JUST YOUR NAME

You don't need money to get an automobile. Let me give you one of my brand new, never used, latest model, five-passenger Ford Touring Cars. I have given away dozens of them. You might as well have one, too. If you have no auto and want one, send me your name right away and say: "I want to get one of your Ford cars." A post-card will do.

RHOADS AUTO CLUB
316 Capital Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only

\$7.50

7 MONTHS TIME

Purchase Plan



to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the most expensive gramophone that sell at \$25.00—to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music. Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the first entertainments for one whole month. Return the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE if for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials, record book and other literature. They are free.

S. H. DAVIS, 62-8101 May St., CHICAGO

INDOOR TOILET

Sanitary and Odorless on ten days

FREE TRIAL

No Money Down—No Deposit
No more outside back yard inconveniences. No chambers to empty. No sewer or cesspool. Chemical process dissolves human waste in water. No trouble. Kill disease germs. Prevents flies, filth and bad odors of outhouse. A real necessity for old, young or invalids. Preserves health.

Costs 1 Cent a Week to Operate per Person.

Place in any room, hall or closet. No trouble to install. Guaranteed sanitary and odorless. Endorsed by thousands of nurses, doctors, sanitary experts, health boards, etc. **AGENTS WANTED.**

Kaw-near Cabinet Co.,
402 Kaw-near Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

4 LACE CURTAINS

SELL 8 BOXES ROSEBUD
at 25c per box. A valuable household article. Return the \$1 to us and we will promptly send you 4 beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains, will fit largest windows, or choose from our big catalog of premiums. Rosebud is an easy seller. Write for it today. **WE TRUST YOU.**
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 237, Woodboro, Md.

FREE

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 boxes of these. **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.** When sold return \$1.50 and all 5 pieces are yours. **U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. 602 Greenville, Pa.**

FREE

High power air rifle for selling 6 boxes of Menthol-Nova. **FREE** U. S. COMPANY, Dept. 33 GREENVILLE, PA.

FREE

This pretty band **GIVEN** for names of your neighbors and ten cents to pay postage &c. **Cam City Supply Co., QUINCY, ILL.**



GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS NATURAL COLOR

Not an experiment but an absolute success. Rhodes' Hair Restorer will positively restore gray and faded hair to its original color, youthful beauty and rich luster. It is a scalp and hair food that cures dandruff, and all scalp humors. Nourishes the roots of the hair and makes it grow luxuriantly. Harmless and undetectable. It is not a dye and will not stain the skin or linen. It cures itching and sore scalps.

MAKES HAIR GROW

Let us convince you. Send 5 cents in postage for free trial bottle, book on the Care of the Hair, etc. Large bottle \$1.00, express prepaid. Address the hair and scalp specialists.

A. T. RHODES' & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

EARN \$50 GOLD

How Many Words Can You Make

Now here is a puzzle that is a prize winner. You do not have to sit up and work over a dictionary all night. Just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters hereafter given. Use only the letters given and only as many times as they appear. For instance, the letter R appears four times, so in all your words you must not use R more than four times. If you use R twice in one word and twice in another, you cannot use R in another word, as you have already used it as many times as it appears. You do not have to use up all the letters. The puzzle looks simple, but if you can make as many as twelve words, send in your list at once, as the person winning first prize may not have more than that many words.

THE OFFER

We are conducting a big prize contest and will give 100 votes in the contest for each word you make. To the person having the most votes at the end of the contest we will give \$25 in cash; to the second highest \$10; to the third highest \$7.50; to the fourth \$5; and to the fifth \$2.50. In addition we are going to give away hundreds of other valuable prizes too numerous to mention in this advertisement. Contest closes May 18, 1918. Anyone may enter and if you only win the \$2.50 prize you are that much ahead. It is certainly worth a little effort, and besides you will receive, as a prize, a copy of the best story paper published. If there should be a tie between two or more contestants for any of the prizes, each tie contestant will receive the prize tied for. **Write today.**

WORD EDITOR, 902 Friend Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

WHY WE DO IT

We publish the best story paper in America, and we want to send you a sample copy and full particulars of our big contest club. Every new member of our contest club this month receives a Genuine Diamond RING FREE. It does not cost you one cent to join and every member is sure of winning a prize. Show this offer to your friends.

WORD EDITOR, 902 Friend Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

Four Wheel Chairs in December 446 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four December wheel chairs will bring Christmas cheer to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Howard C. Cannoy, Kingsport, Tenn., 170; Dixie Marie Wallace, R. 2, Sebre, Ky., 127; Mrs. Emily Dougherty, Dover, N. C., 120; Gertrude Robinette, Sales, La., 107.

Howard C. Cannoy, age six years, has never been able to walk because of spinal trouble which also makes his hands nearly useless. His mother, who has worked to get the subscriptions for his chair, writes, "He has to sit in his little chair all the time."



Miss E. Jane Terry Enjoying Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Dixie Marie Wallace, age 11.—This poor little girl is crippled by rheumatism. For lack of a wheel chair or other adjustable chair she has sat for weary weeks and months in a common chair in one position which has resulted in her legs stiffening in a sitting posture so that now she is unable to straighten them.

Mrs. Emily Dougherty, age 73, a widow dependent on her children, has been a long-time sufferer from rheumatism which has crippled her knees so that she can not walk. The wheel chair will be a blessing to her and to her daughter who takes care of her.

Gertrude Robinette, age 11, has been paralyzed in her lower limbs the past six years so that she is unable to walk, but as she can use her arms and hands she gets about some by crawling over the floor. She lives on a farm with her parents who are renters. She will enjoy rolling herself about in her wheel chair.

I know there are many calls on your generosity in war time, but don't forget or neglect the poor shut-ins near home who are suffering for a wheel chair and need your help to get one through COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club. They are poor and have no other means of obtaining one.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I can always find a way to get a part of the cost paid for each month you do your part. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Help to Her

TIMSON, TEXAS, R. 4.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I received my wheel chair in good shape with freight all prepaid by you. I am so grateful to you and all those who helped me get it. It will be a great help to me to be out of bed and in the chair a part of the time. I enclose a picture of myself enjoying my wheel chair.

Truly your friend, E. JANE TERRY.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. T. J. Ragland, Texas, for Mr. T. J. Ragland, 60; Mrs. J. M. Baker, Ga., for Florine Welton, 41; Mrs. P. M. Adams, Ga., for Alma Adams, 40; Lilla Lane, Texas, for Harlan Lane, 39; Mrs. W. P. Charlton, Texas, for Charlie Grey, 34; Alice Welton, Ga., for Florine Welton, 32; Mrs. David F. Tunnell, Colo., for Verma Mable Dutro, 31; Mrs. Pollie Spinks, La., for Gertrude Robinette, 27; Mrs. S. M. Hunnicutt, N. C., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 26; Chloa Proffitt, Ky., for Roscoe Proffitt, 24; Mrs. Wm. W. Pittman, Indiana, for Sarah E. Rowe, 21; Mrs. Mary Greene, Ala., for own wheel chair, 20; Lucy Somerset, Ala., for Mrs. Mary Green, 20; J. T. Melton, Ky., for Dixie Marie Wallace, 19; Mrs. W. A. Robinette, La., for Gertrude Robinette, 18; Mrs. W. A. Stirewalt, N. C., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 16; Susan Roberts, Missouri, for Clarence Clark, 15; Beasy Apelund, Wash., for Alvin Corbit, 15; Mrs. Walter Glover, N. C., for Mrs. Emily Dougherty, 14; Mrs. G. C. Neal, Pa., for Mark Clark, 14; Ubia Carroll, Tenn., for Mrs. Laura Carroll, 13; Mrs. Mary Cline, Texas, for Harlan Lane, 12; Mrs. W. B. Taylor, Ala., for Lovie Belle Taylor, 12; Mrs. Minnie Reynolds, Indiana, for own little girl, 11; Mrs. John W. Miles, Indiana, for Sarah E. Rowe, 10; Mrs. M. J. Via, Texas, for Lorena Campbell, 10; Mrs. Rhodie Harper, La., for Gertrude Robinette, 9; Mrs. F. Whitehead, Mich., for Lyle B. Gibson, 8; Mrs. Jerry Jansen, Ill., for Carl G. Jansen, 7; Lear Jack, Ky., for Howard Carr Cannoy, 7; Lear Jack, Tenn., for Annie Jack, 6; Mrs. W. I. Paddock, Minn., for Mrs. T. McBride, 6; Mrs. M. C. Nelson, Ala., for Lovie Belle Taylor, 6; Kathryn Humphreys, Ark., for Elma Williams, 5; Irene Hicks, Ark., for Elma Williams, 5; Florence Feiling, Indiana, for Dixie Marie Wallace, 5.

Five hundred acres of land on Cottonwood Creek, California, known as the old Elmore place, were sold the other day under execution by the sheriff to D. D. Dodson for \$2. Dodson was witnessing the sale and jokingly bid \$2. The bid was not raised and the property was proclaimed sold. The original owners have one year in which to redeem, and no doubt will. The ranch is assessed at \$3 per acre.

Children's Happy Hour

Alice's Snow White Cloud

Copyright, 1917, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

ALICE loved to play at the edge of the big ocean. You can see her standing, with her bathing suit on, ready to take a plunge. Sometimes she just wades into the water, and of course you don't have to have a bathing suit for that; all you have to do is take off your shoes and stockings and tuck your feet up a little.

Do you like Alice's middy suit and her rain cape?

Once she paddled out in her little boat and sat on a high rock to watch the frosted wavelets play. Oh, it was a pretty sight. She imagined they were fairies hurrying home and she wondered where their home could be. All of a sudden she felt something tickling her bare toes and when she looked down found, to her horror, that it was the water which had risen up all around the rock on which she was sitting.

Alice shouted for help but no one seemed to hear her. The paddle was still in her hand but the canoe had drifted quite a distance away.

Oh, how the seconds dragged. How her heart thumped and how quickly the water did rise. Pretty soon the only dry spot for Alice to stand on was hardly as big as a pancake. The ocean was all around her. It was getting higher and higher. Before long it lapped over her toes, then crawled to her ankles and then up and up and up, chilling her legs and wetting the bottom of her dress.

The poor child could stand it no longer. She was too scared to do a single thing but pray and was just about to give up and lie down in the big, cold water when something in her heart

urged her to hold on to the very last gasp. It seemed as though a voice behind her was saying, "Don't give up; don't give up."

With a great effort she managed to turn around and what she saw right at her feet almost caused her to fall with sheer surprise and joy. It was a big white swan with reins in its mouth and a saddle on its back and a kind look in its little round eyes.

"Jump upon my back, little girl," it said, "and I will take you to shore."

Alice mounted as quickly as she could and soon was bouncing over the waves with a delightful springy motion.

"Go straight to the flag pole on the hotel, dear fairy swan," she panted, her heart beating wildly.

The noble bird understood her words and obeyed them.

Never did Alice enjoy a ride so much. Her feet were dragging in the water and her skirt was wet but she did not care for a little thing like that. She was being taken straight to her mamma and papa and that was enough. At length the beach was reached and Alice stepped on the hard dry sand.

The first thing she did was to put her tired arms around the swan's glossy neck and hug it. The big bird flapped its wings and when the child withdrew her arms, it flew straight up in the air. Alice sat spellbound watching it for a long time and at last it disappeared in a white cloud.

Now that all danger was passed she grew weak and faint but her folks came along and then she told her wonderful story. They laughed and said she must be dreaming, but just the same, every day she stares up at the sky and searches out the white cloud and waves her hand and throws kisses at it and believes that some day the big swan will slowly sail out of it and come down by her side and give her another joyous ride.



Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the whole picture on smooth cardboard and rub with hands from the center towards the edges to press out all wrinkles. Use boiled flour paste. When neatly pasted put it in a big book for at least one day or night to dry. Next cut out each figure, hat and suit with scissors and color them with crayons, chalk or water colors. To put the hats on, cut a slot where the dotted lines are and push them down on the head. The extending flaps are bent back to hold the costumes on. The doll will stand alone if the ends of the strip under it are bent back at right angles.

Combination Embroidery And Stamping Outfit



All New Popular Designs! Given For a Club of Four!

HAND embroidery is in greater demand than ever this season owing to the simplicity of the dresses and waists. Even the plainest costume may be made very stylish and attractive by adding some handsome design in hand embroidery. We have been careful to include in this stamping outfit only the prettiest and most practical designs a few of which are shown in the above illustration. Also we have included some very attractive and popular designs already stamped on good material. There are three large sheets of perforated patterns containing designs for linen suits, corset covers, collar and cuffs, baby's dresses, baby's kimono, handkerchiefs, centerpieces, calendars, picture frames, one complete alphabet and many other popular and stylish designs, also a cake of superior stamping preparation, distributor and full directions. In addition to the perforated patterns we also give you one large tray cloth, 8 x 17 inches, and six 5 x 8 inch doilies to match all stamped on real white Irish linen, one oblong pillow top 17 x 31 inches, hand tinted on ecru art cloth, one bone stiletto for punching holes for eyelet embroidery, one package of 10 embroidery needles and ten skeins of white embroidery mercerized cotton floss. We will be glad to send any woman or girl this complete outfit exactly as described free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to you this new Combination Embroidery and Stamping Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7534. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Earn \$27.50 A Day Easily

Work all or spare time. Own a business of your own. Akron Lighting Systems. Akron Gas Lamp Co. 441 Gas Bldg. Akron, Ohio. Write for literature. Absolutely safe. Permitted by insurance companies.

GIVEN HANDSOME LACE CURTAINS. Akron Gas Lamp Co. 441 Gas Bldg. Akron, Ohio. Write for literature. Absolutely safe. Permitted by insurance companies.

HAWAIIAN RING FREE. Akron Gas Lamp Co. 441 Gas Bldg. Akron, Ohio. Write for literature. Absolutely safe. Permitted by insurance companies.

FREE WATCH & RING. Akron Gas Lamp Co. 441 Gas Bldg. Akron, Ohio. Write for literature. Absolutely safe. Permitted by insurance companies.

JAPANESE RING FREE. Akron Gas Lamp Co. 441 Gas Bldg. Akron, Ohio. Write for literature. Absolutely safe. Permitted by insurance companies.

FREE. Akron Gas Lamp Co. 441 Gas Bldg. Akron, Ohio. Write for literature. Absolutely safe. Permitted by insurance companies.

BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE. Akron Gas Lamp Co. 441 Gas Bldg. Akron, Ohio. Write for literature. Absolutely safe. Permitted by insurance companies.

WE BUY ALL FALSE TEETH. U. S. SMELTING WORKS, 743 Maryland Ave., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

LIFE SIZE DOLL FREE

2 1/2 Feet High. Girls, here is a Great Big Doll; big enough to wear your outgrown baby dresses, which you can put on and off, button and unbutton, to your heart's desire. It is the most popular doll made. Dolls have an indestructible head, golden hair, rosy cheeks, brown eyes, red stockings, black shoes, and will stand alone. It is an exact reproduction of a hand painted French Doll, beautifully printed on desirable material to be stuffed, and will live in your memory long after childhood days have passed. We will give this beautiful doll absolutely free as a premium for selling only four boxes of our National Golds at \$1.00 each. Write today and we will send goods by mail postpaid. When sold send us the money (\$1.00) and we will send you this Life Size Doll which is 2 1/2 feet high and can wear baby's clothes, or your choice of other premium.

EXTRA PREMIUM. If you send us the money within one week after receiving the goods, we will send with the doll, a Gold Ribbon Pin, as an extra premium for prompt work. We take back all goods not sold. Write plainly. Address NATIONAL MFG. CO., Dept. A75, West Hebron, N. J. **MOST POPULAR DOLL MADE**

A contemporary wants to know what's become of the old-fashioned man who used to say, "I say, says I." When last seen he was standing on a street corner in close conversation with the old-fashioned man who says, "Seize to me, seize."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pure White Bleached Towels. Yard Long With Fast Color Red Border. Prem. No. 7193.

These complete ready-to-use towels each a yard long, are one of the most sensible and satisfactory and thus most popular of the premium goods. They are of excellent quality crash each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The pure white color and red line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer: For three subscriptions to COMFORT at 30 cents each we will send you one pair (3) of these ready-made Towels free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7193. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Birthstone Rings



Given For A Club Of Four!

THE most popular lady's rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones, the month to which one applies and its symbol.

- No. 7632. January, The Garnet, Symbol of Power.
No. 7643. February, The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
No. 7652. March, The Bloodstone, Symbol of Courage.
No. 7663. April, The Diamond, Symbol of Fortitude.
No. 7672. May, The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
No. 7682. June, The Agate, Symbol of Health and Long Life.
No. 7693. July, The Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
No. 7702. August, The Sardonyx, Symbol of Happiness.
No. 7712. September, The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
No. 7722. October, The Opal, Symbol of Hope.
No. 7732. November, The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
No. 7742. December, The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine 12-Karat gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. And not only the women and girls but men and boys as well are now wearing them.

Please do not class these rings with the cheap "electro-plated" rings that turn brassy after they have been worn a month or two. Remember that every one of them is guaranteed to be 12-Karat gold-filled and positively warranted for five years. If you want a handsome birthstone ring for yourself or some dear friend or relative you will make no mistake in taking advantage of this offer at once. When ordering be sure to specify the size and number of ring wanted. You can easily tell just what size ring you wear by following the directions at the right.

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled birthstone rings by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



Premium No. 7763

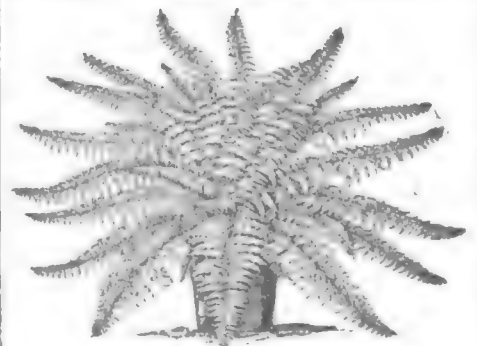
THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Mahogany finish on the back of brush with the SILVERLINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 1-2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one and one half inches wide with coarse and fine teeth. **Club Offer:** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this set free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7763. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SILK MUSLIN SCARF



For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarves will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hem-stitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy mother will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats. When ordering be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7384. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Beautiful Ferns

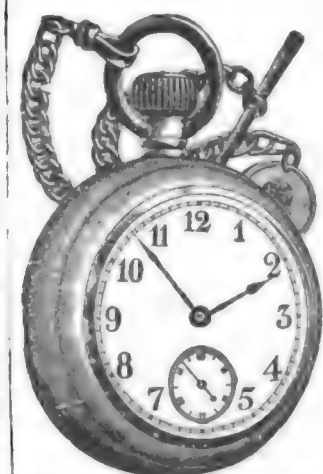


Premium No. 6112

Given For Four Subscriptions

Of all indoor foliage plants, none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular house ferns. They need but little care and live indefinitely, growing larger and more beautiful year by year. The collection offered you here comprise four of the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for the house culture. They are the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitman or "Ostrich plume" fern. They will thrive in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. These ferns are guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each one of them a strong, healthy, well rooted plant ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 6112. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gent's Watch and Chain

Premium No. 7308

For A Club Of Eight!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent time keeper.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movement is American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7308. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premium No. 73210

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Ten

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is white or gray with border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

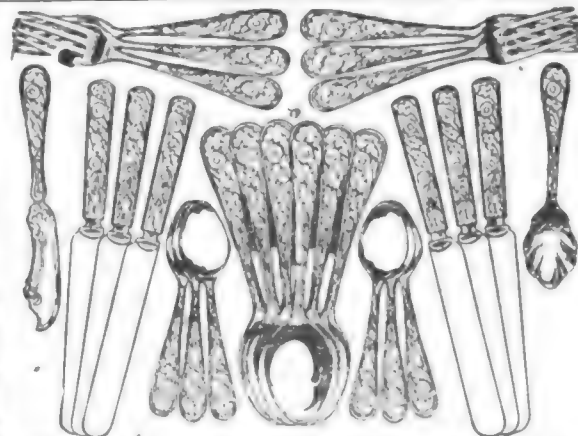
Club Offer. For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 73210. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy TABLE SET

Premium No. 73010

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Ten

WE have in the past made many offers of table ware, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think that because we are giving away this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This set which we offer you here is plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Sugar Shells and 6 Butter spoons. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished.



WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS

It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept this offer we are going to guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Daisy Table Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 73010. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tapestry Table Cover



Nearly One Yard Square

Premium No. 7404

Given For A Club of Four

THIS beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in handsome colors on an interwoven background which is of a color that harmonizes with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room and it will enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home. They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this Table Cover, exactly as described, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7404. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stereoscope With 100 Views

Premium No. 6462

For A Club Of Four!

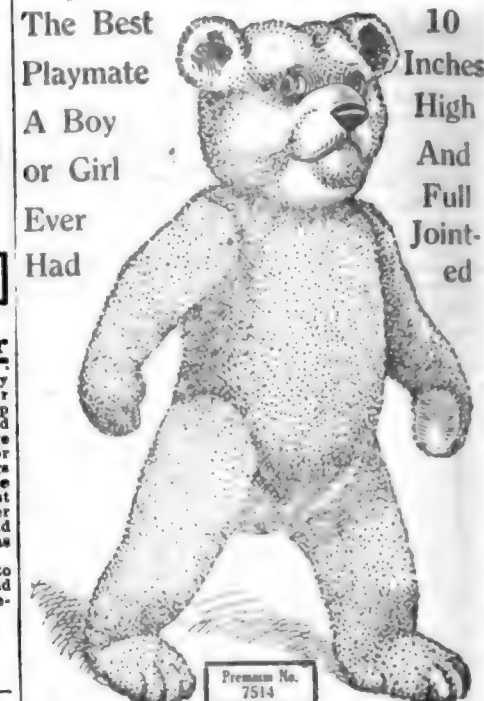
LIONS, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days. Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, beautiful scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Stereoscope with 100 Views free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6462. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fine Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had

10 Inches High And Full Jointed



Premium No. 7514

FOR A CLUB OF FOUR!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7514. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Of Turkish Towels

Premium No. 7323

For Three Subscriptions

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel. In fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bath or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the thick, heavy fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are genuine Turkish towels—not the imitation kind—and are 17 inches wide and 36 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make a present of one pair of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7323. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Crying Infant Doll

Premium No. 7284

For A Club Of Four

THIS is the latest in crying dolls. It cries "Mama" so plainly that it actually satisfies everyone who hears it. No strings to pull. You simply press it gently in the back and the wonderful voice responds instantly. The vocal mechanism by which this doll imitates a baby's cry completely fills its chubby body. The marvelous contrivance is thoroughly made and its articulation of "Mama" is surprising, not to say bewildering to those who hear it. Including dress and all this little infant measures 14 inches in length. The pretty white infant's dress and hood is trimmed with lace and handsome blue silk ribbon bows. She has blue eyes and a cute baby curl peeps out from beneath the hood in a truly life-like manner. This doll is unbreakable, the head being made of a special indestructible composition of a natural fleshlike color. No matter how many dolls the children now have, they will surely be delighted with this one and every mother who reads this offer should take advantage of it at once. We will send you this new infant doll exactly as described upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this crying infant doll free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7284. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mr. Edison's Wonderful Amberola

Only \$1.00 After Free Trial

Yes, you may keep this new Edison Amberola—Edison's new great phonograph with the diamond stylus—and your choice of records, too, for only \$1. Pay the balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Try the New Edison Amberola in your own home before you decide to buy. Send no money down. Then return if you wish. Write Today For Our New Edison Book. Send your name and address for our new Edison Amberola and pictures of the New Edison Amberolas. No obligations. F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors, 2041 Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois.



PEARL WATCH

FREE TO YOU

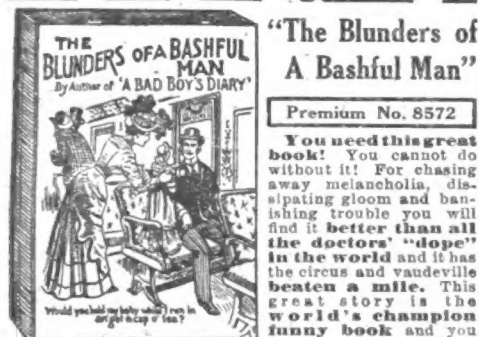
This is positively the most beautiful wrist watch you have ever seen. It is just the size of a half dollar. The case is made of genuine Mother of Pearl, giving off beautiful variations of color. Much prettier than gold, as it will never wear out or tarnish. Good Swiss movement; stem wind and stem set. Soft leather adjustable wristband. **SEND NO MONEY** I want to give one lady or one gentleman a beautiful watch for just a little easy work, which you can do in an hour or two. Write today. Address: V. A. KEMPER, 330 Friend Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Genuine PREMO Camera

FREE

This is the real daylight loading Film Pack Camera made by the famous Eastman Kodak Co. It is a simple, sturdy, practical, automatic shutter for time exposure and snapshots. Will make beautiful pictures and is so simple anyone can use it. Complete instructions with each camera. Why should you be without a camera when you can own a genuine Eastman Kodak camera and it won't cost you one cent? We give these cameras free for selling 20 packages of Ringo Perfumed Ironing Wax. Write today. Send no money. BINGO Co., Dept. 93, Binghamton, N.Y.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



"The Blunders of a Bashful Man"

Premium No. 8572

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dispelling gloom and banishing trouble you will find it better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world and it has the circus and vaudeville beaten a mile. This great story is the world's champion funny book and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this scintillatingly funny story you follow with apt attention and hilarious delight the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly bashful young man who stumbles on through a succession of astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.

Club Offer For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and postpaid. Premium No. 8572. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silk Remnants



Premium No. 5561

All Sizes, Shapes and Colors—A Large Package Sent You For One Subscription

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send an instruction Book as above thing else an instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington-painting. Remember you get one nice lot of these Silk Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins Embroidery Cotton and an instruction Book as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following

Free Offer For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants, free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

thing which your mother used to wear, but how it became detached and in your possession, it puzzles me to imagine."

"I think it is very singular," returned the young girl, thoughtfully.

"I firmly believe," Lady Prescott continued, "that if the ornament, whatever it may be, to which this belongs could be found, your life's mystery would be solved."

Little did either think that that very night was to be the beginning of the unfolding of the great mystery!

Winding her arm about Sibyl's waist, the two beautiful women passed out into the wide upper hall.

Raymond, tall and kingly—a veritable Lancelot for manly beauty—was awaiting them.

One glance at Sibyl made him draw a deep, long breath.

"I hasten to do homage to the queen of the evening," he said, playfully, as he bowed low before her.

"Don't pronounce your verdict yet—you will have many to pass judgment upon ere long; and you may have the mortification of discovering that you have been premature in your decision," returned Sibyl, laughing, yet blushing, beneath his admiring eyes.

"My mother, also, does honor to the house of Prescott tonight," Raymond added, as his quick eye noted the rich robe of garnet silk, with its point lace trimmings, which she wore, and which set off her handsome figure finely.

"Thank you, Ray; but it does not matter so much about my charms, you know—they are of rather minor importance at this late day," she said, laughing.

"It is somebody's birthday today, I believe. Do you feel so very young tonight, and do I appear so very old?" Raymond asked, with a wicked look at Sibyl.

"If one's appearance is any criterion of age, I am free to confess that I think I am fast overtaking you in the race," she retorted.

"I don't know whether to say thank you or not," Raymond said, with a hearty laugh. "But," he added, "allow me to lay my offering on the birthday shrine."

He produced from one of his pockets a little package folded in soft, white paper, and presented it to her.

Sibyl unrolled it, and found a costly fan, composed of lace, feathers, and curiously carved ivory.

"What a little gem! And how thoughtful of you! Thank you, Ray!"

"Thank you, Sibyl," he returned, with a pleased though meaning look.

"You have made an exceedingly pleasant beginning of the evening for me, Sibyl," Raymond whispered, as they passed down the wide staircase together.

"I am sure I am very glad, but I was not conscious of having achieved anything so gratifying. Please tell me how I have been so fortunate," she replied, not understanding what he meant.

"By annihilating one of the formidable barriers

which have always kept me at such a distance from your royal highness," he answered, with a laugh, notwithstanding which she could see that he was very much in earnest.

She knew that he referred to her dropping the obnoxious word "cousin," but, what the other barriers were, she could not imagine.

"L am sorry, Ray," she said, with a look of regret, yet speaking playfully, "to know that I have unconsciously encompassed myself within such an impassable barricade. If you are aware of what it consists, won't you please help me pull it down?"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, princess; and now, to test your sincerity, I am going to take you into the conservatory, where you are to arrange for me a floral favor, in the very choicest manner possible," he said, giving her a look which brought a richer color to her cheek.

"You shall have the very prettiest flowers, Ray. I want to make an aperture in that barricade, you know. How large a one do you need?" with a wicked look into his handsome face.

"What—the bouquet or the aperture?" he asked, with mock gravity.

"The latter, of course; the bouquet, according to my taste, must be limited to very small proportions."

"Well, then," Raymond replied, with a very earnest look into the bright sparkling face, "I shall not be satisfied until the whole structure to which you refer is demolished, and thrown to the ground."

Sibyl's eyes fell—there was something in that earnest glance which made her heart flutter strangely.

She fastened her lovely favor upon his coat without replying; while he, watching her delicate fingers at their pretty task, could see that they trembled just a trifle. Then together they sought the brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms to await their friends.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Origin of the Motto on our Coins

THE introduction of a religious motto or device for the coinage of our country had been suggested, more or less indirectly, several times, but the suggestion that was finally adopted came from a farmer of Maryland.

In 1861, when Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, he received a letter from this old farmer, who suggested that we should indicate our profession in our coinage. The letter was referred to the director of the mint, James Pollock.

In Mr. Pollock's report for 1862 he discussed the question of the recognition of the sovereignty of God and our trust in Him on our coins. The

proposition to introduce a motto on our coins, he said, had been considered by Mr. Chase, and he did not doubt, but believed, that it would meet with approval by an intelligent public sentiment. But Congress gave no attention to the subject, and in his next annual report he referred to the suggestion and said:

"The motto suggested—'God Our Trust'—is taken from our national hymn, 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country; it has thrilled the hearts and fallen in song from the lips of millions of American freemen. The time is propitious; 'tis an hour of national peril and danger—an hour when man's strength is weakness, when our strength and salvation must be of God. Let us reverently acknowledge His sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God."

A two-cent bronze piece was authorized to be coined by Congress the following year—April 22, 1864—and upon this was stamped the motto: "In God We Trust." In his report of that year Mr. Pollock expressed his approval of the act and urged that the recognition of trust be extended to the gold and silver coins of the United States. By an act of Congress of March 3, 1865, the director of the mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, was authorized to place upon all the silver and gold coins of the United States susceptible of such conditions thereafter to be issued, the motto—"In God We Trust."

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, N. J.

GIVEN STEM WIND AND SET WATCH. Sell 21 "American Flag" button-hole pins, for 10c each, that we send you, for \$2.00 and receive beautiful watch. Star Tee Co., Dept. 20, Chicago.

BOYS Earn This Big Hunting Rifle Easy! A real gun for rabbits and small game. Let me tell you how to get it FREE! Send for my easy plan. Write quick. Address: D. S. STEPHENS, 55 E. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn.

SIX LACE CURTAINS FREE Just send your name and address. We send prepaid 12 boxes Mentha Nova, which you will sell at 25c each. Mentha Nova has no equal for use in the home. When sold return \$3.00 and all six Nottingham Lace Curtains (full window size) are yours. Bed Spreads, Dinner Sets, Watches, etc., free for little work. Big cash commission. Order today. We trust you. U. S. Supply Company, Dept. 420, Greenville, Pa.

Prize Valentine Package

Here Is A Happy Valentine Surprise For You—A Big Package Of Handsome Lace Valentines, Dainty Cut-Outs, Cupids, Hearts, Folders, Turnover Cards, Lovely Gold And Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

ALL YOURS FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION

WE realize that it is hard for our readers to secure the latest up-to-date Valentine novelties so we have had made up for us at a great bargain a special assortment of latest style Valentines, Cards and Novelties including a number of exclusive designs which are not to be found in the stores. Just see what this big assortment contains:

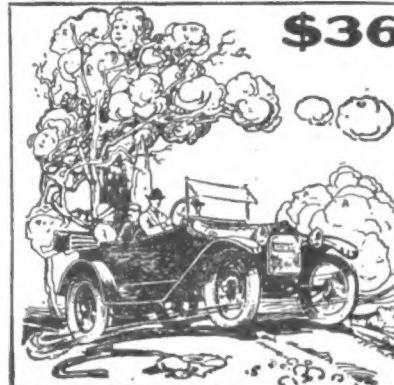
1 Large Lace Two Leaf Valentine Folder in a pretty Heart and Flower embossed Valentine Envelope, 1 Large Lace Heart Envelope, 2 Leaf Folder in Envelope, 1 Large Novelty Lace Pergola Valentine in envelope, 1 Magic Turnover Valentine, 2 Pretty Heart Folding Valentines, 4 Assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-outs, 2 Juvenile Valentine Hearts, 1 Handsome Embossed Valentine Folder, 1 Embossed Flower, Heart and Cupid Panel Valentine Bookmark, 5 Beautiful Gold and Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

Feb. 14 is considered as St. Valentine's Day although Valentines are used all through the month. It is a beautiful custom that appeals to all, both young and old—the exchange of these tender Cupid dart missives between husband and wife, sweethearts, near and dear friends and relatives. And, of course, the children like to exchange with their little friends these dainty love tokens beginning on the fourteenth of February, the month when the birds are supposed to choose their mates. Most of the schools now have Valentine Boxes in which the children drop their Valentines to be distributed later in the day, an hour or more being set apart by the teacher for that purpose.

Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The large beautiful lace Valentine is actually 6 inches long and nearly 5 inches wide, of pretty and fine lace work raised two inches on an accordion plaited standard with a heart and gold decorated base and a charming illustrated sentiment of verse on the inside. Then there is a dainty lace pattern on an embossed card over 6 inches long and nearly 3-1/4 inches wide, over the pretty face of a young maiden giving the fine Pergola effect so popular in the older days. Another is a pretty heart-shaped canopy of elevated lace paper on a background on which is shown a childish figure on the inside and you find an illustrated verse of tender sentiment. A magic Turnover Valentine first appears to be an ordinary folder, then presto—a flip of the finger and it unfolds and shows a smiling little girl sitting on a stile and an expectant youth standing at a short distance. We also include in this remarkable collection two pretty embossed heart-shaped folders with verse inside, four choice assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs of little children, two red and gold illustrated and inscribed Valentine Hearts, one beautiful embossed Cupid and Heart Floral Bookmark, printed in bright colors on a tinted background and five handsome Valentine Post Cards embossed in gold and many bright colors showing flowers and children at play each having the suitable sentiment expressed by an appropriate verse and underneath.

We will send you this big Prize Valentine collection packed in a neat stately envelope free and postpaid if you will accept our special offer printed below. Be sure to send in your order early so as to get it in time for St. Valentine's Day.

Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this prize assortment of beautiful up-to-date Valentines, Valentine Cards and Novelties free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7291. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



\$360 FORD AUTO

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a \$360.00, 1917 Model, Ford Touring Car, as First Grand Prize, and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. Each worker gets a prize. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you immediately toward the \$360.00 Ford Automobile and other Grand Prizes.

1000 Free Votes

We will also give away several 1918 model Coaster Brake \$40.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the Ford Auto. Someone will get automobile. WHY NOT YOU? FARM LIFE, Dept. 154, SPENCER, IND.



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Lavalliere and Neckchain, pair of Pierced Ear Bobs, Gold plated Expansion Bracelet with 1m. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold plated Rings. All given FREE for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. DEPT. 73 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

which have always kept me at such a distance from your royal highness," he answered, with a laugh, notwithstanding which she could see that he was very much in earnest.

She knew that he referred to her dropping the obnoxious word "cousin," but, what the other barriers were, she could not imagine.

"L am sorry, Ray," she said, with a look of regret, yet speaking playfully, "to know that I have unconsciously encompassed myself within such an impassable barricade. If you are aware of what it consists, won't you please help me pull it down?"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, princess; and now, to test your sincerity, I am going to take you into the conservatory, where you are to arrange for me a floral favor, in the very choicest manner possible," he said, giving her a look which brought a richer color to her cheek.

"You shall have the very prettiest flowers, Ray. I want to make an aperture in that barricade, you know. How large a one do you need?" with a wicked look into his handsome face.

"What—the bouquet or the aperture?" he asked, with mock gravity.

"The latter, of course; the bouquet, according to my taste, must be limited to very small proportions."

"Well, then," Raymond replied, with a very earnest look into the bright sparkling face, "I shall not be satisfied until the whole structure to which you refer is demolished, and thrown to the ground."

Sibyl's eyes fell—there was something in that earnest glance which made her heart flutter strangely.

She fastened her lovely favor upon his coat without replying; while he, watching her delicate fingers at their pretty task, could see that they trembled just a trifle. Then together they sought the brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms to await their friends.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Origin of the Motto on our Coins

THE introduction of a religious motto or device for the coinage of our country had been suggested, more or less indirectly, several times, but the suggestion that was finally adopted came from a farmer of Maryland.

In 1861, when Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, he received a letter from this old farmer, who suggested that we should indicate our profession in our coinage. The letter was referred to the director of the mint, James Pollock.

In Mr. Pollock's report for 1862 he discussed the question of the recognition of the sovereignty of God and our trust in Him on our coins. The

proposition to introduce a motto on our coins, he said, had been considered by Mr. Chase, and he did not doubt, but believed, that it would meet with approval by an intelligent public sentiment. But Congress gave no attention to the subject, and in his next annual report he referred to the suggestion and said:

"The motto suggested—'God Our Trust'—is taken from our national hymn, 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country; it has thrilled the hearts and fallen in song from the lips of millions of American freemen. The time is propitious; 'tis an hour of national peril and danger—an hour when man's strength is weakness, when our strength and salvation must be of God. Let us reverently acknowledge His sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God."

A two-cent bronze piece was authorized to be coined by Congress the following year—April 22, 1864—and upon this was stamped the motto: "In God We Trust." In his report of that year Mr. Pollock expressed his approval of the act and urged that the recognition of trust be extended to the gold and silver coins of the United States. By an act of Congress of March 3, 1865, the director of the mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, was authorized to place upon all the silver and gold coins of the United States susceptible of such conditions thereafter to be issued, the motto—"In God We Trust."

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, N. J.

GIVEN STEM WIND AND SET WATCH. Sell 21 "American Flag" button-hole pins, for 10c each, that we send you, for \$2.00 and receive beautiful watch. Star Tee Co., Dept. 20, Chicago.

BOYS Earn This Big Hunting Rifle Easy! A real gun for rabbits and small game. Let me tell you how to get it FREE! Send for my easy plan. Write quick. Address: D. S. STEPHENS, 55 E. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn.

SIX LACE CURTAINS FREE Just send your name and address. We send prepaid 12 boxes Mentha Nova, which you will sell at 25c each. Mentha Nova has no equal for use in the home. When sold return \$3.00 and all six Nottingham Lace Curtains (full window size) are yours. Bed Spreads, Dinner Sets, Watches, etc., free for little work. Big cash commission. Order today. We trust you. U. S. Supply Company, Dept. 420, Greenville, Pa.

Prize Valentine Package

Here Is A Happy Valentine Surprise For You—A Big Package Of Handsome Lace Valentines, Dainty Cut-Outs, Cupids, Hearts, Folders, Turnover Cards, Lovely Gold And Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

ALL YOURS FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION

WE realize that it is hard for our readers to secure the latest up-to-date Valentine novelties so we have had made up for us at a great bargain a special assortment of latest style Valentines, Cards and Novelties including a number of exclusive designs which are not to be found in the stores. Just see what this big assortment contains:

1 Large Lace Two Leaf Valentine Folder in a pretty Heart and Flower embossed Valentine Envelope, 1 Large Lace Heart Envelope, 2 Leaf Folder in Envelope, 1 Large Novelty Lace Pergola Valentine in envelope, 1 Magic Turnover Valentine, 2 Pretty Heart Folding Valentines, 4 Assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-outs, 2 Juvenile Valentine Hearts, 1 Handsome Embossed Valentine Folder, 1 Embossed Flower, Heart and Cupid Panel Valentine Bookmark, 5 Beautiful Gold and Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

Feb. 14 is considered as St. Valentine's Day although Valentines are used all through the month. It is a beautiful custom that appeals to all, both young and old—the exchange of these tender Cupid dart missives between husband and wife, sweethearts, near and dear friends and relatives. And, of course, the children like to exchange with their little friends these dainty love tokens beginning on the fourteenth of February, the month when the birds are supposed to choose their mates. Most of the schools now have Valentine Boxes in which the children drop their Valentines to be distributed later in the day, an hour or more being set apart by the teacher for that purpose.

Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The large beautiful lace Valentine is actually 6 inches long and nearly 5 inches wide, of pretty and fine lace work raised two inches on an accordion plaited standard with a heart and gold decorated base and a charming illustrated sentiment of verse on the inside. Then there is a dainty lace pattern on an embossed card over 6 inches long and nearly 3-1/4 inches wide, over the pretty face of a young maiden giving the fine Pergola effect so popular in the older days. Another is a pretty heart-shaped canopy of elevated lace paper on a background on which is shown a childish figure on the inside and you find an illustrated verse of tender sentiment. A magic Turnover Valentine first appears to be an ordinary folder, then presto—a flip of the finger and it unfolds and shows a smiling little girl sitting on a stile and an expectant youth standing at a short distance. We also include in this remarkable collection two pretty embossed heart-shaped folders with verse inside, four choice assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs of little children, two red and gold illustrated and inscribed Valentine Hearts, one beautiful embossed Cupid and Heart Floral Bookmark, printed in bright colors on a tinted background and five handsome Valentine Post Cards embossed in gold and many bright colors showing flowers and children at play each having the suitable sentiment expressed by an appropriate verse and underneath.

We will send you this big Prize Valentine collection packed in a neat stately envelope free and postpaid if you will accept our special offer printed below. Be sure to send in your order early so as to get it in time for St. Valentine's Day.

Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this prize assortment of beautiful up-to-date Valentines, Valentine Cards and Novelties free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7291. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Would \$150 Monthly as General Agent for \$150,000 corporation and a Ford auto of your own, introducing Stock and Poultry remedies, Dips, Disinfectants, Sanitary Products interest you? Then address Royoleum Co., Dept. 68, Monticello, Ind.

233% Profit selling Jubilee Spark Intensi-fiers to auto owners, garages, Banishes spark plug trouble, Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory, Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. K-2, Omaha, Neb.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Fawcett Chemical Co., 519 North St., Dayton, O.

We Pay \$100 Monthly Salary and furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigger Company, X 314, Springfield, Ill.

Sell Inside Tyres, inner armour for auto tires double mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents—with experience sell to consumers made-to-measure Suits and overcoats \$14.00 and \$18.00. Build independent business with big money. Outfits furnished. Midland Tailors, Dept. 10A 19 So. Fifth Ave., Chicago.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex-tracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience Un-necessary. Carnation Co., 51 So. Main, St. Louis.

Do You Want To Travel At Our Ex-pense? We want good men and women for traveling agents. Must have fair education and good references. Will make contract for three months, six months or year at salary \$22.50 per week and necessary ex-penses. Can assign most any territory de-sired. For full particulars address George G. Clows Company, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 4-F.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Menduits, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

We Pay \$36 A Week And Expenses to men with rigs to introduce poultry com-pound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 9, Parsons, Kans.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 603 Broadway, New York City.

Agents \$200 a month. New, Patented, auto-matic Clothes Rack. Fits any corner. Sells in every home. Easy to demonstrate. Dozen can be carried. Write for sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2619 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: Sell rich looking 36x66 Imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$67; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid \$8c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triple-weave Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

"Washwhite" makes repeat orders and big profits. Catchy sales plan. Free Sam-ples. Naema, 21-E, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

Agents—Butter 4c a pound. Produced by the Pilot Butter Maker. Enormous money saving investment. Housewives delighted. Eager buyers. Wild excitement wherever demonstrated. Demand enormous. Outfit free to workers. Act quick. Pilot Butter Maker Company, Desk 72, Marshall, Mich.

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New Invention. \$10.00 per day to Agents. Quickedge Knife and Shear sharpener for household use. Sharpens any kitchen, paring, carving knife or shears in ten seconds. A child can use it. Grinds both sides of blade at once, automatically. Guaranteed. A sale at every house. 200% profit gross lots. No charge for territory. Business furnishes capital, profits start first day. Low priced. No experience necessary. Ray Carter of Massachusetts sold 36 in four hours—profit \$36.00. J. H. Stemple of West Virginia sold 45 first day. New propo-sition—just out. Complete particulars free. Write today giving name of your county. Ad-dress Quickedge Sharpener Co., 712 Sharpener Bldg., 215 N. Desplains St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Big Hit! Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Re-tail value \$5.00. You sell housewives for only \$1.95. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co. Lemont, Ill.

Pants, \$1.00; Suits, \$3.75; Made To Measure. Ask for free samples and styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 876, Chicago

Agents make big money selling portraits and frames. Catalog and sample outfit free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 5, Chicago.

Sell beautiful, fragrant, California Rose-beds. Absolutely new. Big profits. Catalog free. Mission, A2315 West Pico, Los Angeles, Cal.

Agents—Steady Income Large manufac-turer of Handkerchiefs and Dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Fac-tory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Address Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturer offers permanent position supplying regular customers at mill prices in home town. \$50.00 to \$100.00 monthly. All or spare time. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 733 No. 15th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents to Travel by Automobile to introduce our fast selling, popular priced household necessities. The greatest line on earth. Make \$10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile furnished free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Prod-ucts Co., 5316 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Free Sample Case Offer. Sell money sav-ing food, household products. Earn \$25 to \$35 weekly. Enormous profits—repeat orders—steady work. Established 1888. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. C-264, Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thou-sands of our members have done. Our Course combines careful training with practical ex-perience. Immediate and unlimited Employ-ment Service rendered Members. Address nearest office. Dept. 105A, Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago, San Francisco, New York.

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Comfort's Comicalities

Impossible

A stockbroker bought a "place in the country," where he liked to figure as the squire and local magnate. In this capacity he dropped into the village school one day, and began to ask the children questions.

"Now, what is an island?" he asked. There was no answer.

"Come now; could I ride on horseback from here to France?"

"No you couldn't," replied Tom Brown, son of the hostler at the village inn. "My father saw you on horseback yester-day, and he said he was sure you couldn't ride half a mile without getting your back broken."—*Boston Post.*

Another Good Place

"We can't all dwell on Easy Street."

"No, but we can all live on the square."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Not So Remarkable, After All

De Sappie.—I believe my dog knows as much as I do.



She.—I've seen smarter dogs than that.

—*Puck's Library.*

"What is the plural of 'man,' Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.

"Men," promptly answered Johnny. "Correct," said the teacher. "And what is the plural of 'baby'?"

"Twins," was the unexpected reply.—*Chicago News.*

Some Knowledge

Apropos of a celebrated dynamite case under trial in San Francisco, lawyers are telling of the experience of a prosecuting attorney who encountered a somewhat difficult witness. Finally he asked the man if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

BOOKS

Cruelty to Anne Cath. Emmerich and Visions, Nativity, Egypt, Cana, 250 pages, 4 books, 20c. Klein Co., Brandon, Minn.

"From The Ball Room To Hell" mailed anywhere 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., X, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Guaranteed Watch Or Gold Plated bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. Eckert Seed Co., B-71, Cly, Pa.

PLANTS

Cabbage and Sweet Potato Plants. Leading Varieties, \$1.50 Per 1000. Clark Plant Company, Dept. C, Thomasville, Ga.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

Eveready Daylo Electric Flashlight on ten day trial. \$1.00. Catalog. Vulcan Elec. Equip. Co., 1025 Woodward Bldg., Wash., D.C.

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Patent Your Ideas. Manufacturers are quickly buying patents obtained through us. Write for free book of 307 needed inventions. D. Swift & Co., 321 7th St., Washington, D. C.

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Poultry Paper, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; 50 cents per year, four months for 10 cents. Poultry Ad-vocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

White Leghorn Baby Chicks bred from high record breeders on range proven big winter egg producers for 12 years. Guaranteed delivery. Booklet tells all. Hamilton Farm, Huntington, New York.

PIGS FOR SALE

O. I. C. Hogs. All ages. Large, Prolific. Best Breeding. Ped. form. Pair pigs mated \$20. W. D. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

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Motorcycle or bicycle at your price: motor-cycles 25.00 up, bicycles 5.00 up: Guaranteed Parts carried in stock for all motorcycles, and bicycles, repairing, send for big Bargain Bulletin. American Motorcycle Co., Chicago.

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Shorthand in 30 Lessons. Home study. Gov. pays beginners \$1000 to \$1200. Positions assured. Write for book C. Am. School of Photography, Sta. A, Cleveland, O.

HOME WEAVING

Looms—Only \$8.50—Big Money In weaving rugs, carpets, etc., from rags and waste material. Drop postal for free loom book. It tells all about Weaving and our won-derful \$8.50 and other looms. Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

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Do You Want A Farm where largest profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as \$15 to \$35 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. M. V. Richards, Com-missioner, Room 19, Southern Railway Sys-tem, Washington, D. C.

Southern Crops Bring Top Prices To-day. The mild climate and long growing season on these Virginia and N. Carolina farms means bigger crops and larger profits for you. Good fertile, well watered land \$15 an acre up. Excellent for truck and general farming, poultry, livestock, dairying, etc. Details and copy Southern Homemaker free—write today. P. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

How much do you want for your farm? Write K. Mohler, Box 453, Chicago. Give price and size of farm.

Money-making Farms. 15 states, \$10 an acre up; stock, tools, and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue. Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 3027 New York.

MICHIGAN FARM LAND

Land! In Michigan's best Counties. 10, 20, 40, 80 acre tracts. \$15 to \$20 per acre. Easy payments. Good for grain crops, poultry, fruit. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., 1126 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Get A Farm Irrigated By Uncle Sam in Salt River Valley, southern Arizona, under Roosevelt Dam. Raise alfalfa for feeding cattle and sheep. Raise vegetables and fruits for early Eastern market. Buy land now, before it costs more. Deep soil, assured water, reasonable prices, fine winter climate. Write for our Salt River Valley folder free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1946 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

MISSOURI FARM LAND

Small Missouri Farm, \$10 cash and \$5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly produc-tive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Manger, D 104, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Send Us 10 cents, silver, for a sample of our Regina quality perfume; Rose, Violet, Lilac, Jockey Club; Fragrant as the Flowers that Bloom. Norwood, Brant Co., Dept. 5, 625 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

MALE HELP WANTED

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, 8 hours, \$140. Colored Porters wanted everywhere. Ex-perience unnecessary. 828 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Wanted—Men 18 or over as Gov't Railway Mail Clerks. List positions open free. Frank-lin Institute, Dept. K 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Government Pays \$800 to \$1800 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

Foremen, Shopmen and Office-men wanted to work spare time as special rep-resentative of large, well-known mail-order house, selling Watches, Diamonds and Jewel-ry on Credit. Liberal commissions and ex-clusive sales rights granted. No investment or deposit required for outfit or samples. Write at once for details. Address S. D. Miller, Dept. 41, Agency Division, Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for news-papers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Men-Women Wanted. \$30 month. Gov't clerical positions. List positions free. Frank-lin Institute, Dept. K 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Men-Women wanted for Government war positions. Thousands needed immediately. Good salaries; permanent employment; liberal vacations; other advantages. We pre-pare you and you secure a position or we re-fund your money. Ask for booklet "Q.L." free to citizens. Washington Civil Service School, 2004 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$75.00 to \$150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

Start Dress designing business at home. \$100 Month. Sample lessons free. Frank-lin Institute, Dept. K 850, Rochester, N. Y.

We Have Customers who will buy from you a aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroid-ery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 20c for pat-terns and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Ken-wood Sales Shops, 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Help meet huge demand for Knitted goods. Industrious persons provided with profitable steady home employment. No experience or canvassing. Good rates of pay. Wheeler, Inc., G 339 Madison, Chicago.

"Jest for Fun"

Fortunately for Him

Tramp—"I'm a Belgian refugee."

Lady—"Are you? Well mention a town in Belgium."

Tramp—"I would ma'am but they have all been destroyed."

Enemy Absolved

Atkins No. 1—"Hi say, w'en did 'Aroid get the lower 'arf of 'is face shot off?"

Atkins No. 2—"Hit ain't shot off. 'E's a-yewnin'."—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Repatee

She—"I believe you could make love to a stick."

He—"I'm beginning to believe so my-self."—*Record.*

She Was Faster

"I'm surprised to hear of Maud being engaged to Mr. Gayman. He's so awfully fast, you know."

"Oh, I don't know; apparently he wasn't fast enough to get away from Maud."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Good Excuse

"Well, what made you so late tonight?" demanded his life partner, glancing at the clock.

"Er—er—why, I took Soakhurst home from the club, and his wife made me take him back again!" replied he of the ingenious mind.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

If Birds of a Feather

A small boy astride of a donkey was taking some supplies to an army camp in Texas not long ago, and got there just as a detachment of soldiers, preceded by a band, was marching past.



The lad dismounted and held the bridle of the donkey tightly in his hand.

"Why are you holding on to your brother so hard?" asked a group of soldiers who were standing near and wanted to tease the country boy.

"I'm afraid he might enlist," said the lad, without batting an eyelash.—*L. Herald.*

Good Reason

Teacher—"What is the difference between the sun and moon?"

Pupil—"Please, sir, the sun's bigger and healthier looking than the moon be-cause he goes to bed earlier."

As Usual

Skinny—"Say, Fatty, what do you expect to have in your stocking Christmas morning?"

Fatty—(Mournfully) "Holes!"

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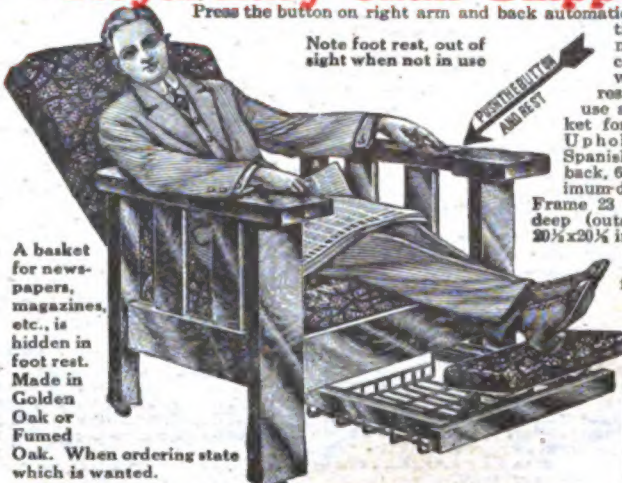
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